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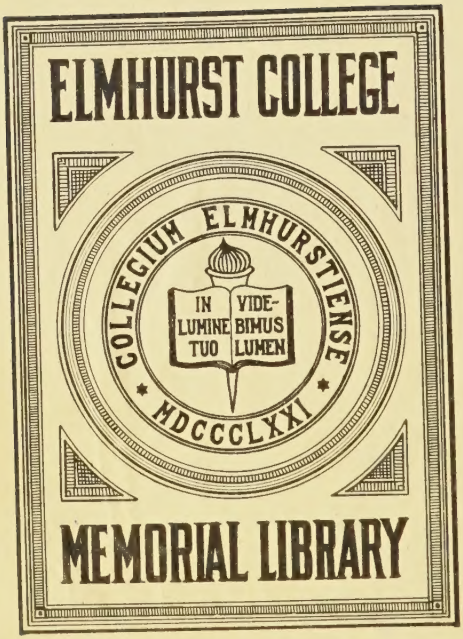
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FEMALE POETS.

E. Oakes Smith

THE

FEMALE POETS

OF

AMERICA.

WITH PORTRAITS, BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES, AND SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

PHILADELPHIA:
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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

The present volume is offered to the public as a specimen of American Literature and American Art. The double office of the Editor, as a poet and a painter, and his acknowledged eminence in both of these departments, have given him peculiar facilities for the preparation of such a work. Himself an accomplished and successful writer, thoroughly versed in the literature of the country, and personally acquainted with most of its authors, he has exercised his poetical taste in selecting, from the field thus opened to him, the most beautiful specimens which our literature affords. The biographical notices have been prepared, in every instance, from facts either within his personal knowledge, or communicated to him directly by the authors or their friends. The portraits are all from paintings made by him expressly for this work, and are executed in the finest style of line engraving by Mr. Pease. The illuminated poem, both in the design and execution, is one of the most brilliant specimens of the art ever produced in the United States. The paper, and even the type on which it is printed, were made for this special purpose, and have been greatly admired for their beauty and finish. The utmost pains, indeed, have been taken both by the Editor and the Publishers, to make the work as beautiful in appearance, as it is authentic and original in character.

A Poem.

The Fairer Land

BY THE EDITOR

All the night, in broken slumber,
I went down the world of dreams.
Through a land of war and turmoil
Swept by loud and labouring streams
Where the masters wandered chanting
Ponderous and tumultuous themes.

Chanting from unwieldy volumes,
Iron maxims stern and stark,
Truths that swept and burst and stumbled
Through the ancient rifted dark;
Till my soul was tossed and worried,
Like a tempest-driven bark.

But anon, within the distance,
Stood the village vanes aflame,
And the sunshine, filled with music,
To my oriel casement came;
While the birds sang pleasant valentines
Against my window frame.

Then by sights and sounds invited,
I went down to meet the morn.
Saw the trailing mists roll inland
Over rustling fields of corn,
And from quiet hillside hamlets
Heard the distant rustic horn.

There through dasied dales and byways.
Met I forms of fairer mould.
Pouring songs for very pleasure—
Songs their hearts could not withhold—
Setting all the birds a-singing
With their delicate harps of gold.

Some went plucking little lily-bells,
That withered in the hand;
Some, where smiled a summer ocean,
Gathered pebbles from the sand:
Some, with prophet eyes uplifted.
Walked unconscious of the land

Through that Fairer World I wandered
Slowly, listening oft and long,
And as one behind the reapers.
Without any thought of wrong,
Loitered, gleaning for my garner
Flowery sheaves of sweetest song.

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MARIA BROOKS.

"*Maria del Occidente*," author of "ZOPHIEL, or the Bride of Seven," was a native of Medford, Massachusetts. Her maiden name was Gowen. At an early age she was married to Mr. Brooks, a wealthy merchant of Boston. After a few years her husband met with severe reverses in business, and in 1821 left her a widow. Soon after, she became possessed of property in the island of Cuba, to which place she removed. She died in 1845, at about fifty years of age. Zophiel, one of the most remarkable poems of the day, was first published in London in 1833, under the auspices of Dr. Southey, who styles the fair author "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses."

TO NIAGARA.

SPIRIT of Homer! thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of Nature—this great fane of Nature's God—
Breathe on my strain!—oh, touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votaress kneeling on the sod!

Sublime and beautiful your chapels here!—
Here 'neath the azure dome of heaven ye 're wed—
Here, on this rock which trembles as I tread!
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear,
Controls life's source, and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but oh! beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or hearken to your maddening melody,
Sense—form—would spring to meet your white foam's kiss,
Be lapped in your soft rainbows once, and die.

Colour, depth, height, extension—all unite
To chain the spirit, by a look intense.
The dolphin, in his clearest seas, or thence
Ta'en, for some queen, to deck of ivory white,
Dies not, in changeful tints, more delicately bright.

Look! look! there comes, o'er yon pale green expanse,
Beyond the curtain of this altar vast,
A glad young swan. The smiling beams that cast
Light from her plumes, have lured her soft advance—
She nears the fatal brink—her graceful life is past!

Look up! nor her fond, foolish fate disdain;
An eagle rests upon the wind's sweet breath—
Feels he the charm? woos he the scene beneath?
He eyes the sun—moves his dark wing again—
Remembers clouds and storms—yet flies the lovely death.

"Niagara! wonder of this western world,
And half the world beside! hail, beauteous queen
Of cataracts!" an angel, who had been
O'er earth and heaven, spoke thus—his bright wings furled,
And knelt to Nature first on this wild cliff unseen.

SONG.

Day, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou 'rt true, and I 'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling!
Gifts and gold are nought to me;
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if compressed
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee:
Now, I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARRIAGE.

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

MORNING.

How beauteous art thou, O morning sun!
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires.

The infant strains his little arms to catch
The rays that glance about his silken hair;
And Luxury hangs her amber lamps, to match
Thy face, when turned away from bower and palace fair.

Sweet to the lip the draught, the blushing fruit;
Music and perfumes mingle with the soul;
How thrills the kiss, when feeling's voice is mute!
And light and beauty's tints enhance the whole.

Yet each keen sense were dulness but for thee:
Thy ray to joy, love, virtue, genius warms;
Thou never weariest; no inconstancy
But comes to pay new homage to thy charms.

How many lips have sung thy praise, how long!
Yet, when his slumbering harp he feels thee woo,
The pleasured bard pours forth another song,
And finds in thee, like love, a theme for ever new.

Thy dark-eyed daughters come in beauty forth,
In thy near realms; and, like their snow-wreaths fair,
The bright-haired youths and maidens of the North
Smile in thy colours when thou art not there.

'T is there thou bidst a deeper ardour glow,
And higher, purer reveries completest;
As drops that farthest from the ocean flow,
Refining all the way, from springs the sweetest.

Haply, sometimes, spent with the sleepless night,
Some wretch, impassioned, from sweet morning's breath
Turns his hot brow, and sickens at thy light;
But Nature, ever kind, soon heals or gives him death.

THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

O, Moon of flowers! sweet moon of flowers!
Why dost thou mind me of the hours
Which flew so softly on that night,
When last I saw and felt thy light?

O, moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers!
Would thou couldst give me back those hours,
Since which a dull, cold year has fled,
Or show me those with whom they sped!

O, moon of flowers! O, moon of flowers!
In scenes afar were past those hours,
Which still with fond regret I see,
And wish my heart could change like thee!

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Mrs. Smith, whose maiden name was Prince, is a native of Portland, Maine. At an early age she was married to Seba Smith, Esq., a gentleman who has added to our literature some beautiful poetry, but who, while editor of the Portland Courier, became more widely known as the author of the "original Jack Downing" letters. Mrs. Smith is one of our most brilliant writers; her productions are characterized rather by a passionate and lofty imagination than by fancy, and a subtle vein of philosophy more than sentiment, though in the latter she is by no means deficient. Her longest poem, "The Sinless Child," was published in 1841, in the Southern Literary Messenger, and at once gained her an enviable position, which she has since maintained and fortified with a series of the finest sonnets which the literature of our country affords. Besides these, we see announced, as a late product of her pen, a play, entitled "The Roman Tribute," the published extracts of which give evidence of that most rare quality, a fine dramatic genius.

LOVE DEAD.

This morn with trembling I awoke,
Just as the dawn my slumber broke,
Flapping came a heavy wing, sounding pinions o'er my head,
Beating down the blessed air with a weight of chilling dread—
Felt I then the presence of a doom
That an Evil occupied the room—
And I dared not round the bower,
Chilly in the grayish morning,
Dared not face the evil power,
With its voice of inward warning.

Vain with weakness we may palter—
Vainly may the fond heart falter—
Came there then upon my soul, dropping down like leaden weight,
Burning pang, or freezing pang—which, I know not, 't was so great;—
Life hath its moments, black, unnumbered;
I knew not if mine eyes had slumbered,
Yet I little thought such pain
Ever to have known again—
Love dies, too, when Faith is dead;
Yesternight Faith perished.

I knew that Love could never change—
That Love should die seems yet more strange—
Lifting up the downy veil, screening Love within my heart;
Beating there as beat my pulse, moving like myself a part—
I had kept him cherished there so deep,
Heart-rocked kept him in his balmy sleep,
That till now I never knew
How his fibres round me grew—
Could not know how deep the sorrow
Where Hope bringeth no to-morrow.

I struggled, knowing we must part,
I grieved to lift him from my heart,
Grieving much and struggling much, forth I brought him, sorrowing—
Drooping hung his fainting head—all adown his dainty wing,

Shrieked I with a wild and dark surprise—
For I saw the marble in Love's eyes—
Yet I hoped his soul would wait,
As he oft had waited there—
Hovering, though at Heaven's gate—
Could he leave me to despair?

Unfolded then the crystal door,
Where Love shall languish never more—
Weeping Love, thy days are o'er. Lo! I lay thee on thy bier,
Wiping thus from thy dead cheek every vestige of a tear—
Love has perished—hist, hist, how they tell,
Beating pulse of mine, his funeral knell—
Love is dead, aye dead and gone,
Why should I be living on;—
Why be in this chamber sitting,
With but phantoms round me flitting?

THE DROWNED MARINER.

A Mariner sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale,
As it floundered in the sea:

The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave, as it towered, then fell in spray,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner swayed and rocked on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well:
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell,—
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lashed as they passed the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurbed steed along;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant bow the water ploughs,
But the ship is fleet and strong;
The topsail is reefed, and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holdeth by the shroud;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.

Was that a face, looking up at him,
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner looked, and he saw, with dread,
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the wave was spread,—
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groaned, as well he need—
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past;
A voice calls loud for thee:
There 's a stifled prayer, the first, the last;
The plunging ship on her beams is cast,—
O, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths that were lightly spoken;
Bethink thee of vows that were lightly broken;
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
For thou art alone on the raging sea:

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone;
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle and feel there is none to save!
God shield thee, helpless one!

The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks,—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hushed to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell its music keep;
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
The mother and child are there:
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
The babe, with its silken hair:
As the water moveth, they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play:
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

'T is said sweet Psyche gazed one night
On Cupid's sleeping face—
Gazed, in her fondness, on the wight,
In his unstudied grace.
But he, awakened by the glare
Of light at such a time,
Fled from the side of Psyche there,
As from a thing of crime.

Ay, weak the fable, false the ground,
Sweet Psyche veiled her face;
Well-knowing Love, if ever found,
Will never leave his place.
Unfound as yet, and weary grown,
She had mistook another;
'T was but Love's semblance that had flown,
Not Eros, but his brother.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Our life is onward—and our very dust
Is longing for its change, that it may take
New combinations; that the seed may break
From its dark thraldom, where it lies in trust
Of its great resurrection. Not the rust

Of cold inertness shall defeat the life
Of e'en the poorest weed, which after strife
Shall spring from our dead ashes; and which must
Bless some else barren waste with its meek grace.
And germs of beautiful vast thought, concealed
Lie deep within the soul, which evermore
Onward and upward strive. The last in place
Enfolds the higher yet to be revealed,
And each the sepulchre of that which went before.

MIDNIGHT.

Afar in this deep dell, by the seashore,
So resteth all things from the summer heat,
That I the Naiads hear from limber feet
Let fall the crystal as in days of yore.
Old Sea-gods lean upon the rocks, and pour
The waves adown—the light-winged zephyrs greet
The tittering Nymphs, that from their green retreat
With pearl-shells play and listen to their roar;
Endymion sure on yonder headland sleeps
Where Dian's veil floats out a silver sheen—
And large-eyed Pan amid the lotus peeps
Where gleams an ivory arm the leaves between—
Nor stirs a restless hoof, lest his big heart,
O'erfilled with love, should slumbering Echo start

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

"As in a glass darkly."—*St. Paul.*

We pass along with careless tread,
Where vine and buds are springing;
We smile, for all above our head
Are light and gladness ringing,
Unconscious that beneath our feet,
The lava flood is leaping,
That in the pleasant summer heat,
The lightning flash is sleeping:

And human eyes each other meet,
With meanings sealed for ever,
And loving lips each other greet,
Their tale reveal, ah! never—
And smiles, cold beaming smiles go round,
The breaking heart concealing,
And temples are with garlands crowned,
Nor they their throbs revealing.

I too, for seeming must be mine,
With careless words shall greet thee,
Although the slightest tone of thine,
Like music will entreat me—
And I shall coldly meet thine hand,
'T is thus the world is going,
Like mocking effigies we stand,
No one his neighbour knowing.

Ah! better thus than each should know
His brother's heart-felt grieving;
For who could bide the sight of woe,
Which bears of no relieving?
And who could list the mournful tone,
From every heart upswelling,
Where hopes are dying one by one,
And hear their death-dirge knelling?

Oh! should a sickness of the heart,
A weariness come o'er thee,
Would that these lines might peace impart,
Might unto joy restore thee.
And thou, with dreamy, half-closed eyes,
Would'st o'er the missive ponder,
While floating faintly should arise
A form of light and wonder.

Oh, then, bethink that there is one,
Though none the secret readeth,
Whose soul for ever and alone,
For thee in secret pleadeth;
Who trembles when thy name is heard,
Yet meekly would be dreaming,
That had we dared to breathe one word,
Thy coldness had been seeming.

STANZAS.

O God! that we should live, the dull pulse beat,
When all that should be life is cold and sere—
When thought, which, angel-like, is high and fleet,
Is crushed to earth, what doth the spirit here!
And yet, and yet I would not feebly shrink
From this dread cup of suffering—let me drink.

For in this darkest hour there cometh yet
A soothing ministry, unseen but felt—
An inward prompting—Thou wilt not forget—
And tears gush forth—the eyes that would not melt,
Trained in the school of grief, at thought of Thee
Pour forth their pent-up fountains, fast and free.

Life Giver! who hast planted in the soul
This seed-time dread of hopes too high for earth,
Emotions, yearnings time may not control,
In heaven alone, O! hath the harvest birth?
Oh wherefore doth the heart, deluded still,
Its broken urn from earth's dark fountains fill?

Not at the gory wheel, the fiery stake—
Not where the rack gives forth the lingering breath—
Not there alone do martyred spirits break,
Not there alone dost thou find such, O Death!
Another test; crushed by a hidden weight,
There are who martyrs live to their dark fate.

REGRETS.

Meseemed, as I did walk a crystal wall,
Translucent in the hue of rosy morn,
And saw Eurydice, from Orpheus torn,
Lift her white brow from out its heavy pall,
With sweet lips echoing his melodious call,
And following him, love-led and music-borne—
A sharp and broken cry, and she was gone!—
Thou fairest grief—thou saddest type of all
Our sorrowing kind! Oh! lost Eurydice!
Thy deathful cry thrilled in mine every vein,
When Orpheus turned him back, thus losing thee,
His broken lute and melancholy plain
All time prolongs—the still unceasing flow
Of unavailing grief—and a regretful woe.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

This lady is a native of Lancaster, Vermont, but for a number of years has resided at Newburyport, Massachusetts. Her writings, while they are devoid of imagination and passion, possess more delicacy of sentiment and playfulness of fancy than any other of the female poets, with the exception of Mrs. Osgood's. In a polite note she informs us that her published poetry already comprises three volumes, and that the whole mass of what she has written is going through a new edition. We are sure that they will meet, as heretofore, with a hearty reception.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone,
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long, in vain:
And the tender dew has sought to melt,
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There 's none that can tell about my birth,
For I 'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass;

And many a foot on me has trod,
That 's gone from sight, and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said,

"A modest Acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell;
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

THE SILK-WORM'S WILL.

On a plain rush hurdle a silk-worm lay,
When a proud young princess came that way:
The haughty child of a human king
Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing,
That received with silent gratitude
From the mulberry leaf her simple food,

And shrunk, half scorn and half disgust,
Away from her sister child of the dust;
Declaring she never yet could see
Why a reptile form like this should be;
And that she was not made with nerves so firm,
As calmly to stand by a "crawling worm!"

With mute forbearance the silk-worm took
The taunting words and the spurning look,
Alike a stranger to self and pride,
She 'd no disquiet from aught beside;
And lived of a meekness and peace possessed,
Which these debar from the human breast.
She only wished for the harsh abuse,
To find some way to become of use
To the haughty daughter of lordly man;
And thus did she lay a noble plan
To teach her wisdom, and make it plain
That the humble worm was not made in vain:
A plan so generous, deep, and high,
That, to carry it out, she must even die!

"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat!
I 'll spin and weave me a winding sheet,
To wrap me up from the sun's clear light,
And hide my form from her wounded sight.
In secret then, till my end draws nigh,
I 'll toil for her; and, when I die,
I 'll leave behind, as a farewell boon
To the proud young princess, my whole cocoon,

To be reeled and wove to a shining lace,
And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face!
And when she can calmly draw her breath
Through the very threads that caused my death;
When she finds, at length, she has nerves so firm,
As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm,
May she bear in mind, that she walks with pride
In the winding-sheet where the silk-worm died."

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The Wind and the Snow, the Hail and the Rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon, were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I 'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I 'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they 've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I 'm drinking!"

THE BOY AND THE FLOWERS.

Radiant with his spirit's light
Was the little beauteous child,
Sporting round a fountain bright—
Playing through the flowerets wild.

Where they grew he lightly stepped,
Cautious not a leaf to crush;
Then about the fount he leapt,
Shouting at its merry gush.

While the sparkling waters welled,
Laughing as they bubbled up,
In his lily hands he held,
Closely clasped, a silver cup.

Now he put it forth to fill;
Then he bore it to the flowers;
Through his fingers there to spill
What it held, in mimic showers.

"Open, pretty buds," said he,
"Open to the air and sun,
So to-morrow I may see
What my rain to-day has done.

"Yes, you will, you will, I know,
For the drink I give you now,
Burst your little cups and blow,
When I'm gone and can't tell how.

"Oh! I wish I could but see
How God's finger touches you;
When your sides unclasp, and free
Let your leaves and odours through.

"I would watch you all the night,
Nor in darkness be afraid,
Only once to see aright
How a beauteous flower is made.

"Now remember, I shall come
In the morning from my bed,
Here to find among you, some
With your brightest colours spread!"

To his buds he hastened out
At the dewy morning hour,
Crying, with a joyous shout,
"God has made of each a flower!"

Precious must the ready faith
Of the little children be,
In the sight of Him who saith,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Answered by the smile of heaven
Is the infant's offering found,
Though "a cup of water given,"
Even to the thirsty ground.

THE YOUNG SETTING MOON.

The fair young moon, in a silver bow,
Looks back from the bending west,
Like a weary soul that is glad to go
To the long-sought place of rest.

Her crescent lies in a beaming crown,
On the distant hill's dark head,
Serene as the righteous looking down
On the world, from his dying bed.

Her rays, to our view, grow few and faint;
Her light is at length withdrawn!
And she, like a calmly departing saint,
To her far-off home is gone!

O! what could have made the moon so bright,
Till her work for the earth was done?
'T was the glory drawn from a greater light!
'T was the face of the radiant sun!

For she on her absent king would look,
Which the world saw not, the while;
Her face from him all its beauty took,
And conveyed to the world his smile.

By him, through night, has the moon been led
'Mid the clouds that crossed the sky,
While she drew her beams o'er the earth to shed,
From the god where she fixed her eye.

And thus does Faith, 'mid her trials, view,
In the God to whom she clings,
A *Sun*, whose glories, for ever new,
Unfold in his healing wings!

'T is this that will guide our course aright,
Though grief overcloud the heart;
And it is but faith being lost in sight,
That is meant, when the good depart!

L. H. Sigourney

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Mrs. Sigourney, whose maiden name was Huntley, is a native of Norwich, Connecticut. Her precocity, both mental and physical, was early visible; in her third year she read with distinct enunciation, and wrote verses at eight, which were marked by rhythmical accuracy. Her prevailing desire from childhood was to be fitted for the profession of teacher. It had not been merely a musing revery, but pointed to the acquisition of difficult or abstruse study, through the whole course of education. She began with two young ladies as day-scholars in her own chamber, and afterward shared with a friend the charge of a large school, at two miles distance from her home.

Through the influence of a benevolent friend, Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., of Hartford, she obtained in that pleasant city a school after her own heart; and from the same gentleman received the first encouragement to poetical labours. Through his persevering zeal in selecting from her journals, and a mass of other manuscripts, her first volume, consisting of miscellaneous poetry and prose, ventured before the public.

The beautiful banks of the Connecticut, to which she went as a visitant, became her permanent residence by her marriage with Charles Sigourney, Esq., a merchant of eminence and a man of distinguished family and education. A few years since she visited Europe, where she was received with distinction, and with her return brought many valuable friendships and delightful recollections. Her writings are modified in subject by the multifarious forms of benevolence that mark the present age, and the time that she would fain systematically devote to them is so much interrupted by calls and the claims of an extensive correspondence, as to forbid that consecutive labour which is essential to the ambitious aspirant of literary fame.

RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA.

Ho! City of the gay!
Paris!—what festal rite
Doth call thy thronging million forth,
All eager for the sight?
Thy soldiers line the streets
In fixed and stern array,
With buckled helm, and bayonet,
As on the battle-day.

By square and fountain side,
Heads in dense masses rise,
And tower, and tree, and battlement
Are studded thick with eyes.
Comes there some conqueror home
In triumph from the fight,
With spoil, and captives in his train,
The trophies of his might?

The "Arc de Triomphe" glows,
A martial host are nigh,
France pours in long succession forth
Her pomp of chivalry;
No clarion marks their way,
No victor-trump is blown,
Why march they on so silently,
Told by their tread alone?

Behold, in gorgeous show,
A gorgeous car of state!
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,
Bow down beneath its weight,
And the noble war-horse led
Caparisoned along,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car?
The incense flameth high—
Comes there some demi-god of old?
No answer!—no reply!
Who rideth on yon car?
No shout his minions raise,
But by a lofty chapel-dome
The muffled hero stays;—

A king is waiting there,
And with uncovered head
Receives him, in the name of France—
Receiveth whom?—*The dead!*
Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean-surge?
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,

That thus he brake his rocky tomb
  Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! hark! the requiem swells,
  A deep, soul-thrilling strain,
A requiem never to be heard
  By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief
  Whose fiat millions slew,
The soaring Eagle of the Alps,
  The crushed at Waterloo;—
The banished who returned,
  The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud
  To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there, in state,
  That warrior strong and bold,
The imperial crown with jewels bright
  Upon his ashes cold;
While round those columns proud
  The blazoned banners wave
That on a hundred fields he won
  With the heart's-blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard
  His veterans scarred and old,
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge,
  And purple Leipsic told;

Yes, there, with arms reversed,
Slow pacing, night and day,
Close watch, beside that coffin kept
These warriors, grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow,—
Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or memory of the fearful strife
Where their country's legions bled?
Of Borodino's blood?
Of Beresina's wail?
The horrors of that dire retreat,
Which turned old History pale?

A cloud is on their brow,—
Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
By Russian tempests sped?
When countless mounds of snow
Marked the sad conscript's grave,
And pierced by frost and famine, sank
The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps
The gathered darkness mock,
And velvet drapes *his* hearse, who died
On bare Helena's rock;
And from the altar near
A never-dying hymn

Is lifted by the chanting priests
Beside by the taper dim.

Mysterious one! and proud!
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain?
Oh! when the cry of that spectral host,
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them?
And what, thy God's to thee?

SOLITUDE.

Deep Solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While towering near the rugged mountains made
Dark background 'gainst the sky.
Thither I went,
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount
For which it long had thirsted 'mid the strife
And fever of the world. I thought to be
There without witness. But the violet's eye
Looked up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young, pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek.
——There were glad voices too. The garrulous brook

Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history. Up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. Yea—busy life
Woke in that cell. The dexterous spider threw
From spray to spray, his silvery-tissued snare;
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The rifled grain, toiled toward her citadel;
To her sweet hive flew back the loaded bee;
While on her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Brooded her nurslings.
And I strangely thought
To be alone, and silent, in thy realm,
Spirit of life and love!—It might not be!—
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when in a selfish breast
He locks his joys, and shuts out others' grief.
——Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world
Without a witness. Even thy desert place
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent: and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His Maker there, to bless his listening heart.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

An axe rang sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had towered
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold Emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response
Beguiled the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sailed
So many days on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,
Was but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launched
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtured in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."
—"What, ho!—my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contained

His noon's repast, looked upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile.
"See, dearest, see,
That bright-winged paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"
—"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then
In that first home. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."
Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the Emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores.
Starting, he spake—
"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'T was even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."
"No—no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,

Which 'mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion."
And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that soothed
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content, and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him
Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neighed,
The favourite dog came frisking round his feet
With shrill and joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were linked
In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning roved
'Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on,
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift
The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he hath need to sleep
Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home
His boisterous billows from their vexing play
To a long, dreary calm: but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er, with failing heart, forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.
The morning stars, that hailed creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem, mixing with their song
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires
That wait the mandate of the day of doom

To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed
Upon thy rocky scroll.
The lofty trees
That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore
Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves
Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing
In all thy mist and foam! Perchance 't is meet
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir
Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud
Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our erring lips to talk
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace
Thine awful features with our pencil's point,
Were but to press on Sinai.
Thou dost speak
Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop
From His right hand—bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapped in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in Him.

THE BELL OF THE WRECK.*

Toll!—Toll!—Toll!
Thou bell by billows swung,
And night and day thy warning lore
Repeat with mournful tongue:
Toll for the queenly boat,
Wrecked on yon rocky shore;
Sea-weed is in her palace halls,
She rides the surge no more.

Toll for the master bold,
The high-souled and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life
Amid the crested wave;
Toll for the hardy crew,
Sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant Ocean dared—
It vanquished them at last.

Toll for the man of God,
Whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the gathered groan
Of that intense despair,—

* The bell of the ill-fated steamer Atlantic, being sustained by a rocky reef, and swept by the wind and surge, continued to toll, as if in requiem for the lost.

How precious were those tones
On the sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm,
And the mountain-billows' strife!

Toll for the lover lost
To the gay bridal train—
Bright glows a picture on his breast,
Beneath the unfathomed main;—
One from her casement bendeth
Long, o'er the misty sea,—
He cometh not—pale maiden—
His heart is cold to thee.

Toll for the absent sire,
Who to his home drew near
To bless that glad expecting group—
Fond wife, and children dear.
They heap the blazing hearth,
The festal board is spread,
But a fearful guest is at the gate,—
Room for the sheeted dead!

Toll for the loved and fair,
The whelmed beneath the tide,
The broken harps, around whose strings
The dull sea-monsters glide.
Mother, and nursling sweet
Reft from the household throng,
There 's bitter weeping in the nest
Where breathed their soul of song.

Toll for the hearts that bleed,
'Neath misery's furrowed trace,
For the lone, hapless orphan, left
The last of all his race.
Yea, with thine heaviest knell,
From surge to echoing shore,
Toll for the living—not the dead
Whose mortal woes are o'er.

Toll! Toll!—Toll
O'er breeze and billow free,
And with thy startling voice instruct
Each rover of the sea;
Tell how o'er proudest joys
May swift destruction sweep,
And bid him build his hopes on high,
Lone teacher of the deep.

ELIZABETH HALL,

The author of "Miriam; a Drama," is a native of Boston. Her maiden name was Park. These extracts are supposed to be spoken by Piso, a persecutor of the Christians, at Rome, on seeing the daughter of a Hebrew girl whom he had loved when in Palestine.

FROM THE DRAMA OF MIRIAM.

Beautiful shadow! in this hour of wrath,
What dost thou here? In life thou wert too meek,
Too gentle for a lover stern as I.
And, since I saw thee last, my days have been
Deep steeped in sin and blood! What seekest thou?
I have grown old in strife, and hast thou come,
With thy dark eyes and their soul-searching glance
To look me into peace? It cannot be.
Go back, fair spirit, to thine own dim realms!
He whose young love thou didst reject on earth,
May tremble at this visitation strange,
But never can know peace or virtue more!
Thou wert a Christian, and a Christian dog
Did win thy precious love. I have good cause
To hate and scorn the whole detested race;
And till I meet that man, whom most of all
My soul abhors, will I go on and slay!

Fade, vanish, shadow bright! In vain that look!
That sweet, sad look! My lot is cast in blood!
* * * * * * *
The voice that won me first!
Oh, what a tide of recollections rush
Upon my drowning soul! my own wild love—
Thy scorn—the long, long days of blood and guilt
That since have left their footprints on my fate!
The dark, dark nights of fevered agony,
When, 'mid the strife and struggling of my dreams,
The gods sent thee at times to hover round,
Bringing the memory of those peaceful days
When I beheld thee first! But never yet
Before my waking eyes hast thou appeared
Distinct and visible as now!
* * * * * * *
I deemed I looked on one whose bright young face
First glanced upon me 'mid the shining leaves
Of a green bower in sunny Palestine,
In my youth's prime! I knew the dust,
The grave's corroding dust, had soiled
That spotless brow long since. A shadow fell
Upon the soul that never yet knew fear.
But it is past. Earth holds not what I dread;
And what the gods did make me am I now.
* * * * * *
Thou art her child! I could not harm thee now.
Oh, wonderful! that things so long forgot—
A love I thought so crushed and trodden down,
Even by the iron tread of passion wild—

Ambition, pride, and, worst of all, revenge —
Revenge, that hath shed seas of Christian blood!
To think this heart was once so waxen soft,
And then congealed so hard, that nought of all
Which hath been since could ever have the power
To wear away the image of that girl —
That fair young Christian girl! 'Twas a wild love!
But I was young, a soldier in strange lands,
And she, in very gentleness, said nay
So timidly, I hoped — until, ye gods!
She loved another! Yet I slew him not!

* * * * * * *

I will shed blood no more; for I have known
What sort of peace deep-glutted vengeance brings.
My son is brave, but of a gentler mind
Than I have been. His eyes shall never more
Be grieved with sight of sinless blood poured forth
From tortured veins. Go forth, ye gentle two!
Children of her who might perhaps have poured
Her own meek spirit o'er my nature stern,
Since the bare image of her buried charms,
Soft gleaming from your youthful brows, hath power
To stir my spirit thus! But go ye forth!
Ye leave an altered and a milder man
Than him ye sought.

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Mrs. Peirson is a native of Middletown, Connecticut, and the daughter of Mr. William Wheeler. When about sixteen years of age, she removed with her father to Canandaigua, New York, where she was soon after married. In company with her husband, she then removed to the interior of Pennsylvania, to reside in a portion of the state which was at that time an unbroken wilderness, but where Mr. Peirson owned a tract of land. Having made a path through the forest, they took up their abode in a log cabin, five miles from any human habitation. During the summer, the wildness and novelty of the scene afforded her ample amusement; but when winter came, with its snows and winds, penetrating the doors, windows, and crevices, it must have produced a reality of desolation and loneliness which her vivid imagination had never pictured. It was in those dark seasons that she had recourse to the pen, to lessen the dreariness of her situation. She has written for the various Annuals and Magazines of the country, and in 1846 collected her poems in two volumes, which have been favourably received. In a letter to a friend she remarks: "If mine had not been an eminently cheerful and hopeful spirit, it would long ago have sunk irretrievably; but it pleased the Providence that marked my path to give me strength to do, and patience to endure."

MY MUSE.

Born of the sunlight, and the dew,
That met amongst the flowers,
That on the river margin grew,
Beneath the willow bowers;

Her earliest pillow was a wreath
Of violets newly blown,
And the meek incense of their breath
At once became her own.

Her cradle-hymn the river sung,
In that same liquid tone
With which it gave, when earth was young,
Praise to the Living One.
The breeze that lay upon its breast
Responded with a sigh;—
And there the ring-dove built her nest
And sung her lullaby.

The only nurse she ever knew
Was Nature, free, and wild,—
Such was her birth, and so she grew
A moody, wayward child,
Who loved to climb the rocky steep,
To ford the mountain stream,
To lie beside the sounding deep,
And weave the magic dream.

She loved the path with shadows dim,
Beneath the dark-leaved trees,
Where Nature's feather poets sing
Their sweetest melodies;
To dance amongst the pensile stems
Where blossoms bright and sweet

Threw diamonds from their diadems
Upon her fairy feet.

She loved to watch the day-star float
Upon the aerial sea,
Till morning sunk his pearly boat
In floods of radiancy.
To see the angel of the storm
Upon his wind-winged car,
With dark clouds wrapped around his form,
Come shouting from afar.

And pouring treasures rich and free,
The pure refreshing rain,
Till every weed and forest tree
Could boast its diamond chain.
Then rising, with the hymn of praise,
That swelled from hill and dale,
Display the rainbow, sign of peace,
Upon its misty veil.

She loved the waves' deep utterings—
And gazed with frenzied eye,
When night shook lightning from his wings
And winds went sobbing by.
Full oft I chid the wayward child,
Her wanderings to restrain;
And sought her airy limbs to bind
With prudence' worldly chain.

I bade her stay within my cot,
And ply the housewife's art;—
She heard me, but she heeded not,
Oh, who can bind the heart?
I told her she had none to guide
Her inexperienced feet
To where, through Tempe's valley, glide
Castalia's waters sweet;

No son of fame, to take her hand
And lead her blushing forth,
Proclaiming to the laurelled band
A youthful sister's worth;
That there were none to help her climb
The steep and toilsome way,
To where, above the mists of time,
Shines Genius' living ray;

Where, wreathed with never-fading flowers,
The HARP immortal lies,
Filling the souls that reach those bowers
With heavenly melodies.
I warned her of the cruel foes
That throng that rugged path,
Where many a thorn of misery grows,
And tempests wreak their wrath.

I told her of the serpents dread,
With malice-pointed fangs,

Of yellow-blossomed weeds that shed
  Derision's maddening pangs.
And of the broken, mouldering lyres
  Thrown carelessly aside,
Telling the winds, with shivering wires,
  How noble spirits died.

I said—her sandals were not meet
  Such journey to essay,
(There should be gold beneath the feet
  That tempt Fame's toilsome way,)
But while I spoke, her burning eye
  Was flashing in the light
That shone upon that mountain high,
  Insufferably bright.

While streaming from the ETERNAL LYRE,
  Like distant echoes came
A strain that wrapped her soul in fire,
  And thrilled her trembling frame.
She sprang away—that wayward child,
  The harp! the harp! she cried;
And still she climbs and warbles wild
  Along the mountain side.

TO THE WOOD-ROBIN.

Bird of the twilight hour!
My soul goes forth to mingle with thy hymn,
Which floats like slumber round each closing flower,
And weaves sweet visions through the forest dim.

Where day's sweet warblers rest,
Each gently rocking on the waving spray,
Or hovering the dear fledgelings in the nest
Without one care-pang for the coming day.

Oh, holy bird, and sweet
Angel of this dark forest, whose rich notes
Gush like a fountain in the still retreat,
O'er which a world of mirrored beauty floats.

My spirit drinks the stream,
Till human cares and passions fade away;
And all my soul is wrapped in one sweet dream,
Of blended love, and peace, and melody.

Sweet bird! that wak'st alone
The moonlight echoes of the flowery dells,
When every other wingèd lute is flown,
And insects sleeping all in nodding bells.

I bow my aching head,
And wait the unction of thy voice of love;

I feel it o'er my weary spirit shed,
Like dew from balmy flowers that bloom above.

O! when the loves of earth
Are silent birds, at close of life's long day;
May some pure seraphim of heavenly birth,
Bear on its holy hymn my soul away!

THE WILDWOOD HOME.

Oh, show me a place like the wildwood home,
Where the air is fragrant and free,
And the first pure breathings of morning come
In a gush of melody.
She lifts the soft fringe from her dark blue eye,
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that o'er her bosom lie,
Are bright as the gems above.

Where noon lies down in the breezy shade
Of the glorious forest bowers,
And the beautiful birds, from the sunny glades,
Sit nodding amongst the flowers;
While the holy child of the mountain spring
Steals past with a murmured song,
And the honey-bees sleep in the bells that swing
In garlanded banks along.

Where day steals away with a young bride's blush,
To the soft green couch of night,
And the moon throws o'er with a holy hush
Her curtain of gossamer-light.
And the seraph that sings in the hemlock-dell—
Oh, sweetest of birds is she!—
Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.

There are sumptuous mansions, with marble walls,
Surmounted by glittering towers,
Where fountains play in the perfumed halls
Amongst exotic flowers:
They are suitable homes for the haughty in mind,
Yet a wildwood home for me;
Where the pure bright streams, and the mountain wind,
And the bounding heart, are free.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

The subject of this notice is the daughter of the late Joseph Locke, and is a native of Boston, in which city she resided until her marriage with Samuel S. Osgood, an artist of distinction. A noted writer says of her in a critique, "Her personal not less than her literary character and existence, are one perpetual poem. Not to write poetry — not to think it — act it — dream it, and *be* it — is entirely out of her power." Her first volume, "The Wreath of Wild Flowers," was published in England during a visit to that country, immediately after her marriage. In the words of the critic already quoted, "There was *that* about the volume — that inexpressible grace of thought and manner, which never fails to find a ready echo in the heart." The next collection of her poems was published in New York about three years since, and was most favourably received by the public and the press throughout the country. A charming naiveté, an exquisite simplicity, an inimitable grace, with at times a thrilling and impassioned earnestness, are Mrs. Osgood's chief characteristics as a writer. We close our remarks with a just and beautiful tribute to our fair authoress, from the pen of a sister poetess: "With her beautiful Italian soul, with her impulse, and wild imagery, and exuberant fancy, and glowing passionateness, and with the wonderful facility with which, like an almond tree casting off its blossoms, she flings around her heart-tinted and love-perfumed lays, she has, I must believe, more of the improvisatrice than has yet been revealed by any of our gifted countrywomen."

THE DAISY'S MISTAKE.

A Sunbeam and Zephyr were playing about,
One spring, ere a blossom had peeped from the stem,
When they heard, under ground, a faint, fairy-like shout:
'T was the voice of a Field-Daisy calling to them.

"Oh! tell me, my friend, has the winter gone by?
Is it time to come up? Is the Crocus there yet?
I know you are sporting above, and I sigh
To be with you and kiss you;—'t is long since we met!

"I've been ready this great while—all dressed for the show;
I've a gem on my bosom that's pure as a star;
And the frill of my robe is as white as the snow;
And I mean to be brighter than Crocuses are."

Now the Zephyr and Sunbeam were wild with delight!
It seemed a whole age since they'd played with a flower;
So they told a great fib to the poor little sprite,
That was languishing down in her underground bower.

"Come out! little darling! as quick as you can!
The Crocus, the Cowslip, and Buttercup too,
Have been up here this fortnight; we're having grand times;
And all of them hourly asking for you!

"The Cowslip is crowned with a topaz tiara;
The Crocus is flaunting in golden attire;
But you, little pet, are a thousand times fairer—
To see you but once, is to love and admire!

"The skies smile benignantly all the day long;
The Bee drinks your health in the purest of dew;
The Lark has been waiting to sing you a song,
Which he practised in cloud-land on purpose for you!

"Come, come! you are either too bashful or lazy!
Lady Spring made this season an early entrée;
And she wondered what could have become of her Daisy;
We 'll call you coquettish, if still you delay!"

Then a still, small voice, in the heart of the flower,
It was Instinct, whispered her, "Do not go!
You had better be quiet, and wait your hour;
It is n't too late, even yet, for snow!"

But the little field-blossom was foolish and vain,
And she said to herself, "What a belle I shall be!"
So she sprang to the light, as she brake from her chain,
And gaily she cried, "I am free! I am free!"

A shy little thing is the Daisy, you know;
And she was half frightened to death, when she found
Not a blossom had even *begun* to blow!
How she wished herself back again under the ground!

The tear in her timid and sorrowful eye
Might well put the Zephyr and Beam to the blush;
But the saucy light laughed and said, "Pray don't cry!"
And the gay Zephyr sang to her, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

They kissed her, and petted her fondly at first;
But a storm arose, and the false light fled;
And the Zephyr changed into angry breeze,
That scolded her till she was almost dead!

The gem on her bosom was stained and dark—
The snow of her robe had lost its light—
And tears of sorrow had dimmed the spark
Of beauty and youth, that made her bright!

And so she lay with her fair head low,
And mournfully sighed in her dying hour,
"Ah! had I courageously answered 'No!'
I had now been safe in my native bower!"

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST.

Your heart is a music-box, dearest!
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break;
Then oh! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
And there's one little tune it can play,
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with "I love!"
"I love!"
My heart echoes to it, "I love!"

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou dear ideal of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
Whom I would keep, though all the world depart!
Thou, that dost veil the loftiest flowers with glory,
Spirit of light, of loveliness, and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy story,
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth!
Thou who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Through which no [illegible] evil dare intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,
With whom of all, 't would be despair to part.

Thou that [illegible] me in my dreaming childhood,
Shaping the changeful clouds to pageants rare,
Peopling the [illegible] and shaded wildwood
With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair;
Telling me all the sea-born breeze was saying,
While it went whispering through the willing leaves,
Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
Its pleasant tune about the household eaves;
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
Till its melodious murmur seemed a song,

A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
A sweet impassioned plaint of love and wrong!
Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!
Leave not the life that borrows from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath!

Thou that when others knew not how to love me,
Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst wreathe thy flowers of light around, above me,
To woo and win me from my grief's control—
By all my dreams, the passionate and holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me—
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavished upon thine and thee,—
By all the lays my simple lute was learning
To echo from thy voice,—stay with me still!
Once flown—alas! for thee there 's no returning!
The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.
Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has withered Spring's sweet bloom within my heart:
Ah, no! the rose of Love is yet unfaded,
Though Hope and Joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wronged thine altar,
With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
And thus with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, Spirit! deaf, and dumb, and blind!
Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers,

Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours!
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the weight of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darkened day:
To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I too join the aimless, false, and vain;
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain!
Leave me not yet!—leave me not cold and pining,
Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,
Where'er they rested, left a glory shining;
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight!

GARDEN GOSSIP.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE COOLNESS BETWEEN THE LILY AND THE VIOLET.

"I WILL tell you a secret!" the Honey-Bee said
To a Violet drooping her dew-laden head;
"The Lily 's in love! for she listened last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a Zephyr that just had been rocking the Rose,
Where hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.

"I would not betray her to any but *you;*
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true,

It will rest in your bosom in silence profound."
The Violet bent her blue eye to the ground;
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-winged gossip went whirring away.

"I will tell you a secret!" the Honey-Bee said,
And the young Lily lifted her beautiful head;
"The Violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy;
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her.

"Now let me advise you, sweet flower! as a friend,
Oh! ne'er to such beings your confidence lend;
It grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
Thus wronging a spirit so trustful and true:
But not for the world, love, my secret betray!"
And the little light gossip went buzzing away.

A blush in the Lily's cheek trembled and fled;
"I 'm sorry he told me," she tenderly said;
"If I may n't trust the Violet, pure as she seems,
I must fold in my own heart my beautiful dreams!"
Was the mischief well managed? Fair lady, is 't true?
Did the light garden gossip take lessons of *you?*

CALL ME PET NAMES.

Call me pet names, dearest! call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word—
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
That tenderly sings there in loving delight!
Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,—
Call me pet names, dearest! call me thy bird!

Call me sweet names, darling! call me a flower,
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
That droops when its heaven—thy heart—grows cold,
That shrinks from the wicked, the false, and bold,
That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and shower;
Call me pet names, darling! call me thy flower!

Call me fond names, dearest! call me a star,
Whose smile's beaming welcome thou feel'st from afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
When the "night-time of sorrow" steals over life's sea!
Oh! trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are,
Call me pet names, darling! call me thy star!

Call me pet names, darling! call me thine own!
Speak to me always in love's low tone!
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold:
Let my fond worship thy being enfold;
Love me for ever, and love me alone!
Call me pet names, darling! call me thine own!

A SERMON.

Thou discord in this choral harmony!
That dost profane the loveliest light and air
God ever gave: be still, and look, and listen!
Canst see yon fair cloud floating in the sun,
And blush not, watching its serener life?
Canst hear the fragrant grass grow up toward God,
With low, perpetual chant of praise and prayer,
Nor grieve that *your* soul grows *the other way?*
Forego that tone, made harsh by a hard heart,
And hearken, if you 're not afraid to hearken,
Yon Robin's careless carol, glad and sweet,
Mocking the sunshine with his merry trill!
Suppose you try to chord your voice with his;
But first, learn love and wisdom of him, lady!

How dare you bring your inharmonious heart
To such a scene? How dare you let your voice
Talk out of tune so with the voice of God
In earth and sky; the balmy air about you
Is Heaven's great gift, vouchsafed to you to make
Vocal with all melodious truths, and you
Fret it with false words, from a falser soul,
And poison it with the breath of calumny!
Learn reverence, bold one, for true Nature's heart,
If not for that your sister woman bears!
For Nature's heart, pleading in every wave,
That wastes its wistful music at your feet.

Take back your cold, inane, and carping mind
Into the world you came from and belong to—
The world of common cares and sordid aims.
These happy haunts can spare you, little one!
The dew-fed grass will grow as well without you,
The woodland choirs will scarce require your voice,
The starlit wave without *your* smile will glisten,
The proud patrician trees will miss you not.

Go, waste God's glorious boon of summer hours
Among your mates, as shallow, in small talk
Of dress, or weather, or the last elopement!
Go, mar the canvass with distorted face
Of dog or cat, or worse, profanely mock,
With gaudy beads, the pure light-painted flower!
Go, trim your cap, embroider your visite,
Crocher a purse, do any petty thing!
But in the name of truth, religion, beauty,
Let Nature's marvellous mystery alone,
Nor ask such airs, such skies, to waste the wealth
They keep for nobler beings, upon *you!*
Or stay, and learn of every bird and bloom
That sends its heart to Heaven in song or sigh,
The lesson that you need, *the law of love!*

TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT.

When are you coming? The flowers have come!
Bees in the balmy air happily hum:
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell
Sighs the sweet Violet, droops the Harebell:
Soft in the wavy grass glistens the dew—
Spring keeps her promises—why do not *you?*

Up in the air, love, the clouds are at play;
You are more graceful and lovely than they!
Birds in the woods carol all the day long;
When are you coming to join in the song?
Fairer than flowers and purer than dew!
Other sweet things are here—why are not you?

When are you coming? We 've welcomed the Rose!
Every light zephyr, as gaily it goes,
Whispers of other flowers met on its way;
Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
Why does it tell us of music and dew?
Rose of the South! we are waiting for you!

Do, darling, come to us!—'Mid the dark trees,
Like a lute murmurs the musical breeze;
Sometimes the Brook, as it trips by the flowers,
Hushes its warble to listen for yours!
Pure as the Violet, lovely and true!
Spring should have waited till she could bring *you!*

EURYDICE.

With heart that thrilled to every earnest line,
I had been reading o'er that antique story,
Wherein the youth half human, half divine,
Of all love-lore the Eidolon and glory,
Child of the Sun, with music's pleading spell,
In Pluto's palace swept, for love, his golden shell!

And in the wild, sweet legend, dimly traced,
My own heart's history unfolded seemed:—
Ah! lost one! by thy lover-minstrel graced
With homage pure as ever woman dreamed,
Too fondly worshipped, since such fate befell,
Was it not sweet to die—because beloved too well?

The scene is round me!—Throned amid the gloom,
As a flower smiles on Ætna's fatal breast,
Young Proserpine beside her lord doth bloom;
And near—of Orpheus' soul, oh! idol blest!—
While low for thee he tunes his lyre of light,
I see *thy* meek, fair form dawn through that lurid night!

I see the glorious boy—his dark locks wreathing
Wildly the wan and spiritual brow,
His sweet, curved lip the soul of music breathing;
His blue Greek eyes, that speak Love's loyal vow;
I see him bend on *thee* that eloquent glance,
The while those wondrous notes the realm of terror trance!

I see his face, with more than mortal beauty
Kindling, as armed with that sweet lyre alone,
Pledged to a holy and heroic duty,
He stands serene before the awful throne,
And looks on Hades' horrors with clear eye,
Since thou, his own adored Eurydice, art nigh!

Now soft and low a prelude sweet uprings,
As if a prisoned angel—pleading there
For life and love—were fettered 'neath the strings,
And poured his passionate soul upon the air!
Anon, it clangs with wild, exultant swell,
Till the full pæan peals triumphantly through Hell!

And thou—thy pale hands meekly locked before thee—
Thy sad eyes drinking *life* from *his* dear gaze—
Thy lips apart—thy hair a halo o'er thee,
Trailing around thy throat its golden maze—
Thus—with all words in passionate silence dying—
Within thy *soul* I hear Love's eager voice replying—

"Play on, mine Orpheus! Lo! while these are gazing,
Charmed into statues by thy God-taught strain,
I—I alone, to thy dear face upraising
My tearful glance, the life of life regain!
For every tone that steals into my heart
Doth to its worn, weak pulse a mighty power impart.

"Play on, mine Orpheus! while thy music floats
Through the dread realm, divine with truth and grace,

See, dear one! how the chain of linkèd notes
Has fettered every spirit in its place!
Even Death, beside me, still and helpless lies;
And strives in vain to chill my frame with his cold eyes.

"Still, mine own Orpheus, sweep the golden lyre!
Ah! dost thou mark how gentle Proserpine,
With claspèd hands, and eyes whose azure fire
Gleams through quick tears, thrilled by thy lay, doth lean
Her graceful head upon her stern lord's breast,
Like an o'erwearied child, whom music lulls to rest?

"Play, my proud minstrel! strike the chords again!
Lo! Victory crowns at last thy heavenly skill!
For Pluto turns relenting to the strain—
He waves his hand—he speaks his awful will!
My glorious Greek! lead on; but ah! *still* lend
Thy soul to thy sweet lyre, lest yet thou lose thy friend!

"Think not of me! Think rather of the time,
When moved by thy resistless melody,
To the strange magic of a song sublime,
Thy argo grandly glided to the sea!
And in the majesty Minerva gave,
The graceful galley swept, with joy, the sounding wave!

"Or see, in Fancy's dream, thy Thracian trees,
Their proud heads bent submissive to the sound,
Swayed by a tuneful and enchanted breeze,
March to slow music o'er the astonished ground—

Grove after grove descending from the hills,
While round thee weave their dance the glad, harmonious rills.

"Think not of me! Ha! by thy mighty sire,
My lord, my king! recall the dread behest!
Turn not—ah! turn not back those eyes of fire!
Oh! lost, for ever lost! undone! unblest!
I faint, I die!—the serpent's fang once more
Is here!—nay, grieve not thus! Life but *not Love* is o'er!"

Emma C. Embury

EMMA C. EMBURY.

Mrs. Embury is a native of the city of New York, and daughter of Dr. Manly, who has been for many years a distinguished physician. At an early age she was married to Mr. Embury, a gentleman of refinement and fortune, with whom she resides in Brooklyn. Her first contributions to the periodicals, under the signature of "Lanrine," at once attracted the attention of the public. A subsequent collection of her pieces into a volume, entitled "Guido, and other Poems," gave her a place in the first rank of American female poets. In her later productions she has fulfilled the predictions of her most sanguine friends. From the luxuriance of her imagination and her fine flow of language, we are led to believe that Mrs. Embury will yet favour the world with something from the deep mines of her poetic spirit, which shall take a stand among the highest works in our literature.

THE RUINED MILL.

A lone and roofless thing, it stands
  In sunshine and in shower,
Stretching abroad its palsied hands,—
  A wreck of giant power;
Each mouldering beam and crumbling stone
With velvet moss is now o'ergrown,
  While many a wind-sown flower
Is peeping through the broken floor,
Seeking the place it held of yore.

The bright-eyed toad looks fearless out,
And newts to covert steal;
The spider weaves his web about
The cogs of the massive wheel;
And where the miller once blithely stood,
The adder rears her hissing brood,
Nor fears his iron heel;
Man's rule within the spot is o'er,
And Nature wins her own once more.

O'er the broken dam the brook leaps free,
And speeds on its course along,
Wooing the wild-flowers daintily,
With its smiles and its pleasant song;
No longer chained to the busy mill,
It wanders on at its own sweet will,
The heavy rocks among,
Then creeps away round the old tree's foot,
To brighten the moss on its gnarlèd root.

I sate me down on a gray old stone,
And watched the lapsing stream,
Till outward things before me shone
Like pictures in a dream;
Amid the mists of revery
I rather seemed to *feel* than *see*
The river's sunny gleam;
Once more the angel of my youth
Touched all things with a sweeter truth.

That bright ideal! oh, how well
My spirit knew its power!
For early had I learned its spell,
In childhood's joyous hour;
It gave new glory to the skies,
New music to earth's melodies,
New charms to every flower,
And even now the gentle sprite
Can win my soul to deep delight.

So here, in this secluded spot,
Beside the ruined mill,
Came back the fancies long forgot,
Which fain would haunt me still;
That stream an emblem seemed to be
Of mine own gushing poesy,
Wasted with idle will,
Without concentrate power to stay
A leaflet on its loitering way.

A PORTRAIT.

"Heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures."

A GENTLE maiden, whose large loving eyes
Enshrine a tender, melancholy light,
Like the soft radiance of the starry skies,
Or Autumn sunshine, mellowed when most bright;

She is not sad, yet in her look appears
Something that makes the gazer think of tears.

She is not beautiful, her features bear
A loveliness by angel hands impressed,
Such as the pure in heart alone may wear,
The outward symbol of a soul at rest;
And this beseems her well, for Love and Truth
Companion ever with her guileless youth.

She hath a delicate foot, a dainty hand,
And every limb displays unconscious grace,
Like one, who, born a lady in the land,
Taketh no thought how best to fill her place,
But moveth ever at her own sweet will,
While gentleness and pride attend her still.

Nor hath she lost, by any sad mischance,
The happy thoughts that to her years belong—
Her step is ever fleetest in the dance,
Her voice is ever gayest in the song;
The silent air by her rich notes is stirred,
As by the music of a forest bird.

There dwelleth in the sinlessness of youth
A sweet rebuke that Vice may not endure;
And thus she makes an atmosphere of truth,
For all things in her presence grow more pure;
She walks in light—her guardian angel flings
A halo round her from his radiant wings.

ILLUSIONS.

"Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue."

Number the riches by thy memory hoarded,
Relics of joys thy by-past years have known,—
How many *real* things are there recorded?
How much *true* light was o'er thy pathway thrown?

'T was Fancy's hand bestowed the fairy treasures
That made thee rich in boyhood's golden time;
Imagination deepened all youth's pleasures;
Illusion brightened all thy manhood's prime.

Seen through the wave of Time above them sweeping,
Hope's broken fanes in softened splendour gleam;
The retrospective eye forgets its weeping,
The past wears all the glory of a dream.

How can we say *this* joy, or *that* was real,
When all have passed like visions of the night?
How can we know the true from the ideal?
Which glowed with *inward*, which with *outward* light?

It needs not we should ask—the grave's dark portal
Soon shuts this world of shadows from our view;
Then shall we grasp realities immortal,
If to the truth within us we are true.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Harp of the Winds! how vainly art thou swelling
Thy diapason on the heedless blast;
How idly, too, thy gentler chords are telling
A tale of sorrow as the breeze sweeps past:
Why dost thou waste on loneliness the strain
Which were not heard by human ears in vain?

And the Harp answered:—"Though the winds are bearing
My soul of sweetness on their viewless wings,
Yet one faint tone may reach some soul despairing,
And rouse its energies to happier things;
Oh! not in vain my song, if it but gives
One moment's joy to any thing that lives."

Oh, heart of mine! canst thou not here, discerning
An emblem of thyself, some solace find?
Though earth may never quench thy life-long yearning,
Yet give thyself, like music, to the wind:
Thy wandering thought may teach thy Love and Trust,
And waken sympathy when thou art dust.

SONG.

I REMEMBER the time when thine eye's saddened light
Was as gladdening to all things as sunshine in Spring,
When thy smile made an atmosphere round thee as bright
As the sudden unfolding of some cherub's wing:
Oh! beautiful wert thou, with youth on thy brow,
But, trust me, beloved, thou art lovelier now.

Thine eye's starry lustre is softened by tears,
And the bloom of thy beauty has faded away,
Yet ne'er in thy gladdest and happiest years
Did the high soul within shed so holy a ray:
Oh! beautiful wert thou, with youth on thy brow,
But, trust me, beloved, thou art lovelier now.

Life's roses have vanished, life's freshness has fled,
Thy future no longer Hope's pencil may paint;
But the halo that sorrow has cast round thy head,
Has made of our Hebe an exquisite saint:
Oh! beautiful wert thou, with youth on thy brow,
But, trust me, beloved, thou art lovelier now.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

Heir of that name
Which shook with sudden terror the far earth—
Child of strange destinies e'en from thy birth,
When kings and princes round thy cradle came,
And gave their crowns, as playthings, to thine hand,
Thine heritage the spoils of many a land!

How were the schemes
Of human foresight baffled in thy fate,
Thou victim of a parent's lofty state!
What glorious visions filled thy father's dreams,
When first he gazed upon thy infant face,
And deemed himself the Rodolph of his race;

Scarce had thine eyes
Beheld the light of day, when thou wert bound
With power's vain symbols, and thy young brow crowned
With Rome's imperial diadem:—the prize
From priestly princes by thy proud sire won,
To deck the pillow of his cradled son.

Yet where is now
The sword that flashed as with a meteor light
And led on half the world to stirring fight;
Bidding whole seas of blood and carnage flow;
Alas! when foiled on his last battle-plain,
Its shattered fragments forged thy father's chain.

Far worse *thy* fate
Than that which doomed him to the barren rock;
Through half the universe was felt the shock,
When down he toppled from his high estate;
And the proud thought of still acknowledged power
Could cheer him e'en in that disastrous hour.

But thou, poor boy!
Hadst no such dreams to cheat thy lagging hours—
Thy chains still galled, though wreathed with fairest flowers;
Thou hadst no images of by-gone joy,
No visions of anticipated fame,
To bear thee through a life of sloth and shame.

And where was she,
Whose proudest title was Napoleon's wife?
She who first gave, and should have watched thy life,
Trebling a mother's tenderness for thee,
Despoilèd heir of empire? On her breast
Did thy young head repose in its unrest?

No! round her heart
Children of humbler, happier lineage twined;
Thou couldst but bring dark memories to mind
Of pageants where she bore a heartless part:
She who shared not her monarch-husband's doom
Cared little for her first-born's living tomb.

Thou art at rest!
Child of Ambition's martyr!—life had been

To thee no blessing, but a dreary scene
Of doubt, and dread, and suffering at the best:
For thou wert one, whose path, in these dark times,
Would lead to sorrows—it may be to *crimes*.

Thou art at rest!
The idle sword has worn its sheath away,—
The spirit has consumed its bonds of clay,—
And they, who with vain tyranny compressed
Thy soul's high yearnings, now forget their fear,
And fling ambition's purple o'er thy bier!

SONNET,

ON RECEIVING A POT OF VIOLETS IN MIDWINTER.

The cloud-flecked sunshine of an April day,
The changeful beauty of its lights and shades,
Falling athwart the newly-herbaged glades,
Or marking out some tiny streamlet's way;
A pleasant fancy of each pleasant thing
That comes when storms have vanished from the sky;
A vision of the fairy-footed Spring
Stooping to kiss the Violet's half-shut eye;
These are the dreams that paint my chamber wall
With woodland haunts in this dark wintry hour,
While sweet bird-voices and low insect-calls
Seem to make musical each sylvan bower;
Such genial influence on my spirit falls,
Waked by the faint sweet perfume of a flower.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

He woos me with those honeyed words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear.
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade:
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me, when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,
The words of heartfelt praise;
And often in my eyes he looks,
Some answering love to see,—
In vain! he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
With every gentle word;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred.
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last;
And while he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,
  Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
  Upon my husband's tomb.
And, as those lamps, if brought once more
  To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead,
  Unless it glow for him.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

Mrs. Gilman, formerly Miss Howard, was born in Boston. After her marriage with the Rev. Samuel Gilman she removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where for a number of years she edited a literary gazette entitled "The Southern Rose." She has published a number of volumes of prose and poetry, of which "The Recollections of a New England Housekeeper," and "A Southern Matron," are perhaps most widely known. She has recently published "Oracles from the Poets," and has in press a volume entitled "Verses of a Lifetime."

THE RELEASED CONVICT'S CELL, AT THE PHILADELPHIA PENITENTIARY.

Within the prison's massy walls I stood,
And all was still. Down the far galleried aisles
I gazed—upward and near; no eye was seen,
No footsteps heard, save a few flitting guards
Urging with vacant look their daily round;
For in the precincts of each narrow cell,
Hands, busiest once amid licentious crowds,
Voices, that shouted loudest in the throng,
Were now as calm, as erst the winds and waves,
When Jesus said, "*Be still!*"

I was led on
To where a convict ten slow years had dwelt
A prisoned man. Released that day, he sought

The world again. *Wide open stood his door.*
Hard by the cell (where for brief term each day
He walked alone to feel the blessed breeze
Play on his cheek, or see the sunbeam dawn
Like a fond mother on her erring child),
There was a little spot of earth, that woke
Within my breast a gush of sudden tears.
His hand had tilled it, and the fresh grass grew
Rewardingly, and springing plants were there,
One knows not how, lifting their gentle heads
In kind companionship to that lone man.
Who can portray how gladly to the eye
Of that past sinner, came in beauty forth
Those springing buds, in nature's lavish love?
Perchance they led him back in healthful thought,
To some green spot, where in his early years,
The wild flower rose, like him, unstained and free.
Oh, many a thought swept o'er my busy mind,
And my heart said, God bless thee, erring one,
Now new-born to the world! May heavenly flowers
Spring up and blossom on thy purer way!
A deep, pathetic consciousness I felt
Stirring my soul in that forsaken cell.
It seemed the nest from whence had flown the bird,
Or chrysalis, from whose dark folds had burst
The unfettered wing; or grave, from whence the spirit
Wrapt in earth's death-robe long, had sprung in joy.
Thus be the *door of mercy oped for me*,
And leaving far the prison-house of sin,
Thus may my spirit range.

MARY ANNA GIBBES, THE YOUNG HEROINE OF STONO, S. C., 1779.*

Stono, on thy still banks
The roar of war is heard; its thunders swell
And shake yon mansion, where domestic love
Till now breathed simple kindness to the heart;
Where white-armed childhood twined the neck of age,
Where hospitable cares lit up the hearth,
Cheering the lonely traveller on his way.
A foe inhabits there; and they depart,
The infirm old man, the gentle household band,
Seeking another home.—Home! Who can tell
The touching power of that most sacred word,
Save he who feels and weeps that he has none?
Among that group of midnight exiles, fled
Young Mary Anna, on whose youthful cheek
But thirteen years had kindled up the rose.
A laughing creature, breathing heart and love,
Yet timid as the fawn in southern wilds.
E'en the night reptile on the dewy grass
Startled the maiden, and the silent stars
Looking so still from out their cloudy home
Troubled her mind. No time was there for gauds

* This authentic anecdote is related by Major Garden. It is poetry in itself, without the aid of measured language; but it is hoped its present form may extend the knowledge of this Carolina maiden among her countrymen. "The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick, so much distinguished for his services in the war of 1812, was the person saved."

And toilet art, in this quick flight of fear;
Her glossy hair, damped by the midnight winds,
Lay on her neck dishevelled; gathered round
Her form in hurried folds clung her few garments;
Now a quick thrilling sob, half grief, half dread,
Came bursting from her heart,—and now her eyes
Glared forth, as pealed the cannon, then beneath
Their drooping lids, sad tears redundant flowed.

But sudden 'mid the group a cry arose,
"Fenwick! where is he!" None returned reply;
But a sharp, piercing glance went out, around,
Keen as a mother's toward her infant child
When sudden danger lowers, and then a shriek
From one, from all burst forth—"He is not here!"

Poor boy, he slept, nor crash of hurrying guns,
Nor impious curses, nor the warrior's shout
Awoke his balmy rest! He dreamt such dreams
As float round childhood's couch, of angel faces
Peering through clouds—of sunny rivulets,
Where the fresh stream flows rippling on, to waft
A tiny sail;—and of his rabbits white,
With eyes of ruby, and his tender fawn's
Long delicate limbs, light tread, and graceful neck.
He slept unconscious. Who shall wake that sleep?
All shrink—for now the artillery louder roars;—
The frightened slaves crouch at their master's side,
And he, infirm and feeble, scarce sustains
His sinking weight.

There was a pause, a hush
So deep, that one could hear the forest leaves

Flutter and drop between the war-gun's peal.
Then forward stood that girl, young Mary Anna,
The tear dried off upon her cheek, the sob
Crushed down, and in that high and lofty tone
Which sometimes breathes of woman in the child,
She said, "He shall not die!" and turned, *alone*.
Alone? oh, gentle girlhood, not alone
Art thou if One, watching above, will guard
Thee on thy way!
Clouds shrouded up the stars:
On—on she sped, the gun's broad glare her beacon!
The wolf-growl sounded near—on, onward still;
The forest trees like warning spirits moaned,—
She pressed her hand against her throbbing heart,
But faltered not. The whizzing shot went by,
Scarce heeded, went. Passed is a weary mile,
With the light step a master-spirit gives
On duty's road, and she has reached her home.
Her home—is this her home, at whose fair gate
Stern foes in silence stand to bar her way?
That gate, which from her infant childhood leaped
On its wide hinges, glad at her return?
Before the sentinels she trembling stood,
And with a voice, whose low and tender tones
Rose like a ring-dove's in midsummer storms,
She said,
"Please let me pass, and seek a child,
Who in my father's mansion has been left
Sleeping, unconscious of the danger near."
While thus she spoke, a smile incredulous

Stole o'er the face of one—the other cursed
And barred her from the way.
"Oh sirs," she cried,
While from her upraised eyes the tears streamed down,
And her small hands were clasped in agony,
"Drive me not hence, I pray. Until to-night
I dared not stray beyond my nurse's side
In the dim twilight; yet I now have come
Alone, unguarded, this far, dreary mile,
By darkness unappalled;—a simple worm
Would often fright my heart, and bid it flutter;
But now I've heard the wild wolf's hungry howl
With soul undaunted—till to-night I've shrunk
From men:—and soldiers! scarcely dared I look
Upon their glittering arms:—but here I come
And sue to you, men, warriors:—drive me not
Away. He whom I seek is yet a child,
A prattling boy, and must he, must he die?
Oh, if you love your children, let me pass.
You will not? Then my strength and hope are gone,
And I shall perish ere I reach my friends."
And then she pressed her brow, as if those hands
So soft and small, could still its throbbing pulse.
The sentinels looked calmly on, like men
Whose blades had toyed with sorrow, and made sport
Of woe. One step the maiden backward took,
Lingering in thought; then hope, like a soft flush
Of struggling twilight, kindled in her eyes.
She knelt before them, and reurged her plea.

"Perchance you have a sister, sir; or you;
A poor young thing like me: if she were here
Kneeling like me, before *my* countrymen,
They would not spurn her thus!"

"Go, girl—pass on!"
The softened voice of one replied; nor was
She checked, nor waited she to hear repulse,
But darted through the avenue, attained
The hall, and springing up the well known stairs
With such a flight as the young eagle takes
To gain its nest, she reached the quiet couch,
Where in bright dreams the unconscious sleeper lay.
Slight covering o'er the rescued boy she threw,
And caught him in her arms. He knew that cheek,
Kissed it half-waking, then around her neck
His hands entwined, and dropped to sleep again.

She bore him onward, dreading now for him
The shot that whizzed along, and tore the earth
In fragments by her side—she reached the guards,
Who silent oped the gate, then hurried on;
But as she passed them, from her heart burst forth—
"God bless you, ever!" and then urged her way;
Those arms, whose heaviest load and task had been
To poise her doll, and wield her childhood's toys,
Bearing the boy along the dangerous road.
Voices at length she hears—her friends are near—
They meet, and yielding up her precious charge,
She sinks upon her father's breast, in doubt
'Twixt smiles and tears.

The following thoughts were suggested by Mrs. Hemans' beautiful verses to "The English Boy."

THE AMERICAN BOY.

Look up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental power
Give titles over birth.

A hallowed land thou claim'st, my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories—
And wide—ay, wide as thought!

On the high Alleghany's range,
Awake thy joyous song;
Then o'er our green savannahs stray,
And gentle notes prolong.

Awake it 'mid the rushing peal
Of dark Niagara's voice,
Or by thine ocean rivers stand,
And in their joy rejoice:

What though we boast no ancient towers,
Where "ivied" streamers twine?

The *Laurel* lives upon our soil,*
The Laurel, boy, is thine.

What though no "minster lifts the cross,"
Tinged by the sunset fire?
Freely religion's voices float
Round every village spire.

And who shall gaze on yon "blue sea,"
If thou must turn away,
When bold Columbia's stripes and stars
Are floating in the day?

Who thunders louder, when the strife
Of gathering war is stirred?
Who ranges further, when the call
Of commerce' voice is heard?

And though on "Cressy's distant field"
Thy gaze may not be cast,
While through long centuries of blood
Rise spectres of the *past;*

The *future* wakes thy dreamings high,
And thou a note mayst claim,

* The Laurel grows in its beautiful varieties throughout the United States. The Kalmia at the North; at the South, the splendid Magnolia Grandiflora.

Aspirings which in after times
Shall swell the trump of fame.

Yet scenes are here for tender thought—
Here sleep the good and brave!
Here kneel, my boy, and raise thy vow
Above the patriot's grave.

On Moultrie's isle, on Bunker's height,
On Monmouth's heated line,
On Eutaw's field, on Yorktown's bank
Erect thy loyal shrine.

And when thou 'rt told of knighthood's shield,
And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—
The name of WASHINGTON.

S. ANNA LEWIS.

Mrs. Lewis, formerly Miss Robinson, of Baltimore, resides at Brooklyn, Long Island, where her leisure is employed by literary studies, and extended poetical composition. Her first volume of poems, entitled "Records of the Heart," appeared in 1844. Two years later it was followed by "The Broken Trust," a poem in three cantos; and within the last season has been issued a new volume—"The Child of the Sea," which is highly praised by critics. We give the following extracts.

GREECE.

Shrine of the Gods! mine own eternal Greece!
When shall thy weeds be doffed—thy mourning cease?
The gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And thou be living, breathing Greece again?
Grave of the mighty! Hero—Poet—Sage—
Whose deeds are guiding stars to every age!
Land unsurpassed in glory and despair,
Still in thy desolation thou art fair!
Low in sepulchral dust lies Pallas' shrine—
Low in sepulchral dust thy Fanes divine—
And all thy visible self; yet o'er thy clay,
Soul, beauty lingers, hallowing decay.

Not all the ills that war entailed on thee—
Not all the blood that stained Thermopylæ—
Not all the desolation traitors wrought—
Not all the woe and want invaders brought—

Not all the tears that slavery could wring
From out thy heart of patient suffering—
Not all that drapes thy loveliness in night,
Can quench thy spirit's never-dying light;
But hovering o'er the dust of gods enshrined,
It beams, a beacon to the march of mind—
An oasis to sage and bard forlorn—
A guiding light to centuries unborn.

For thee I mourn—thy blood is in my veins—
To thee by consanguinity's strong chains
I'm bound, and fain would die to make thee free;
But oh! there is no Liberty for thee!
Not all the wisdom of thy greatest One—*
Not all the bravery of Thetis' Son—†
Not all the weight of mighty Phœbus' ire—
Not all the magic of the Athenian's Lyre—‡
Can ever bid thy tears or mourning cease,
Or rend one gyve that binds thee, lovely Greece!

Where Corinth weeps beside Lepanto's deep,
Her palaces in desolation sleep.
Seated till dawn on moonlit column, I
Have sought to probe eternal Destiny.
I've roamed, fair Hellas, o'er thy battle-plains,
And stood within Apollo's ruined fanes,
Invoked the spirits of the past to wake,
Assist with swords of fire thy chains to break;

* Lycurgus. † Achilles. ‡ Homer.

But only from the hollow sepulchres,
Murmured, "Eternal slavery is hers!"
And on thy bosom I have laid my head,
And poured my soul out—tears of lava shed;
Before thy desecrated altars knelt,
To calmer feelings felt my sorrows melt;
And gladly with thee would have made my home,
But pride and hate impelled me o'er the foam,
To distant lands and seas unknown to roam.

THE HOLY LAND.

Oh God! it is a melancholy sight,
To see that Land, whence sprung all sacred light,
Delight of men, and most beloved of God,
Where happy first our primal parents trod,
Where Hagar mourned, and Judah's minstrel sung,
With the dark pall of desolation hung!
No band of warriors crowds the royal gate;
No suppliant millions in the temples wait;
No prophet minstrel swells the tide of song;
No mighty seer enchains the breathless throng;
But from the Jordan to the Ægean tide,
From Ganges to Euphrates' fertile side,
From Mecca's plains to lofty Lebanon,
The ashes of departed worlds are strown.
On Carmel's heights—on Pisgah's tops I've stood,
And paced Epirus' savage solitude;
Before the sepulchre of Jesus knelt,
And by the Galilean waters dwelt;

Wandered among Assyria's ruins vast,
Feeding my mute thoughts on the silent past—
Pride—Splendour—Glory—Desolation—Crime—
And the deep mystery of the birth of Time.

LOVE.

Now, while propitious silence chains the grove,
No ear is ope to hear my bosom's yearning,
I'll breathe to thee the fond, undying Love,
That in the censer of this heart lies burning.

DESPAIR.

Oh! what is there in all this cheerless life!
What pang in her dark catalogue of strife!
Like that we feel, when in we turn our eyes
Upon the heart that paralytic lies,
So cold, so dead, all antidotes seem vain,
To rouse it into feeling warm again!
What like that dizzy sickness of the soul,
Becalmed on life's dead wave without a goal—
No drop to cool its thirstings of despair—
No breath to still the pestilential air—
No fanning breeze its stagnant bark to move—
No haven below—no beacon-star above!

ELIZABETH BOGART.

Miss Bogart is the second daughter of the late Rev. David S. Bogart, of the city of New York, who was first settled as a minister of the gospel at Southampton, on Long Island, and was well known by his contemporaries as an accomplished scholar and eloquent preacher. From her father she received the principal part of her education; and in the leisure and retirement of the country, where her early years were passed, her inclination for literary pursuits was cultivated and indulged as a source of pleasure and amusement. She has been for several years a resident of the city of her birth, and an occasional contributor, under the signature of "*Estelle*," to many of the periodicals of the day. The New York Mirror first introduced her to the public in 1825, since which time her poems have been extensively circulated in the different journals, and some of them reprinted from year to year—but they have never been published collectively in a volume, and few of them have appeared under her real name.

SHE KNEW SHE WAS DESERTED!

She knew she was deserted! and when once
The full conviction settled on her mind
That he had left her, she broke through the spell
Which had enchained her heart's strong energies,
And was herself again. No longer bound
By love's despotic power, she strove to fill
The aching void in life, with her rich thoughts,
Which sprung again unfettered; and essayed

With fancy's dreams to charm the weary hours,
And cheer the isolated solitude
Which he had left around her. She despised
His utter selfishness—and yet 't was long
Ere her crushed spirits could revive, with all
Their early elasticity and power.

She knew that they were parted, and for ever—
As wide as though the broad Atlantic's waves
Between them rolled; or death had formed a gulf,
Darker and deeper than the trackless sea.
She cared not that the sky of their own land
Spread the same clouds and sunshine o'er them both.
'T were all the same to her—she only felt
That the heart's chain was broken, and that life
Were all alike, in any place or part
Of the vast universe. It was a blank—
The future, nothing—and the past, one thought
Of his inconstancy. This haunted her
With an undying memory, blighting hope,
And making the green earth a desert waste.

She asked not why he had forsaken her—
If wealth had bought his love, or beauty made
To his own conscience an apology
For broken vows. Whatever it might be,
She deemed that hers was but the common lot;
And called in Reason and Philosophy,
To dissipate her heart's first agony.
Philosophy and Reason! Oh, how vain
Their lessons to the feelings! They but teach
To hide them deeper, and to show a calm

Unruffled surface to the idle gaze.
And yet she studied them, till Passion's force
Yielded to their cold precepts, and her mind
Surmounted woman's weakness. She had borne
To see his love decrease by slow degrees;
So slight the change at first it was not seen,
But only felt—a doubt, a dread, a pang—
Passing at intervals across her heart,
And waking many a dark and bitter thought
Of man's inconstancy—but when the truth
Flashed suddenly upon her, clear and full,
The anguish and the bitterness were past.
  The fountains of affection in her heart
Were frozen at their source. She had not loved
As *men* love, who love often. Hers had been
A single sentiment for one alone—
An all-engrossing passion, which had lived
On Hope and Faith—till Hope, fond woman's hope,
Fled from her heart; and Faith, vain faith in man,
Slid from its resting-place—and then she felt
That love which clung to aught of earthly mould,
As well were cast on the unstable sea,
Or the inconstant wind. Change passeth on
And toucheth all things human, as it sweeps
O'er Nature's face, with ever varying shades.
  And so it came at last, at last to her—
The change from her deep love to cold contempt.
For woman's heart, though it forgiveth much,
And trusteth long, is stronger in its scorn,
As it has greatly felt its trust deceived.

TO MY COUSIN.

Time has swept on, and changeful hues have decked his flying plumes,
As now the wild romance of thought a thousand shades assumes.
Time has swept on since first we met, and Hope so gaily smiled,
When thou wert in youth's early spring, and I was still a child.

My cousin! dost thou not look back upon those careless hours,
And feel how crushed and faded now are life's first blooming flowers?
How like a dream those joys which filled the heart's imaginings,
How brighter far was *fancy's* power than aught that *memory* brings?

And yet how is it that thy brow wears not the marks of care—
That fortune's changes have not made a single furrow there!
I deemed thy heart was still the same, but scarcely thought to find
Thy looks, so like the looks of old, engraven on my mind.

I could forget that time had flown, while gazing on thy face,
But that upon the chequered past, his ruins still I trace.
Where are the hopes whose brilliant beams made life a cloudless scene?
I know not where! but they are now as if they ne'er had been.

The future has no second ray like Hope's first star of light,
The heart no second dreams of bliss, so beautiful and bright
As those ere life's first confidence has been deceived and lost,
Ere treachery and ingratitude the trusting mind have crossed.

My cousin! hast thou learned to doubt *professions,* and distrust
The *word of promise?* if not so, the world has been more just
To *thee* than *me;* and thou canst not the feeling comprehend,
Which bids the heart to *fear* the more, the more it *loves* a friend.

Time has swept on, and in his flight the separating years
Between us have been gathering, in sunshine and in tears.
And we should be as strangers now, nor cast a thought behind,
But that there is a tie of blood, which time can ne'er unbind.

I'M WEARY WITH THINKING!

I 'm weary with thinking! I 'm weary and sad
With the dark thoughts that throng on my mind! oh, that now,
From the garden where long since they flourished, I had
A chaplet of poppies, to bind on my brow!

Full often I dream of that garden afar—
It lies in the past, like a bright sunny spot,
Still blooming, as first, beneath life's morning star,
Unaltered by time, by my heart unforgot.

I 've wandered in gardens more fair to the eye,
Whose rich flowers yielded their sweets to the bee—
But the gorgeous-dressed poppies looked brighter—and why?
Oh, that was the Garden of Eden to me!

I 'm weary with thinking! with visions that pass
So thickly and gloomily over my brain,
In which are reflected through Memory's glass
The lost scenes of youth, which return not again.

Oh, now I look back and remember the hours
When I wished that a time of sweet leisure might come,
When freed from employments and studies, the powers
Of thought were all loosened, in fancy to roam.

That time *has* arrived! Care nor business conspire
To restrain the mind's freedom, nor press on the heart;
No stern prohibition hangs over the lyre,
To bid all its bright inspirations depart.

But how has it come! Oh, by breaking the ties
Of affection and kindred, and snatching away
The beloved from around me, whose praise were the prize
Which allured me in poesy's pathway to stray.

The leisure that leaves me in idleness now,
Brings a pressure of thought, till I 'm weary and sad—
And I sigh for the poppies to bind on my brow,
The poppies of old, in their gorgeous hues clad.

Fain, fain would I sleep, with their charm on my mind,
To lull me with dreams of my youth, ever blest,
The girdle which presses my brain, to unbind,
For I 'm weary with thinking, and longing for rest.

But why should I seek it in aught of this earth!
Know I not that its charms and its opiates are vain?
Oh, have I not proved the extent of their worth,
That while they cry "*Peace, there's no peace*" in their train!

Then let me look upward, where only is rest,
Where thought never wearies, nor sadness appears,
Where reunion with friends, in the home of the blest,
Is eternal, and "*God wipes away all our tears!*"

LUELLA J. B. CASE.

Mrs. Case is a native of Kingston, New Hampshire, and is the granddaughter of Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She was married, in 1828, to E. Case, then of Lowell, Massachusetts; and since that time has resided mostly there, though more recently at Portland, Maine, and Cincinnati, Ohio. She has written but little for the press, and only for publications conducted by her husband and friends.

THE INDIAN RELIC.

Years ago was made thy grave
By the Ohio's languid wave,
When primeval forests dim
Echoed to the wild bird's hymn;
From that lone and quiet bed,
Relic of the unknown dead,
Why art thou, a mouldering thing,
Here amongst the bloom of spring?

Violets gem the fresh, young grass;
Softest breezes o'er thee pass;
Nature's voice, in tree and flower,
Whispers of a waking hour;
Village sounds below are ringing;
Birds around thee joyous singing—
Thou, upon this height alone,
No reviving power hast known!

Yet wert thou of human form,
Once with all life's instincts warm,—
Quailing at the storm of grief
Like the frailest forest leaf,—
With a bounding pulse—an eye
Brightening o'er its loved ones nigh,
Till beneath this cairn of trust
Dust was laid to blend with dust.

When the red man ruled the wood,
And his frail canoe yon flood,
Hast thou held the unerring bow
That the antlered head laid low?
And in battle's fearful strife
Swung the keen, remorseless knife?
Or, with woman's loving arm
Shielded helplessness from harm?

Silent! silent! Nought below
O'er thy past a gleam can throw.
Or, in frame of sinewy chief,
Woman, born for love and grief—
Thankless toil, or haughty sway
Sped life's brief and fitful day.
Like the autumn's sapless bough
Crumbling o'er thee, thou art now.

Rest! A young, organic world,
Into sudden ruin hurled,

Casts its fragments o'er thy tomb,
'Midst the woodland's softened gloom!
Died those frail things long ago,
But the soul no death can know—
Rest! Thy grave, with silent preaching,
Humble Hope and Faith is teaching!

Rest! Thy warrior tribes so bold
Roam no more their forests old,
And the thundering fire-canoe
Sweeps their placid waters through.
Science rules where Nature smiled;
Art is toiling in the wild;
And their mouldering cairns alone
Tell the tale of races gone.

Thus o'er Time's mysterious sea
BEING moves perpetually:
Crowds of swift, advancing waves
Roll o'er vanished nations' graves;
But immortal treasures sweep
Still unharmed that solemn deep;—
Progress holds a tireless way—
MIND asserts her deathless sway.

DEATH LEADING AGE TO REPOSE.

Suggested by an engraving. A female figure, with a face of calm and majestic sweetness, is leading a feeble old man towards a couch, from which he shrinks, though evidently weary and sinking.

Lead him gently—he is weary,
Spirit of the placid brow!
Life is long and age is dreary,
And he seeks to slumber now.

Lead him gently—he is weeping
For the friends he cannot see—
Gently—for he shrinks from sleeping
On the couch he asks of thee!

Thou, with mien of solemn gladness—
With the thought-illumined eye—
Pity thou the mortal's sadness!
Teach him it is well to die!

Time has veiled his eye with blindness,
On thy face it may not dwell,
Or its sweet majestic kindness
Would each mournful doubt dispel.

Passionless thine every feature—
Moveless is thy Being's calm,
While poor suffering human nature
Knows but few brief hours of balm;

Yet when life's long strife is closing,
And the grave is drawing near,
How it shrinks from that reposing
Where there comes nor hope nor fear!

Open thou the visioned portal,
That reveals the life sublime
That within the land immortal
Waits the weary child of Time.

Open thou the Land of Beauty,
Where the Ideal is no dream,
And the child of patient Duty
Walks in joy's unclouded beam.

Thou, with brow that owns no sorrow,
With the eye that may not weep,
Point him to Heaven's coming morrow—
Show him it is well to sleep!

ELIZABETH S. SWIFT.

Mrs. Swift, formerly Miss Lorrain, is a Philadelphian by birth, and first cousin of Leigh Hunt, the poet. She is the wife of Dr. Joseph K. Swift, a gentleman of learning and science, with whom she resides in Easton, Pa.

TO ——.

"But for me, oh, thou picture-land of sleep,
Thou art all one world of affections deep."

Oh, visit me in dreams!
Come, at the hushed and solitary hour,
When the soft dew falls on the folded flower,
And the stars' silvery beams,
Gemming the midnight sky in hosts untold,
Are keeping watch above Earth's slumbering fold.

When not a sound is heard
Save the deep murmur of the restless wave,
In music gliding to its ocean grave;
Or rustling plumes of bird,
With its young brood beneath its downy breast,
Folding its wings more closely o'er its nest.

Then come to me, mine own!
And on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,
And tell thee of the thousand tears I've shed,
Since I was left alone,
Without the anchor of thy love, to bear
A shadowed life of trial and of care!

The tones of thy dear voice,
For which my spirit hath so vainly pined,
(Though memory every accent has enshrined),
Shall bid my heart rejoice;
And thou shalt speak to me of other years,
Ere I had learned the world was full of tears.

And when the orient morn
Dapples the East with purple and with gold,
And the sun's earliest rays their light unfold;
When Earth seems freshly born,
And life's deep pulse asserts its active sway,
Sending its millions forth to greet the day,

Then with the dream depart!
But its sweet influence still with me shall dwell,
Soothing my senses with delicious spell;
Filling my happy heart
With images of love and pure delight;
And I will bless thee for the dreams of night.

SONNETS TO ESTELLE.

I.

Come out upon the dewy hills, sweet friend,
And let us study Nature's changeful face;
Look how the Sun's last rays harmonious blend,
Folding the woodlands in a warm embrace:
Each glowing leaf, stirred by the evening breeze,
Gleams with prismatic hues; crimson and gold,
Purple and azure, seem the waving trees.
The mists their silvery vapours have unrolled,
And hover o'er the river's troubled breast;
River, that 'midst such deep and calm repose
For ever murmurs with a sad unrest,
Like human hearts o'erburdened with life's woes.
But see—bright messenger of Heaven, queen of the summer skies,
Filling the Earth with loveliness—the Harvest-Moon arise.

II.

Moonlight upon the hills!—there is a spell
Like witchery o'er us—as we gaze around,
A tender light illumines hill and dell,
Falling in golden chequers on the ground.
Now perfume steals from out the forest shades;
All fragrant things and fair their incense bring;

And hark! amid the dim woods' tangled glades,
I hear the gushing waters laugh and sing.
Among the clustering leaves of yonder oak
A ring-dove's nest is hid—list her soft moan—
Love never to Night's ear in language spoke,
Calling with deeper fondness on its own.
World—if to thee, sin-stained, such lavish charms are given,
How can a human thought conceive the spirit joys of Heaven?

LINES TO A BUNCH OF WITHERED VIOLETS.

Perished flowers! perished flowers! to me ye are more fair
Than radiant gems of Indian mines, the richest or the rare;
The sparkling Diamond's glittering sheen, the Ruby's orient glow,
The Amethyst that mocks the skies, no memories bestow;
But ye, pale, scentless as ye lie, without one tint of bloom,
Are sibyl leaves whose magic power the future can illume;
I gaze,—the present it is not—the World, with all its strife,
The weariness—the vanities—the thousand ills of life,
What are they now to me?—escaped like a long prisoned bird,
I wander in a Paradise, where Love alone is heard!
I look into those beaming eyes, words of impassioned tone
Are gushing from the ardent heart I feel is all my own,
These wild flowers gathered by his hand are twined within my hair,
A coronal to deck the brow he thinks on earth most fair.

How green the wood—how bright the sky!—and list yon warbling bird,
He sings as if his little heart with our own bliss was stirred.
Blessing and blest, we ramble on, like Eden's happy pair,—
Youth, and first-love's enchanted dream, what glorious things ye are!

Years, weary years have passed since then—in life we meet no more!
But what is life? our being's span—death shall the lost restore;
Yes, by our spirit's mutual faith, the trust, the hope is given,
Through the dark portals of the grave, to meet again in heaven!

FIRST OF MAY.

There is music on the breeze
From a thousand tiny throats,
And amid the blossomed trees
The wild birds pour their notes;
The rivers flow along,
With a murmur like a song;
But alas! I am sad! I am sad!

'T is the sunny First of May—
She is tripping on the earth,
To the wild bird's joyous lay;
Fresh flowerets hail her birth,

And with fragrant kisses greet
The coming of her feet;
But alas! I am sad! I am sad!

For the birds and perfumed flowers,
And the waters glancing bright,
But remind me of those hours
Of exquisite delight;
That lang syne First of May,
With its glorious array,
When ah! I was glad! I was glad!

The friends my spirit loved,
Were wandering by my side;
Whilst through the woods we roved,
Or watched the waters glide
In white and glittering foam,
To their far-off ocean home;
And ah! I was glad! I was glad!

But Time hath all things changed,
Those blessings all have flown;
The absent and estranged
Have left my heart alone;
Then how can I be gay,
On this merry First of May?
Ah no! I am sad! I am sad!

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

Mrs. Ellet is the daughter of the late William N. Lummis, a physician and gentleman of taste and learning. She was born at Sodus, New York, on the banks of Lake Ontario, and when quite young was married to Dr. William H. Ellet, and soon after removed to South Carolina, Dr. Ellet being elected to the chair of Chemistry in the South Carolina College. Her chief productions are a volume of "Poems," "The Characteristics of Schiller," "Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily," and "Country Rambles," besides various contributions to the magazines. She is at present engaged upon a series of articles, entitled "The Women of the Revolution," a work designed to show the domestic side of the revolutionary picture.

LINES TO ——.

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Ps. cxix. 75.

Smitten of Heaven—and murmuring 'neath the rod—
Whose days are heavy with their freight of gloom:
Drooping and faint, with eyes
Not yet by Faith unclosed—

Art thou repining that thou stand'st apart,
Like the tree lightning-blasted? wrung with pain
No sympathy can heal—
No time can e'er assuage:—

That life to thee is but a sea of woe,
Where deep unto its deep of sorrow calls;—
While others walk a maze
Of flowers, and smiles, and joys!

Look up—thou lone and sorely stricken one!
Look up—thou darling of the Eternal Sire!
More blest a thousand fold
Than they—the proudly gay!

For them Earth yields her all of bliss;—for *thee*
Kind Heaven doth violence to its heart of love;
And Mercy holds thee fast,
Fast in her iron bonds—

And wounds thee lest thou 'scape her jealous care,
And her *best* gifts—the cross and thorn—bestows;
They dwell within the vale,
Where fruits and flowers abound;

Thou on Affliction's high and barren place;
But round about the mount chariots of fire—
Horses of fire—encamp,
To keep thee safe for heaven.

SONNET.

Shepherd! with meek brow wreathed with blossoms sweet,
Who guard'st thy timid flock with tenderest care,
Who guidest in sunny paths their wandering feet,
And the young lambs dost in thy bosom bear—
Who lead'st thy happy flock to pastures fair,
And by still waters at the noon of day,
Charming with lute divine the silent air
What time they linger on the verdant way—
Good Shepherd! might one gentle, distant strain
Of that immortal melody sink deep
Into my heart, and pierce its careless sleep,
And melt by powerful love its sevenfold chain—
Oh, then my soul thy voice should know, and flee
To mingle with thy flock, and ever follow Thee!

SONG.

Come, fill a pledge to sorrow,
The song of mirth is o'er;
And if there 's sunshine in our hearts,
'T will light our theme the more.
And pledge we dull life's changes,
As round the swift hours pass—
Too kind were fate, if none but gems
Should sparkle in Time's glass.

The dregs and foam together
Unite to crown the cup—
And well we know the weal and woe
That fill life's chalice up!
Life's sickly revellers perish,
The goblet scarcely drained;
Then lightly quaff, nor lose the sweets
Which may not be retained.

What reck we that unequal
Its varying currents swell?
The tide that bears our pleasures down,
Buries our griefs as well;
And if the swift-winged tempest
Have crossed our changeful day,
The wind that tossed our bark has swept
Full many a cloud away.

Then grieve not that nought mortal
Endures through passing years—
Did life one changeless tenor keep,
'T were cause, indeed, for tears.
And fill we, ere our parting,
A mantling pledge to sorrow;
The pang that wrings the heart to-day,
Time's touch will heal to-morrow.

STANZAS.

How can you bid me immure myself, pray,
When nature about me is smiling and bright?
When all out of doors looks so lovely and gay,
And the sky is so full of its soul-cheering light?

How can you bid me o'er musty tomes pore,
And read my eyes out, while my head aches in keeping,
When the woodlands and fields teach such beautiful lore,
And my heart to their gladness responsive is leaping!

Like the sweet bard of Avon, far better than books
I love to peruse those rich blossoming pages;
And the sermons in stones, trees, and swift-running brooks,
Are more dear to my mind than the wisdom of sages.

I was born for rejoicing; a "summer child" truly:
And kindred I claim with each wild joyous thing:
The light frolic breeze—or the streamlet unruly—
Or a cloud at its play—or a bird on the wing.

Could you chain the blithe waves dancing wild in their glee?
Could you check the glad mockbird, his carol repeating?
Hold the laughing leaves still that are fluttering so free,
Or the sungleams that o'er the green meadows are fleeting?

And why is my spirit attuned like a lute
To the music that all things around me are feeling,
If its voice in that concert alone must be mute,
If I shut out the doctrine of nature's revealing?

THE OLD LOVE.

The old love, the old love,
It hath a master spell,
And in its home, the human heart,
It worketh strong and well:
Ah! well and sure it worketh,
And casteth out amain
Intruding shapes of evil,
A sullen, spectral train:
The serpent, Pride, is crested,
And Hate hath lips of gall;
But the old love—the old love,
'T is stronger than them all!

Years, weary years, have vanished,
Lady! since whispers wrought
The work that sundered you and me,
With words that poison thought.
Oh! lasting is the sorrow
Of a deep and hidden wound,
When with the cheerful morrow
No healing balm is found!
And easy 't is with words to hide
The stricken spirit's yearning,
And wear a look of icy pride,
While the heart within is burning!

Oh, 't is a bitter, bitter thing,
Beneath God's holy sky,
To fill that sentient thing, the heart
With strife and enmity!
Yea, woe to those who plant the seed
That yieldeth nought but dole;
To those who thus do murder
God's image in the soul!
Yet silently and softly
The dews of mercy fall;
And the old love—the old love—
It triumphs over all!

It was but yester-even
A vision light and free,
From the old and happy dream-land,
Came gliding down to me;
A vision, lady, of the past—
The cottage far away,
Where you and I together
Oft sate at close of day:
Where you and I together
Oft watched the star-lit skies,
And the soul of gentle kindness
Beamed on me from your eyes.

And there were pleasant voices,
Like some remembered song;
And there were hovering shadows,
A pale and beauteous throng!

They seemed like blessed angels—
Those kindly memories—
That floated on their beaming wings,
To steep the soul in peace!
They smiled upon me softly,
Though ne'er a word was spoke;
And then the golden past came back,
And then—my proud heart broke!

And, lady, from the vision
I wistful rose to pray
That unto ruling love might be
The victory alway.
Oh! many are its cruel foes,
A host well-armed and strong,
And that fair garnished chamber
Hath been their dwelling long;
But the old love—the old love—
It hath a master spell,
And in its home, the human heart,
It worketh sure and well!

SODUS BAY.

I BLESS thee—native shore!
Thy woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear!
'T is like a dream, once more
The music of thy thousand waves to hear!
As, murmuring up the sand,
With kisses bright, they lave the sloping land!

The gorgeous sun looks down,
Bathing thee gladly in his noontide ray;
And o'er thy headlands brown
With loving light the tints of evening play.
Thy whispering breezes fear
To break the calm so softly hallowed here.

Here, in her green domain,
The stamp of Nature's sovereignty is found;
With scarce disputed reign
She dwells in all the solitude around.
And here she loves to wear
The regal garb that suits a queen so fair.

Full oft my heart hath yearned
For thy sweet shades and vales of sunny rest!
Even as the swan returned,
Stoops to repose upon thine azure breast,

I greet each welcome spot
Forsaken long—but ne'er, ah, ne'er forgot!

'T was here that memory grew—
'T was here that childhood's hopes and cares were left;
Its early freshness too—
Ere droops the soul, of her best joys bereft.
Where are they?—o'er the track
Of cold years, I would call the wanderers back!

They must be with thee still!
Thou art unchanged—as bright the sunbeams play—
From not a tree or hill
Hath time one hue of beauty snatched away.
Unchanged alike should be
The blessed things so late resigned to thee!

Give back, oh, smiling deep!
The heart's fair sunshine, and the dreams of youth
That in thy bosom sleep—
Life's April innocence, and trustful truth!
The tones that breathed of yore
In thy lone murmurs, once again restore!

Where have they vanished all?
Only the heedless winds in answer sigh—
Still rushing at thy call,
With reckless sweep the streamlet flashes by!
And idle as the air,
Or fleeting stream, my soul's insatiate prayer!

Home of sweet thoughts—farewell!
Where'er through changeful life my lot may be,
A deep and hallowed spell
Is on thy waters and thy woods for me!
Though vainly fancy craves
Its childhood with the music of thy waves!

VANITY OF THE VULGAR GREAT.

Stay, thou ambitious rill,
Ignoble offering of some fount impure!
Beneath the rugged hill,
Gloomy with shade, thou hadst thy birth obscure;
With faint steps issuing slow,
In scanty waves among the rocks to flow.

Fling not abroad thy spray,
Nor fiercely lash the green turf at thy side!
What though indulgent May
With liquid snows hath swollen thy foaming tide?
August will follow soon,
To still thy boastings with his scorching noon.

Lo! calmly through the vale
The Po, the king of rivers, sweeps along;
Yet many a mighty sail
Bears on his breast—proud vessels, swift and strong:
Nor from the meadow's side
'Neath summer's sun recedes his lessened tide.

Thou, threatening all around,
Dost foam and roar along thy troubled path;
In grandeur newly found,
Stunning the gazer with thy noisy wrath!
Yet, foolish stream! not one
Of all thy boasted glories is thine own.

The smile of yonder sky
Is brief, and change the fleeting seasons know:
On barren sands and dry,
Soon to their death thy brawling waves shall flow.
O'er thee, in summer's heat,
Shall pass the traveller with unmoistened feet.

SARAH C. MAYO.

Mrs. Mayo, better known as Miss S. C. Edgarton, was born in the romantic village of Shirley, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Her first published articles, prose and poetical, appeared in 1837, in "The Lady's Repository," a religious magazine, to which she has since been a regular contributor. Besides writing some juvenile works, and editing numerous miscellaneous publications, she has edited, since its commencement, "The Rose of Sharon," an Annual, to which she has contributed much beautiful poetry and spirited prose. In 1846 she was married to the Rev. A. D. Mayo, Pastor of the Independent Christian Society in Gloucester, Massachusetts. She died in Boston, in July, 1848.

UDOLLO.

So sweet the Fount of Thura sings,
'T is said below a maid there is,
Who strikes a lyre of silver strings
To spirit symphonies.

A youth once sought that Fountain's side;
Udollo, of the golden hair;
He cast a garland in the tide,
And thus invoked the maiden there:

"Oh, Maid of Thura! from thy halls
Of gleaming crystal deign to rise!

The golden-haired Udollo calls,
  And yearns to gaze within thine eyes;
Fain would he touch that magic lyre
  Whose echoes he has heard above,
And kindle every dulcet wire
  With an adoring, burning love.
Come, Maid of Thura, from thy halls;
The golden-haired Udollo calls!"

"Youth of the flaming, lucent eye,
  Youth of the lily hand and brow,
Udollo! I have heard thy cry;
  I rise before thee now!"

"Oh, maid with eyes of river-blue,
  With amber tresses dropt with gold,
With foam-white bosom veiled from view
  Too closely by the rainbow's fold,
Oh, Maid of Thura! let my hand
  Receive from thine the silver lyre;
Athwart thy white arm, Iris-spanned,
  I see one glittering, trembling wire!
That trembling wire I would invoke,
  Ere to thy touch it cease to quiver;
The strain by thy sweet fingers woke
  I would prolong for ever!"

"Udollo, heed! The mortal hand
  That o'er that lone chord dare to stray,

Shall light a flaming, quenchless brand,
To burn his very heart away.
Yet take the lyre! and I thy flowers
Will wear upon my heart for ever;
That heart, henceforth, through long, lone hours,
In silent woe, must bleed and quiver!
Enough if thou, oh, beauteous love,
Shalt find delight in Thura's lyre;
Thy hand 'mid all its strings may rove,
But ah! wake not the fatal wire!"

The youth, whose eye with rapture glowed,
Quick seized the lyre from Thura's hand;
How silent at that moment flowed
The Fountain o'er the listening sand!

Upon his coal-black steed he leapt,
Struck gayly through the ringing wood,
And, as he went, he boldly swept
His lyre to every passing mood.

But hark! A low, sweet symphony
Rose softly from the charmèd wire;
Unlike all mortal harmony,
Unlike all human fire!

Hope, eager hope—love, burning love—
Desire, the pure, the high desire—
And joy, and all the thoughts that move,
Gushed wildly from that lyre!

And as Udollo's music died
Amid the columned aisles away,
That wondrous chord swelled far and wide
Its sweet and ravishing lay!
Still grew, at last, the trembling string!
Its wandering echoes back returned,
And round the lone chord gathering
In visible glory burned!

But in Udollo's soul died not
The echoes of the golden strain;
A love—a woe—he knew not what,
Flamed up within his brain!
But never more his hand could wake,
By roving 'mid its sister wires,
The string whose symphony could shake
His spirit to its central fires!

But sometimes when, all calm above,
The moon bent o'er its gleaming strings,
A strain of soft, entrancing love
Waved o'er him, like a seraph's wings;
And sometimes, when the midnight gloom
Allowed no wandering ray of light,
A deep, low music filled the room,
And almost flamed upon his sight.

And for this rare and fitful strain
He waited with intense desire;

There centred, in delirious pain,
His spirit's all-devouring fire.
As round one glowing point on high,
We sometimes mark the electric light,
From the whole bosom of the sky,
In one bright, flaming crown unite,
So round that inward, fixed desire,
Concentred all Udollo's life;
His dark eye glowed like molten fire,
Beneath the fevered strife.

One night, when long the lyre had slept,
Udollo's passion, like a sea
Of red-hot lava, madly swept
His soul on to its destiny.

In the deep blackness of that hour
When spectres walk, he seized the lyre,
And with a seraph's tuneful power,
Awoke the fatal wire!
Oh, Thura's Maid! where wert thou, then,
When mortal hand presumed to strike
The chords that only gods, not men,
Have power to waken as they like?

A fire shot through Udollo's frame
As shoots the lightning's forkèd dart;
It lit a hot and smothered flame
Within his deepest heart.

He felt it in its slow, sure path,
Consume his quivering nerves away;
Oh, could he but have checked its wrath,
Or ceased that fearful strain to play!
His fingers, cleaving to the wire,
Had lost communion with his will;
Within him burnt the Immortal Fire,
The Heart, the Life-Destroyer still!

Days, weeks, and months whirled on and on;
No hope by day, nor rest by night;
Only the same wild, frantic tone,
Increasing in its woful might.
Intensely still, like lonely stars
Far off in some black crypt of sky,
Like Sirius, or like fiery Mars,
Glowed wild Udollo's eye.
His form to shadowy hue and line
Slow shrunk and faded, day by day;
He seemed like some corroded shrine,
Eaten by liquid fire away.

At last, in utter wreck and woe,
Back to the Fountain's brink he crept;
His golden hair, now white as snow,
Far down his bosom swept.

Silent the clouded waters flowed;
The silver sand was washed away;

No lily on its borders blowed;
In lonely gloom it lay.

"Oh, Maid of Thura! hear my cry;
Back to thy hands thy lyre I bring;
Take it, oh, take it, ere I die,
For heart and soul are perishing!"

No form uprose, no murmur stole
Responsive from the gloomy tide;
Hoarsely he heard the waters roll;
Faintly the low winds sighed.
He sank upon the Fountain's brink;
His hand fell listless on the wave;
He heard the lyre, slow bubbling, sink
Deep in its liquid grave.

The fire went out within his breast;
The tremor of his nerves was still;
As peacefully he sank to rest
As a tired infant will.

A radiant bow of sun and dew,
Of blended vapours, white and red,
Up from the Fountain's bosom flew,
And hung its beauty o'er his head.
And from the waves a strain uprose,
Delicious as an angel's song;
And this the burden at its close:—
"How sweet such dreamless, deep repose,
To him who sins and suffers long!"

CROSSING THE MOOR.

I AM thinking of the glen, Johnny,
And the little gushing brook—
Of the birds upon the hazel copse,
And violets in the nook.
I am thinking how we met, Johnny,
Upon the little bridge;
You had a garland on your arm
Of flag-flowers and of sedge.

You placed it in my hand, Johnny,
And held my hand in yours;
You only thought of that, Johnny,
But talked about the flowers.
We lingered long alone, Johnny,
Above that shaded stream;
We stood as though we were entranced
In some delicious dream.

It was not all a dream, Johnny,
The love we thought of then,
For it hath been our life and light
For threescore years and ten.
But ah! we dared not speak it,
Though it lit our cheeks and eyes;
So we talked about the news, Johnny,
The weather, and the skies.

At last I said, "Good-night, Johnny!"
And turned to cross the bridge,
Still holding in my trembling hand
The pretty wreath of sedge.
But you came on behind, Johnny,
And drew my arm in yours,
And said, "You must not go alone
Across the barren moors."

Oh, had they been all flowers, Johnny,
And full of singing birds,
They could not have seemed fairer
Than when listening to those words!
The new moon shone above, Johnny,
The sun was nearly set;
The grass that crisped beneath our feet
The dew had slightly wet;

One robin, late abroad, Johnny,
Was winging to its nest;
I seem to see it now, Johnny,
The sunshine on its breast.
You put your arm around me,
You clasped my hand in yours,
You said, "So let me guard you
Across these lonely moors."

At length we reached the field, Johnny,
In sight of father's door;
We felt that we must part there;
Our eyes were brimming o'er;

You saw the tears in mine, Johnny,
I saw the tears in yours;
"You've been a faithful guard, Johnny,"
I said, "across the moors."

Then you broke forth in a gush, Johnny,
Of pure and honest love,
While the moon looked down upon you
From her holy throne above,
And you said, "We need a guide, Ellen,
To lead us o'er Life's moors;
I've chosen you for mine, Ellen,
Oh, would that I were yours!"

We parted with a kiss, Johnny,
The first, but not the last;
I feel the rapture of it yet,
Though threescore years have passed;
And you kissed my golden curls, Johnny,
That now are silvery gray,
And whispered, "We are one, Ellen,
Until our dying day!"

That dying day is near, Johnny,
But we are not dismayed;
We have but one dark moor to cross,
Why need we be afraid?
We've had a hard life's row, Johnny,
But our heavenly rest is sure;
And sweet the love that waits us there,
When we have crossed the moor.

MARY E. LEE.

Miss Lee is a native and resident of Charleston, South Carolina.

THE POETS.

The poets! the poets!
Those giants of the earth;
In mighty strength, they tower above
The men of common birth;
A noble race,—they mingle not
Among the motley throng;
But move with slow and measured steps
To music-notes along!

The poets! the poets!
What conquests they can boast!
Without one drop of life-blood spilt,
They rule a world's wide host;
Their stainless banner floats unharmed,
From age to lengthened age;
And history records their deeds
Upon her proudest page!

The poets! the poets!
How endless is their fame!

Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name;
But as yon starry gems, that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won in memory's depths
An immortality!

The poets! the poets!
Who doth not linger o'er
The glorious volumes, that contain
Their pure and spotless lore?
They charm us in the saddest hours;
Our richest joys they feed;
And love for them has grown to be
A universal creed!

The poets! the poets!
Those kingly minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
Around each honoured head:
No tribute is too high to give
Those *crowned ones* among men;
The poets! the true poets!
Thanks be to God for them!

MARY E. HEWITT.

Mrs. Hewitt, whose maiden name was Moore, is a native of Malden, Massachusetts. Her husband, James L. Hewitt, Esq. is the extensive and well known publisher of music. The first contributions of this lady to the periodicals were made in the year 1837, under the signature of "Ione." A collection of her poems, entitled "Songs of our Land," was published by Ticknor & Co., about two years since, and was favourably received by the press and the public.

THE AXE OF THE SETTLER.

Thou conqueror of the wilderness,
With keen and bloodless edge—
Hail! to the sturdy artisan
Who welded thee, bold wedge!
Though the warrior deem thee weapon
Fashioned only for the slave,
Yet the settler knows thee mightier
Than the tried Damascus glaive.

While desolation marketh
The course of foeman's brand,
Thy strong blow scatters plenty
And gladness through the land.
Thou opest the soil to culture,
To the sunlight and the dew;

And the village spire thou plantest
Where of old the forest grew.

When the broad sea rolled between them
And their own far native land,
Thou wert the faithful ally
Of the hardy pilgrim band;
They bore no warlike eagles,
No banners swept the sky,
Nor the clarion, like a tempest,
Swelled its fearful notes on high.

But the ringing wild re-echoed
Thy bold, resistless stroke,
Where, like incense, on the morning
Went up the cabin smoke.
The tall oaks bowed before thee,
Like reeds before the blast;
And the earth put forth in gladness,
Where the axe in triumph passed.

Then hail! thou noble conqueror!
That, when tyranny oppressed,
Hewed for our fathers from the wild
A land wherein to rest.
Hail, to the power that giveth
The bounty of the soil,
And freedom, and an honoured name,
To the hardy sons of toil!

GOD BLESS THE MARINER.

God's blessing on the Mariner!
A venturous life leads he—
What reck the landsmen of their toil,
Who dwell upon the sea?

The landsman sits within his home,
His fireside bright and warm;
Nor asks how fares the mariner
All night amid the storm.

God bless the hardy Mariner!
A homely garb wears he,
And he goeth with a rolling gait,
Like a ship upon the sea.

He hath piped the loud "ay, ay, sir!"
O'er the voices of the main,
Till his deep tones have the hoarseness
Of the rising hurricane.

His seamed and honest visage
The sun and wind have tanned,
And hard as iron gauntlet
Is his broad and sinewy hand.

But oh! a spirit looketh
From out his clear, blue eye,
With a truthful, childlike earnestness,
Like an angel from the sky.

A venturous life the sailor leads
Between the sky and sea—
But when the hour of dread is past,
A merrier who than he?

He knows that by the rudder bands
Stands One well skilled to save;
For a strong hand is the STEERSMAN'S
That directs him o'er the wave.

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

CROWNED with the hoar of centuries,
There, by the eternal sea,
High on her misty cape she sits,
Like an eagle! fearless—free!

And thus in olden time she sat,
On that morn of long ago;
'Mid the roar of Freedom's armament,
And the war-bolts of her foe.

Old Time hath reared her pillared walls,
Her domes and turrets high;
With her hundred tall and tapering spires,
All flashing to the sky.

Shall I not sing of thee, beloved?
My beautiful! my pride!
Thou that towerest in thy queenly grace,
By the tributary tide.

There, swan-like crestest thou the waves
That enamoured round thee swell—
Fairer than Aphrodité, couched
On her foam-wreathed ocean-shell!

Oh! ever, 'mid this restless hum
Resounding from the street,
Of the thronging, hurrying multitude,
And the tread of stranger feet—

My heart turns back to thee—mine own!
My beautiful! my pride!
With thought of thy free ocean-wind,
And the clasping, fond old tide—

With all thy kindred household smokes,
Upwreathing far away;
And the merry bells that pealed as now
On my grandsire's wedding-day—

To those green graves and truthful hearts,
O, city by the sea!
My heritage, and priceless dower,
My beautiful! in thee.

OSCEOLA SIGNING THE TREATY.

Stern in the white man's council-hall,
'Mid his red brethren of the wood,
While fearless flashed his eye on all,
The chieftain Osceola stood—
And fast the words that keenly stung
Like arrows hurtled from his tongue.

"Brothers!" he said, "and ye are come
To sign the white man's treaty here,—
To yield to him our forest home,
And he will give us lands and deer
Beyond the western prairie flowers,
For these broad hunting-grounds of ours.

"The pale face is a singing-bird!
Hungry and crafty as the kite—
And ye his cunning song have heard,
Till like his cheek your hearts are white!
Till for his fire-drink and his gold,
Your fathers' bones their sons have sold!

"And ye, the strong and pale of face,
Have bought the Indian's hunting-ground—
Bought his time-honoured burial-place,
With little gold and many a wound—
Yea—bought his right with hand of mail!
And with your bloodhounds on the trail,

"You drive him from the evergledes,
Beyond the Mississippi's flow,
And with your rifles and your blades
You hunt him like the buffalo—
Till turns he, goaded, maddened, back,
To strike the foe upon the track!

"Let the white chieftains pause, and hear
The answer of the Seminole:—
The red man is a foe to fear—
He will not sign yon faithless scroll,
Nor yield to you the lands ye prize—
The war-belt on your pathway lies!"

Leapt from its wampum band the glaive,
As from the bent bow leaps the shaft,
And fierce the tempered steel he drave
Through board and parchment, to the haft;
"And thus," he said, with eye of flame—
"Thus Osceola signs your claim!"

THE SUNFLOWER TO THE SUN.

Hymettus' bees are out on filmy wing,
Dim Phosphor slowly fades adown the west,
And Earth awakes. Shine on me, oh, my king!
For I with dew am laden and oppressed.

Long through the misty clouds of morning gray,
The flowers have watched to hail thee from yon sea—
Sad Asphodel, that pines to meet thy ray,
And Juno's roses, pale for love of thee.

Perchance thou dalliest with the Morning Hour,
Whose blush is reddening now the Eastern wave;
Or to the cloud for ever leav'st thy Flower,
Wiled by the glance white-footed Thetis gave.

I was a proud Chaldean monarch's child!*
Euphrates' waters told me I was fair—
And thou, Thessalia's shepherd, on me smiled,
And likened to thine own my amber hair.

Thou art my life! sustainer of my spirit!
Leave me not then in darkness here to pine—
Other hearts love thee, yet do they inherit
A passionate devotedness like mine?

But lo! thou lift'st thy shield o'er yonder tide!
The gray clouds fly before the conquering Sun—
Thou, like a monarch, up the heavens dost ride,
And joy! thou beam'st on me, Celestial one!

On me, thy worshipper! thy poor Parsee!
Whose brow adoring types thy face divine—
God of my burning heart's idolatry,
Take root like me, or give me life like thine!

* Clytia, daughter of Orchamus, King of Babylon, was beloved by Apollo—but the god deserting her, she pined away with continually gazing on the sun, and was changed to the flower denominated from him, which turns as he moves, to look at his light.

LUCY HOOPER.

Miss Hooper was a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts, but resided for a number of years in Brooklyn, Long Island, where in 1841 she died, at the age of twenty-five.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Mother! I bring thy gift;
Take from my hand the dreaded boon—I pray,
Take it; the still, pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
Never to pass away,
Since from these lips one word of idle breath,
Blanched that calm face—oh! mother, this is death!

What is it that I see
From all the pure and settled features gleaming?
Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange and wild.
Mother! hadst thou no pity on thy child?
Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming
On the hushed lips—my mother, canst thou brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yestermorn
My heart was light, and to the viol's sound

I gaily danced, while crowned with summer flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours,
And all was joy around;—
Not *death!* Oh! mother, could I say thee nay?
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away!

Take it! my heart is sad,
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill;
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given;
And the pale face appals me, cold and still,
With the closed lips! Oh! tell me, could I know
That the pale features of the dead were so?

I may not turn away
From the charmed brow; and I have heard his name
Even as a prophet by his people spoken;
And that high brow in death bears seal and token
Of one whose words were flame;—
Oh! Holy Teacher! couldst thou rise and live,
Would not these hushed lips whisper, "I forgive!"

Away with lute and harp—
With the glad heart for ever, and the dance!
Never again shall tabret sound for me!
Oh! fearful mother! I have brought to thee
The silent dead, with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one, to whom are given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven!

LAST HOURS OF A YOUNG POETESS.

Throw up the window! that the earnest eyes
Of the young devotee at Nature's shrine,
May catch a last glimpse of this breathing world
From which she is removing.

Men will say
This is an early death, and they will write
The record of her few and changeful years
With wonder on the marble, and then turn
Away with thoughtful brows from the green sod,
Yet pass to daily business, for the griefs
That press on busy spirits, may not turn
Their steps aside from the worn paths of life,
Or bear upon the memory, when the quick
And selfish course of daily care sweeps by.
Yet, when they speak of that lost one, 't will be
With tones of passionate marvel, for they watched
Her bright career as ye would watch a star
Of dazzling brilliancy, and mourn to see
Its glory quenched, and wonder while ye mourned,
How the thick pall of darkness could be thrown
O'er such a radiant thing.

Is this the end
Of all thy glorious visions, young Estelle?
Hath thy last hour drawn on, and will thy life
Pass by as quickly as the perfumed breath
Of some fair flower upon the Zephyr's wings?

And will they lay thee in the quiet grave,
And never know how fervently thy heart
Panted for its repose?
Oh! let the peace
Of this sweet hour be hers! let her gaze forth
Now on the face of Nature for the last,
While the bright sunbeam trembles in the air
Of the meek coming twilight! it will soothe
Her spirit as a spell, and waken up
Impassioned thoughts, and kindle burning dreams,
And call back glorious visions.
Marvel not
To see her colour pass, and view the tears
Fast gathering to her eyes, and see her bend
In very weakness at the fearful shrine
Of memory, when the glory of the past
Is gone for ever.
Gaze not on her now:
Her spirit is a delicate instrument,
Nor can ye know its measure.
How unlike
That wearied one to the bright, gifted girl,
Who knelt a worshipper at the deep shrine
Of Poetry; and 'mid the fairest things
Pined for lone solitude to read the clouds
With none to watch her, and dream pleasant things
Of after life, and see in every flower
The mysteries of Nature, and behold
In every star the herald and the sign
Of immortality, till she almost shrank

To feel the secret and expanding might
Of her own mind, and thus amid the flowers
Of a glad home grew beautiful.—Away
With praises upon Time! with hollow tones
That tell the blessedness of after years!
They take the fragrance from the soul, they rob
Life of its gloss, its poetry, its charm,
Till the heart sickens, and the mental wing
Droops wearily; and thus it was with her,
The gifted and the lovely. Oh! how much
The world will envy those whose hearts are filled
With secret and unchanging grief, if Fame
Or outward splendour gilds them!
Who among
The throngs that sung thy praises, young Estelle,
Or crowned thy brow with laurels, ever recked
That wearier of thy chaplet than the slave
May be with daily toil, thy hand would cast
The laurel by with loathing, but the pride
Of woman's heart withheld thee!
Oh! how praise
Falls on the sorrowing mind! how cold the voice
Of Flattery, when the spirit is bowed down
Before its mockery, and the heart is sick;
Praise for the gift of genius, for the grace
Of outward form, when the soul pines to hear
One kindly tone and true!
What bitter jest
It maketh of the enthusiast, to whom
One star alone can shine, one voice be heard

In tones of blessedness, to know, that crowds
Of Earth's light-hearted ones are treasuring up
Against their day of sorrow, the deep words
Of wretchedness and misery which burst
From an o'erburdened spirit, and that minds
Which may not rise to Heaven on the wings
Of an inspired fancy, yet can list
With raptured ear, to the ethereal dreams
Of a high-soaring genius.
For this end
Didst thou seek Fame, Estelle; and hast thou breathed
The atmosphere of poetry, till life
With its dull toil grew wearisome and lone?

* * * * * *

Her brow grew quickly pale—and murmured words
That not in life dwelt on that gentle lip
Are spoken in the recklessness of death.
They tell of early dreams—of cherished hopes
That faded into bitterness, ere Fame
Became the spirit's idol—of lost tones
Of music—and of well-remembered words
That thrill the spirit yet.
Again it comes,
That half-reproachful voice that she hath spent
Her life at Passion's shrine, and patient there
Hath sacrificed, and offered incense to
An absent idol—that she might not see
Even in death—and then again the strength
Of a high soul sustains her, and she joys,

Yea, triumphs in her fame, that *he* may hear
Her name with honour, when the dark shades fall
Around her, and she sleeps in still repose;
If some faint tone should reach him at the last
Of her devotedness, he will not spurn
The memory from him, but his soul may thrill
To think of her, the fervent-hearted girl,
Who turned from flattering tones, and idly cast
The treasures of her spirit on the winds,
And found no answering voice!
Then prayed for death,
Since Life's sweet spells had vanished, and her hopes
Had melted in thin air, and laying down
Her head upon her pillow, sought her rest,
And thought to meet him in the land of dreams!

OSCEOLA.

Not on the battle-field,
As when thy thousand warriors joyed to meet thee,
Sounding the fierce war-cry,
Leading them forth to die—
Not thus, not thus we greet thee.

But in a hostile camp,
Lonely amidst thy foes—

Thine arrows spent,
Thy brow unbent,
Yet wearing record of thy people's woes.

Chief! for thy memories now,
While the tall palm against this quiet sky
Her branches waves,
And the soft river laves
The green and flower-crowned banks it wanders by;

While in this golden sun
The burnished rifle gleameth with strange light,
And sword and spear
Rest harmless here,
Yet flash with startling radiance on the sight;

Wake they thy glance of scorn,
Thou of the folded arms and aspect stern?
Thou of the deep, low tone,*
For whose rich music gone,
Kindred and friends alike may vainly yearn?

Woe for the trusting hour!
Oh! kingly stag! no hand hath brought thee down;
'T was with a patriot's heart,
Where fear usurped no part,
Thou cam'st, a noble offering—and alone!

* Osceola was remarkable for a soft and flute-like voice.

For, vain yon army's might,
While for thy band the wide plain owned a tree,
Or the wild-vine's tangled shoots
On the gnarled oak's mossy roots
Their trysting-place might be!

Woe for thy hapless fate!
Woe for thine evil times and lot, brave chief!
Thy sadly-closing story,
Thy quickly-vanished glory,
Thy high but hopeless struggle, brave and brief.

Woe for the bitter stain
That from our country's banner may not part!
Woe for the captive—woe!
For bitter pains and slow
Are his who dieth of the fevered heart.

Oh, in that spirit land,
Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath passed—
Chief! by those sparkling streams
Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
May that high heart have won its rest at last!

TO A BOY FLYING HIS KITE.

Ay, swift be the motion and high the flight
Of thy beautiful and buoyant kite,
Fair boy! may it fly far, far beyond
This earth, that in darkness hath pined so long,
Nor stop till it reaches yonder cloud,
That floats above as in beauty proud!
And deepened thought gathers o'er thy face—
Hath it found in pure regions a dwelling-place?
And will it away, and leave thee there,
To trace its last path in the summer air?
A foolish dream—and thy shout rings free
Its flitting form again to see,
While thy thought turns glad to the cord in thy hand,
That a thing so wild is at thy command!
Blithe, gladsome boy! upon thy brow
Lies childhood's pride—on thy cheek its glow;
And I love, as I look on thy rising kite,
To think it betokens thy spirit's flight,
Which must sink 'neath the touch of care and pain,
Like thy kite, but to rise and to soar again!

MRS. E. JUDSON.

(FANNY FORRESTER.)

Mrs. Judson, whose maiden name was Chubbuck, is a native of New York state, and is principally known as a writer of sparkling and graceful prose. She contributed, during the years 1844 and 1845, to most of our Magazines, and in 1846 was married to Dr. Judson, the apostle of the Burman Mission; almost immediately leaving home and country for a life residence in the scene of her husband's labours—Maulmain. Her poems are graceful, unpremeditated effusions, that come from the heart, and as such, are loved by all who are familiar with them.

NOT A POET.

I am a little maiden,
  Who fain would touch the lyre;
But my poor fingers ever
  Bring discord from the wire.
'Tis strange I'm not a poet;
  There's music in my heart;
Some mystery must linger
  About this angel art.

I'm told that joyous spirits,
  Untouched by grief or care,
In mystery so holy
  Are all too light to share.
My heart is very gladsome;
  But there's a corner deep,

Where many a shadow nestles,
And future sorrows sleep.

I hope they 'll not awaken
As yet for many a year;
There 's not on earth a jewel
That 's worth one grief-born tear.
Long may the heart be silent,
If sorrow's touch alone,
Upon the chords descending,
Has power to wake its tone.

I 'd never be a poet,
My bounding heart to hush,
And lay down at the altar,
For sorrow's foot to crush.
Ah, no! I 'll gather sunshine,
For coming evening's hours;
And while the spring-time lingers
I 'll garner up its flowers.

I fain would learn the music
Of those who dwell in Heaven;
For woe-tuned harp was never
To seraph fingers given.
But I will strive no longer
To waste my heartfelt mirth;
I will mind me that the gifted
Are the stricken ones of earth.

CLINGING TO EARTH.

Oh, do not let me die! the earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;—
True, Heaven is holier, all replete with light;
But I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.

I cannot die; the flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;
There may be purer, brighter ones above,
Yet with these flowers 'twould be too hard to part.

I dream of Heaven, and well I love these dreams;
They scatter sunlight on my varying way;
But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams
Of brightness; and on earth, oh, let me stay!

It is not that my lot is void of gloom,
That sadness never circles round my heart;
Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,
That I would never from the earth depart.

'T is that I love the world—its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows,
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm—

I love them all; but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's chords, and make my life;

And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Heaven is a land of holiness and light;
Yet I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

ASPIRING TO HEAVEN.

Ay, let me die! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth?
Oh, make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell!

'T is sweet to die. The flowers of earthly love
(Fair, frail spring-blossoms) early droop and die;
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits ever more to lie.

Life is a dream—a bright, but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness, a gleam
Of holy light, of truth immortal, breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings
Across my pathway; nor from cares that rise
In every foot-print; for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow, as it glooms and flies.

But Heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure;
There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure;
And spirit-fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend a wanderer to fold;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die! My spirit longs for Heaven,
In that pure bosom ever more to rest;
But if to labour longer here be given,
"Father, thy will be done," and I am blest.

MY BIRD.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There 's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;

Oh, God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue from mine;—
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity, are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh, my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

LOUISA SIMES.

Miss Simes is a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

TO ONE AFAR.

Go—we have breathed farewell before,
But never with such bitter pain!
For always hope had some fresh wreath
To bind my aching heart again.

But now—as if she knew her buds
Could not survive to bloom with me,
She does not even break this cloud
With a to-morrow's brighter ray.

Farewell—if in life's desert path
Should rise some verdant spots for me,
Although thou canst not share its joy,
Still, I shall dare to wish for thee!

And oh, dear friend, when hope shall paint
All things about thy pathway fair,
'Mid images of brighter things,
Say, shall I be reflected there?

I ask it not—but when dark hours,
Which waiting all, must come to thee,
With the too few defying change
Give me a place in memory!

For though my smile has cheerful blent,
With those who briefly may rejoice,
Yet deeper sympathies of soul
Are waked, and *chained* by sorrow's voice.

Farewell—what death about the heart
This doubting of the future brings—
What mystery this undying love,
Which strong from its own ashes springs!

Oh Thou, who never spurn'st the gift
Thrice offered on an earthly shrine,
Heavenward this deep affection lift,
And sanctify it truly thine!

Yet, let its pleadings, like the dew
Which falls upon some cherished flower,
Rich pearls of blessing gently shed
On loved ones I may meet no more!

Sarah J. Hale

SARAH J. HALE.

The family name of this lady was Buell, and her birth-place Newport, New Hampshire. At the death of her husband, which occurred about seven years after her marriage, being left with five children, she was thrown upon her own resources, and, influenced by a natural preference, turned her attention to literature as a pursuit. In 1828 she took the editorial charge of the "Lady's American Magazine," and continued in that capacity for nine years. In 1837 that periodical was merged into "Godey's Lady's Book," which she has since continued to edit. Mrs. Hale is the author of "Northwood," a novel in two volumes, of "Flora's Interpreter," "The Lady's Wreath," besides a number of other works, all of which have been favourably received. She has recently given to the public a volume, entitled "Three Hours; or, The Vigil of Love, and other Poems," containing, we believe, many of her best pieces.

IRON.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—Psalms lxxxv. 11.

As, in lonely thought, I pondered
On the marvellous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wondered
At their beauty, power, and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the spirit's clear revealing—
What, of all his works below,

Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate, and lone,
Their scarred heads were threatening o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice from out the mountains
As an earthquake shook the ground,
And like frightened fawns the fountains
Leaping, fled before the sound;
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear—
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crushed mine ear!

"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—crashing
Like the battle-axe and shield;
Or the sword on helmet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field:
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—rolling
Like the far-off cannon's boom;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom!
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—swinging
Like the summer winds at play;
Or as bells of Time were ringing
In the blest Millennial Day!

Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;
Truth could tread a footing stable
O'er the gulf of mysteries!
Words, the prophet bards had uttered,
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the wierd-like Sibyl muttered
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendour
Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render—
All portend a better age.

Sisyphus, for ever toiling,
Was the type of toiling men,
While the stone of power, recoiling,
Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,
Imaged man in mental chain,
While the vultures, on him feeding,
Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
Vulcan to the Queen of Love!

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in Nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man!

Darkly was this doctrine taught us
By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us
When the gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change, expected,
Could be wrought, was then made free;
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged Iron forms the key!

"Truth from out the earth shall flourish;"
This the Word of God makes known,—
Thence are harvests men to nourish—
There let Iron's power be shown.
Of the swords, from slaughter gory,
Ploughshares forge to break the soil;—
Then will Mind attain its glory,
Then will Labour reap the spoil,—
Error cease the soul to wilder,
Crime be checked by simple good,
As the little coral builder
Forces back the furious flood.

While our faith in good grows stronger,
Means of greater good increase;
Iron, slave of war no longer,
Leads the onward march of peace;
Still new modes of service finding,
Ocean, earth, and air it moves,
And the distant nations binding,
Like the kindred tie it proves;

With its Atlas-shoulder sharing
Loads of human toil and care;
On its wing of lightning bearing
Thought's swift mission through the air!

As the rivers, furthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth,—
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus, by Iron's aid, pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing
Here, as angels do above!

I SING TO HIM.

I SING to *him!* I dream he hears
The song he used to love,
And oft that blessed fancy cheers
And bears my thoughts above.
Ye say 't is idle thus to dream—
But why believe it so?
It is the spirit's meteor gleam
To soothe the pang of woe.

Love gives to Nature's voice a tone
That true hearts understand,—
The sky, the earth, the forest lone
Are peopled by his wand;
Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill
While gazing on a flower,
And from the gently-whispering rill
Is heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherished name,
And long-lost scenes arise;
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same;
The same Hope's kindling skies;—
The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat
Beneath the drooping tree,
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,
My buried love, with thee—

O, these are all before me, when
In Fancy's realms I rove;
Why urge me to the world again?
Why say the ties of love,
That death's cold, cruel grasp has riven,
Unite no more below?
I'll sing to him,—for though in heaven,
He surely heeds my woe!

THE MISSISSIPPI.

Monarch of Rivers in the wide domain
Where Freedom writes her signature in stars,
And bids her Eagle bear the blazing scroll
To usher in the reign of peace and love,
Thou mighty Mississippi!—may my song
Swell with thy power, and though an humble rill,
Roll, like thy current, through the sea of Time,
Bearing thy name, as tribute from my soul
Of fervent gratitude and holy praise
To Him who poured thy multitude of waves.

Shadowed beneath those awful piles of stone,
Where Liberty has found a Pisgah height,
O'erlooking all the Land she loves to bless,
The jagged rocks and icy towers her guard,
Whose splintered summits seize the warring clouds,
And roll them, broken, like a host o'erthrown,
Adown the Mountains' side, scattering their wealth
Of powdered pearl and liquid diamond drops,—
There is thy Source,—great River of the West!

Slowly, like youthful Titan gathering strength
To war with heaven and win himself a name,
The stream moves onward through the dark ravines,
Rending the roots of over-arching trees
To form its narrow channel, where the star,
That fain would bathe its beauty in the wave,

Like lover's glance steals, trembling, through the leaves
That veil the waters with a vestal's care;—
And few of human form have ventured there,
Save the swart savage in his bark canoe.

But now it deepens, struggles, rushes on;
Like goaded war-horse, bounding o'er the foe,
It clears the rocks it may not spurn aside,
Leaping, as Curtius leaped, adown the gulf,
And rising, like Antæus, from the fall,
Its course majestic through the Land pursues,
And the broad River o'er the Valley reigns!

It reigns alone. The tributary streams
Are humble vassals, yielding to its sway.
And when the wild Missouri fain would join
A rival in the race—as Jacob seized
On his red brother's birth-right, even so
The swelling Mississippi grasps that wave,
And, rebaptizing, makes the waters one.

It reigns alone—and Earth the sceptre feels:—
Her ancient trees are bowed beneath the wave,
Or, rent like reeds before the whirlwind's swoop,
Toss on the bosom of the maddened flood,
A floating forest, till the waters, calmed,
Like slumbering anaconda gorged with prey,
Open a haven to the moving mass,
Or form an island in the dark abyss.

It reigns alone. Old Nile would ne'er bedew
The Lands it blesses with its fertile tide.
Even sacred Ganges joined with Egypt's flood
Would shrink beside this wonder of the West!
Ay, gather Europe's royal Rivers all—
The snow-swelled Neva, with an Empire's weight
On her broad breast, she yet may overwhelm;
Dark Danube, hurrying, as by foe pursued,
Through shaggy forests and from palace walls,
To hide its terrors in a sea of gloom;
The castled Rhine, whose vine-crowned waters flow,
The fount of fable and the source of song;
The rushing Rhone, in whose cerulean depths
The loving sky seems wedded with the wave;
The yellow Tiber, choked with Roman spoils,
A dying miser shrinking 'neath his gold;
And Seine, where Fashion glasses fairest forms;
And Thames, that bears the riches of the world:—
Gather their waters in one ocean mass,
—Our Mississippi, rolling proudly on,
Would sweep them from its path, or swallow up,
Like Aaron's rod, these streams of fame and song!

And thus the Peoples, from the many Lands,
Where these old streams are household memories,
Mingle beside our River, and are one;
And join to swell the strength of Freedom's tide,
That from the fount of Truth is flowing on
To sweep Earth's thousand tyrannies away.

How wise—how wonderful the works of God!
And, hallowed by His goodness, all are good.
The creeping glow-worm—the careering sun
Are kindled from the effluence of His light.
The ocean and the acorn-cup are filled
By gushings from the fountain of His love.
He poured the Mississippi's torrent forth,
And heaved its tide above the trembling land,—
Grand type how Freedom lifts the Citizen
Above the *subject* masses of the world—
And marked the limits it may never pass.
Trust in His promises, and bless His power,
Ye dwellers on its banks, and be at peace.

And ye, whose way is on this warrior wave,
When the swoln waters heave with ocean's might,
And storms and darkness close the gate of heaven,
And the frail bark, fire-driven, bounds quivering on,
As though it rent the iron shroud of night,
And struggled with the demons of the flood—
Fear nothing! He who shields the folded flower,
When tempests rage, is ever present here.
Lean on "Our Father's" breast in faith and prayer,
And sleep,—His arm of love is strong to save.

Great Source of Being, Beauty, Light and Love!
Creator! Lord! the waters worship thee!
Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers;
Ere the glad hills leaped upward, or the earth,

With swelling bosom waited for her child;
Before eternal Love had lit the sun,
Or Time had traced its dial-plate in stars,
The joyful anthem of the waters flowed;—
And Chaos like a frightened felon fled,
While on the Deep the Holy Spirit moved.

And evermore the Deep has worshipped God;
And Bards and Prophets tune their mystic lyres
While listening to the music of the floods.
Oh! could I catch this harmony of sounds,
As borne on dewy wings they float to heaven,
And blend their meaning with my closing strain!

Hark! as a reed-harp thrilled by whispering winds,
Or Naiad murmurs from a pearl-lipped shell,
It comes—the melody of many waves!
And loud, with Freedom's world-awaking note,
The deep-toned Mississippi leads the choir.
—The pure sweet Fountains chant of heavenly hope;
The chorus of the Rills is household love;
The Rivers roll their song of social joy;
And Ocean's organ voice is sounding forth
The Hymn of Universal Brotherhood!

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"There's wisdom in the grass, its teachings would we heed."

THERE knelt beneath the tulip tree
A maiden fair and young;
The flowers o'erhead bloomed gorgeously,
As though by rainbows flung,
And all around were daisies bright,
And pansies with their eyes of light—
Like gold the sun-kissed crocus shone,
With beauty's smiles the earth seemed strown,
And Love's warm incense filled the air,
While the fair girl was kneeling there.

In vain the flowers may woo around,—
Their charms she does not see,
For she a dearer prize has found
Beneath the tulip tree—
A little *four-leaved clover*, green
As robes that grace the fairy queen,
And fresh as hopes of early youth,
When life is love, and love is truth;
—A talisman of constant love,
This humble clover sure will prove!

And on her heart, that gentle maid
The severed leaves has pressed,
Which through the coming night's dark shade
Beneath her cheek will rest;

Then precious dreams of *one* will rise,
Like Love's own star in morning skies,
So sweetly bright, we would the day
His glowing chariot might delay;—
What tomes of pure and tender thought
Those simple leaves to her have taught!

Of old, the sacred mistletoe
The Druid's altar bound;
The Roman hero's haughty brow
The fadeless laurel crowned.—
Dark superstition's sway is past,
And war's red star is waning fast,
Nor mistletoe, nor laurel hold
The mystic language breathed of old;
For nature's life no power can give
To bid the false and selfish live.

But still the olive-leaf imparts,
As when, dove-born, at first,
It taught heaven's lore to human hearts,
Its hope, and joy, and trust;
Nor deem the faith from folly springs
Which innocent enjoyment brings—
Better from earth root every flower,
Than crush imagination's power,
In true and loving minds, to raise
An Eden for their coming days.
As on each rock, where plants can cling,
The sunshine will be shed;

As from the tiniest star-lit spring
The ocean's depths are fed;
Thus hopes will rise, if love's clear ray
Keep warm and bright life's rock-strewn way;
And from small, daily joys distilled,
The heart's deep fount of peace is filled—
O! blest when Fancy's ray is given,
Like the ethereal spark, from heaven!

MARY A. H. DODD.

Miss Dodd is a native of Hartford, Connecticut, where she received her education, and where she still resides. A volume of her poems was published in 1844.

TWILIGHT.

The sunset hues are fading fast
From the fair western sky away,
And floating clouds which gathered round,
Have vanished with their colours gay.

All, save one streak that lingers there,
Retaining still a rosy hue,
Bright at the verge, but pale above,
Soft blending with celestial blue.

So lovely were those brilliant clouds
Which floated in the evening air,
It well might seem that angel forms
Such fabrics for their robes would wear.

But, like the dreams that Fancy weaves,
Their beauty quickly passed away;
And where their gorgeous tints were seen,
Soft twilight reigns with shadows gray.

One star, one bright and quiet star,
Kindles its steady light above,
Over the hushed and resting earth
Still watching like the eye of love.

The birds that woke such joyous strains,
With folded pinions seek repose;
All, save the minstrel sad who sings
His plaintive love-lay to the rose.

The weary bees have reached the hive,
Rejoicing over labour done;
And blossoms close their fragrant cups,
Which opened to the morning sun.

The winds are hushed that music made
The leafy-laden boughs between,
And scarce the lightest zephyr's breath
Now dallies with the foliage green.

This is the hour, so loved by all
Whose thoughts are lingering with the past,
When scenes and forms to memory dear
Gather around us dim and fast.

Childhood's bright days, youth's short romance,
And manhood's dreams of power and fame,
Again come back to cheat the heart
So changed by time, yet still the same.

The mingling tones of voices gone,
Are breathing round us sweet and low,
And eyes are beaming once again,
That smiled upon us long ago.

We gaze upon those loving eyes,
Which never coldly turn away;
We clasp the hand and press the lip
Of forms that but in memory stay.

We feel the influence of a spell,
And wake to smiles or melt to tears,
As pass before the dreaming eye
The light and shade of other years.

Oh, pleasant is the dewy morn!
And golden noon is fair to see;
But sweeter far the closing day,
Dearer the twilight hour to me.

THE DOVE'S VISIT.

Why do thy pinions their motion cease?
Wouldst thou listen to my sighing?
Art thou come with the olive branch of peace?
Thou dove to my window flying!

Thy breast is white as a snowy wreath,
And thine eye is softly beaming;
Dost thou bear a message thy wing beneath,
For maid of her lover dreaming?

Has thy flight been far? thy plumage gleams,
Unsoiled and unworn with using:
Thou art mute, fair dove, but thy soft eye seems
To answer my idle musing.

O, thou, thou hast been where I fain would be,
Where my thoughts are ever straying,
Where the balmiest breeze of Spring blows free,
With the early blossoms playing!

Thou hast rested on the casement white,
Which the lilac boughs are shading,
Where I greeted the morning's rosy light,
Or looked on the sunset fading.

Tell me, thou bird with the snowy breast!
Of a spot beloved for ever,
Of the pleasant walks which my steps have pressed,
Where now they may linger never.

With thee would I gladly hasten there,
If wings to my wish were granted,
To the flowers that bloomed 'neath my mother's care,
And the trees my father planted.

For dearer the simplest blossom there,
Its sweets to the morning throwing,
Than the choicest flower that perfumes the air,
In a kingly garden growing.

Vainly I strive to restrain the tear,
The grief like a spring-tide swelling,
When my thoughts return to the home so dear
That is now a stranger's dwelling.

And while I turn me away to weep,
A host of memories waken,
Like the circle spreading upon the deep,
Or dropped from the foliage shaken.

Should fate, where affection clings so strong,
A heart from its Eden banish?
Should it suffer a scene to charm so long
And then like a vision vanish?

I read reproach in that glance of thine,
For words of repining spoken;
When my brow with the olive thou wouldst twine,
I reject the peaceful token.

O, how can a heart be still so weak,
Though ever for strength beseeching,
That from each event would some lesson seek,
And scorn not the humblest teaching!

Waiting, and trustful like thee, sweet dove,
To the watchful care of Heaven,—
With unshaken faith in a Father's love,—
Be the future wholly given.

I will bid my heart's vain yearnings cease;
I will hush this useless sighing;
Thy visit hath brought to my spirit peace,
Thou dove to my window flying!

JULIA H. SCOTT.

The maiden name of this lady was Kinney. She was born in the beautiful valley of Sheshequin, Bradford County, Pennsylvania. She was married to Dr. D. L. Scott, and with him removed to Towanda, a beautiful village about ten miles distant from her birthplace, where, in March 1842, she died.

I AM WEARY.

I am weary, I am weary — of this grief-o'erclouded earth;
Give me the glorious "Father-land," where the spirit has its birth;
Where hope is not a fragile bark, borne down by every gale,
Nor love a word of fearfulness, making the bright cheek pale.

I am weary, I am weary. The song of youth is o'er;
I hear its last, faint, dying notes, on memory's winding shore;
The sunshine of a happy heart is fading fast away —
Give me the land where time and change are broken in their sway.

I am weary, I am weary. The cry of human wrongs,
From hill, and stream, and distant vale, each passing breeze prolongs;

I sicken at the oft-told tale of sinfulness and strife ;
Give me the fruit which bears no ill, fresh from the tree of life.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY. The ties which bind me here,
Though bright, and beautiful, and strong, are garnished o'er with fear ;
I tremble lest this treasure love should centre in the grave ;
Make me the first, Most Merciful, death's withering frown to brave.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY. My soul in dreams hath been
To that bright world whose glories ne'er unveil to mortal ken ;
And all is dimness here and doubt, earth's charms have passed away ;
Give me the land where sorrowing night is lost in perfect day.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY. Unbar the gate of death,
Ere the impatient blade hath worn away its worthless sheath !
Unbar death's gate ! Like mountain bird in dreary cage I pine,—
YET NOT MY WILL, MOST MERCIFUL, NOT MY FRAIL WILL, BUT THINE !

MOUNTAIN MELODIES.

A MOMENT pause, thou wandering breeze,
And touch my lonely harp again,
Before my wasting pulses freeze,
And darkness wraps this fevered brain.
Oh, linger yet, but let each tone
Be such as breaking hearts should hear,
As when some spirit's voice alone
Falls gently on the listening ear.

And thou, bright star, whose quivering beam
Spreads melting o'er the liquid deep,
Oh! gild this wild, despairing dream,
And leave these heavy eyes to weep.
For every hope by memory blest
Hath perished like the blighted flower,
And future years, in gladness dressed,
Were but the visions of an hour.

It is not meet for souls like mine
To dwell with those of lighter mood;
Away! in sadness let me twine
My wreath, 'mid bowers of solitude.
Away! But thou, unchanging star,
Companion of my rocky cell,
Oh, send thy softer rays afar
Within these dusky shades to dwell!

And breathe, ye winds! there is a spell,
A charm, in every varying tone,
That speaks along each echoing dell,
Like streams by magic influence thrown.
Eolian sounds! Oh, quickly fall!
Disperse these deep, desponding fears,
And let your wild, entrancing call
Dissolve my bursting heart to tears.

THE FIRST SNOW.

I LOVE to watch the first soft snow,
As it slowly saileth down,
Purer and whiter than the pearls
That grace a monarch's crown;
Though winter wears a freezing look,
And many a surly frown.

It lighteth like the feathery down
Upon the naked trees,
And on the pale and withered flowers
That swing in every breeze;
And they are clothed in such bright robes
As summer never sees.

It bringeth pleasant memories,
The falling, falling snow,

Of neighing steeds, and jingling bells,
In the happy long ago;
When hopes were bright, and health was good,
And the spirits were not low.

And it giveth many promises
Of quiet joys in store;
Of bliss around the blazing hearth,
When daylight is no more—
Such bliss as nowhere else hath lived
Since the Eden-days were o'er.

God bless the eye that views with mine
The falling snow to-day;
May truth her pure white mission spread
Before its searching ray,
And lead, with dazzling garments, towards
"The strait and narrow way."

MY WILDWOOD BOWER.

My wildwood bower! thou art the same
As when in childhood's morn I found thee;
Thy flowers as fresh, thy birds as tame,
And June's first gales are sighing round thee:
No foot hath pressed thy balmy fern,
No hand thy tangled vines unbraided;

Time hath not read his lesson stern
To aught by thy green arch o'ershaded.

The bee still lingers in the rose,
The humming-bird upon the laurel;
And where yon ivy's tendrils close,
The violet still imparts her moral:
No moss has gathered on the spray;
My slight pine seat has ceased to moulder;
The grass is young, the brook as gay—
Alas! am I alone grown older?

My wildwood home! I never seek,
Save in bright June, thy trellised arbour,
When earth's unsaddened voices speak,
And all is joy that thou dost harbour;
So fondly clings the care-worn heart
To its first scenes of bliss and brightness,
In after years it may not part
With aught that breathes of youth and lightness.

LOUISA S. M'CORD.

Mrs. M'Cord is the daughter of Hon. Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina; and has for years been celebrated in a large circle of acquaintance for her talents and literary attainments. In these she has no equal among the women of her native state. Her knowledge of the classics, and of the French and Italian languages and literature—and her intimate acquaintance with the best English authors, have richly stored her mind; while an unusual vigour and grasp of intellect, and power of apprehension, fit her for works of the highest order. Her early education was received at the North. Her residence is a beautiful country-seat near the Santee river, in the parish of St. Matthew's, about thirty-six miles from Columbia. Her first published work is the volume of Poems entitled "My Dreams;" but it is understood that she is engaged on a work upon Political Economy.

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

There is a world of visions and of dreams,
Where the unshackled spirit seems to roam
Free from the dross of Earth.—From judgment loosed,
Imagination plays her boldest pranks;
Now laughs, now weeps, and mocks us with her freaks.
She beckons us, and on we follow still,
Successful scale high Heaven's conquered heights,
Glory in worlds subdued, which hardly gained,
Again she drags us down, and scenes of woe
And darkness close around us.—Demons scowl;

Spirits of mischief, mocking, gather near,
Mopping and mowing, o'er our fallen might,
E'en as men mock misfortune's agony,
And envy scoffs o'er power's broken wand.
'Tis thus Imagination, queen of dreams,
Makes us her playthings.
On yon bed of straw
See the world's conquerer lie,—at least in dreams.—
The Macedonian hero ne'er surpassed
The feats of arms his conquering hand performs,
And Cæsar's laurels crown his monarch brow.
Day's faintest dawn must wake him to his toil,
His labour-hardened hand must guide the plough.
And look, where hunger's victim shivering lies:
E'en here, will hovering Fancy sometimes smile,—
His last breath was a groan of agony.
From whence the smile which brightens now his features?
His dreams unlock the miser's iron-bound chests,
Bid gentle pity take a human form.—
Now kindness' hand his gnawing want supplies,
And plenty decks his long ungarnished board.
But now, behold! E'en Fancy frowns on woe,
And while the tempting viands he would reach,
Like Tantalus, he finds them shun his grasp,
And that deep moan speaks once more misery's reign.
Pass on.—Asmodeus-like, we 'll wander round,
Watch o'er each dreamer, while her varied tricks
Mad Fancy plays, and in strange motley robed
Of joy and woe, shows us with wizard glass
A world of ever-changing shadows, strown

So like the fickle flittings of our own,
We dream it still the same; though oft she bids
Us soar, in thought, above reality,
Showing us scenes of bliss too bright for hope,
Then veils them in despair.
The infant mind
She fills with dreams of manhood's riper years,
And brings decrepit age to smiling scenes
Of thoughtless childhood back.
The dying man,
By lingering sickness wasted, sees once more
Health smile upon him, and life beckon on
To varied scenes which formed his yesterday,
And promise a to-morrow.—Or, perhaps,
Imagination still a fairer picture shows,
Wanders through scenes from which our waking thoughts
Must shrink reluctant back. With fearless step
She dares to tread *thy* realms, *Eternity!*
And gathering tales of bliss, and heavenly joy,
Brings to the sick man's breast forgotten hope.—
Then sometimes in her play, she lays a load
Of double grief upon the sufferer,
And makes him dream Hell's torments are let loose.
He groans in flames, and gasps in agony,
While muttering phantoms mock his fainting breath.
Off, fiends!—Kind Heaven, dispel the direful vision!
Mark, how the slumberer wakes. His haggard eye
Turns slowly round, dreading, yet seeking still
The phantom fiends, whose fearful shrieks
Still echo in his ear. His shortening breaths

Leave him nor strength, nor power, to know how false
Their shadowy shapes.—He sinks, while his weak gasps,
By terror hastened, strangle his painful sighs,
And with one struggling gurgle, one wild stare,
His frightful dream is done. If onward roams
The fancy-beckoned spirit, 'tis in scenes
Detached from yon cold clod, whose stiffening form
Sinks fast to loathed corruption.—Let it rot.
It is humanity. The end of life,
The end of dreams.
Turn, and again behold
A spectre-haunted pillow.—The murderer sees
His bloody victims frown; now numbers o'er
His tales of sin, and, half-exulting, acts
Again, the heartless scenes.—Anon, he starts,
Cold sweat-drops damp his brow, for vengeance frowns,
And Fancy's hell surrounds him:—muttered prayers,
And mingling curses, speak his anxious thought,
Which half would soothe, half dares offended Heaven.
And see where softer, brighter visions woo,
To scenes so differing from these hellish views
We scarce can deem the painter's hand the same.
See, where the goddess of this dreamy world
Strows rainbow hues, and Heaven-beaming light.
The lover dreams ecstatic joys and bliss,
Too bright, too bright for earth. His waking eye
Must see the Houri of his visions fade.
And though the dream may cast its sunny light
Through waking speculations Fancy weaves,
Too soon she tires of smiling, and the views

So brightly sketched, fade as Experience turns
Her leaden eye, and coldly points Reality.
As fades the flower 'neath Sol's too vivid ray,
As shrinks the dew-drop from his parching heat,
As timorous day to darkness trembling cedes,
So fade these glimpses of Elysian realms.
As Dagon-worshippers bewept their God,
His broken idol's shattered wrecks he mourns.
And yonder pallid brow, which gently droops,—
As 'twere a lily withering on its stem,—
As by a moonbeam lit, across it flits
A look of calm, to its worn sadness strange,
As dew-drop 'neath the noon of summer's sun;
So softly mild, we dare not call it joy;
And yet so stilly beautiful, we look,
And wonder what could bring its quiet there.
See, from the grave no spectre-terrors spring,
But forms, as 'twere of angels come to earth.
The heavenly pictures of those things she loved,
And loving, lost,—and losing, wept,—until
That brow is faded, spirit-like, and wan,
E'en like to those whom now once more she dares
To see, and love, and fancy still her own.
Hark! to the clanking fetters! Yon dark cell
Scarce gives the prisoner room, to lab'ring turn
His wearied limbs, benumbed with loathed rest.
Through his murk dungeon's darkness, scarce can pierce
Day's brightest sunlit ray, with glimmering light.
Behold his chains burst with Herculean strength;—
Once more the sun in all his brilliance shines,

And festive scenes reign through th' extended hall.
E'en in his den of sorrow he may dream,
And bask in mercy's smile. The morrow comes;—
What though it bring the unmitigated doom,
The word of death, the sentence, "Blood for blood?"
To night, fond sleep, the Lethe of our woes,
Lulls him to peace and calm forgetfulness.
The hollow grating of his dungeon bolt
Must murder hope, and wake him to himself,
And with the new-born day, despair must rise;
Still of his *now*, the quiet calm is blessed.
Fancy, thou nurse alike of joy and woe,
Strange mocker, whom we love, e'en while thou frown'st;
Who through each scene of life, or weep'st, or smil'st,
To paint each scene with colours all thine own,—
How vision-led we tread this world of sleep!
Here, rudderless, we 're tossed on Fancy's wave,
And in one moment's little course oft find
A world of happiness or misery.
Strange picture of a life, whose tedious course
But lengthens out our dream!—Unfettered roams
The wandering spirit?—No.—'Tis bound, fast bound
In adamantine fetters.—Soaring oft
Above those clayey realms, how quickly dragged
Back to its prison-home!—We live, we dream,
And then we die.—What more?—Ask'st thou what more?
Sleep, wave thy downy pinions,—let me *dream*,
I dare not *think*, what more.

THE VOICE OF YEARS.

It floated by on the passing breeze,
The voice of years:
It breathed o'er ocean, it wandered through earth,
It spoke of the time when worlds had birth,
When the spirit of God moved over the sea,
When earth was only a thing—to be.
And it sighed, as it passed on that passing breeze,
The voice of years.

From ocean it came on a murmuring wave,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of the time ere the birth of light;
When earth was hushed, 'neath the ocean's might,
And the waters rolled, and the dashing roar
Of the angered surge owned not yet the power,
Which whispers in that murmuring wave
The voice of years.

From earth it came, from her inmost deep,
The voice of years:
It murmured forth with the bubbling stream,
It came like the sound of a long-past dream—
And it spoke of the hour ere Time had birth,
When living thing moved not yet on earth,
And, solemnly sad, it rose from the deep,
The voice of years.

From heaven it came, on a beam of light,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of a God who reigned alone,
Who waked the stars, who lit the Sun.
As it glanced o'er mountain, and river, and wood,
It spoke of the good and the wonderful God;
And it whispered to praise that God of Light,
The voice of years.

It howled in the storm as it threatening passed,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of ruin, and fiercest might;
Of angry fiends, and of things of night;
But raging as o'er the Earth it strode,
I knelt and I prayed to the merciful God,
And methought it less angrily howled as it passed,
The voice of years.

And it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of myself, and the years which were gone,
Of hopes which were blighted, and joys which were flown;
Of the wreck of so much that was bright and was fair;
And it made me sad, and I wept to hear,
As it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,
The voice of years.

And it rose from the grave, with the song of death
The voice of years:
And I shuddered to hear the tale it told,
Of blighted youth, and hearts grown cold;

And anguish and sorrow which crept to the grave,
To hide from the spoiler the wound which he gave.
And sadly it rose from that home of death,
The voice of years.

But again it passed on the passing breeze,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of a God, who watched us here,
Who heard the sigh, and who saw the tear;
And it spoke of mercy, and not of woe;
There was love and hope in its whispering low;
And I listened to catch, on that passing breeze,
The voice of years.

And it spoke of a pain which might not last,
That voice of years:
And it taught me to think, that the God who gave
The breath of life, could wake from the grave;
And it taught me to see that this beautiful earth
Was not only made to give sorrow birth;
And it whispered, that mercy must reign at last,
That voice of years.

And strangely methought, as it floated by,
That voice of years
Seemed fraught with a tone from some higher sphere
It whispered around me that God was near;
He spoke from the sunbeam; He spoke from the wave;
He spoke from the ruin; He spoke from the grave;
'Twas the voice of God, as it floated by,
That voice of years.

FORGET THEE!

Forget thee!—no, never. How can I forget,
When the sun in yon heaven thine impress has set?
For bright as his beam is the glance of thine eye,
And soft is thy smile as the blue, cloudless sky.

In the starlight of even, I still think thee near,
And thy voice in the whispers of zephyr I hear.
The thought of thee wakes in the stillness of night,
And lingers around me in Luna's soft light.

In ocean it murmurs, and sleeps on the wave,
Casting back to the sun the bright light that he gave;
Or reflects on its bosom the bright beaming star,
Whose wandering rays come to woo from afar.

It dwells in each flower, it sighs in each breeze,
For beauty and sweetness are mingled in these;
While all nature speaks of thee, then vain would it be
To seek to drive from me the memory of thee.

Forget thee!—no, never.—While earth has a spot
Where beauty is dwelling, thou art not forgot;
For in all that is bright, or is soft, or is fair,
Thy memory lingers,—thy spirit is there.

JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

This lady is a native of Williamsport, Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, and is the daughter of the Hon. Ellis Lewis, formerly Attorney-General, and at this time President of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania. At a very early age she gave evidence of fine poetic power, and her more mature productions are characterized by truthfulness in description, by purity of sentiment and diction, and display great versatility. In 1843 she was married to James Campbell, Esq., a highly respectable member of the Pottsville Bar.

A STORY OF SUNRISE.

Where the old cathedral towers,
With its dimly lighted dome,
Underneath its morning shadow
Nestles my beloved home;
When the summer morn is breaking
Glorious, with its golden beams,
Through my open, latticed window,
Matin music wildly streams.

Not the peal of deep-toned organ
Smites the air with singing sound,—
Not the voice of singing maiden,
Sighing, softer music round;—
Long e'er these have hailed the morning
Is the mystic anthem heard,

Wildly, fervently, outpouring
From the bosom of a bird.

Every morn he takes his station
On the cross which crowns the spire,
And with Heaven-born inspiration,
Vents, in voice, his bosom's fire!
Every morn when light, and shadow,
Struggling, blend their gold and gray,
From the cross, midway to Heaven,
Streams his holy melody.

Like the summons from the turrets
Of an Eastern mosque it seems—
"*Come to prayer, to prayer, ye faithful!*"
Echoes through my morning dreams.
Heedful of the invitation
Of the pious messenger,
Lo, I join in meek devotion
With the lonely worshipper.

And a gushing, glad thanksgiving
From my inmost heart doth thrill,
Up, high up, to God in Heaven,
Mingled with the music's trill.
Then the boy who rests beside me
Softly opes his starry eyes,
Tosses back his streaming ringlets,
Gazes round in sweet surprise.

He, though sleeping, felt the radiance
Struggling through the curtained gloom;
Heard the wild harmonious hymning,
Break the stillness of my room;
These deliciously commingled
With the rapture of his dreams,
And the Heaven of which I've told him
On his childish vision gleams.

Guardian seraphs, viewless spirits,
Brooding o'er the enchanted air,
Pause, with folded wings, to listen
To the lispings of his prayer;
Up, to the "recording angel,"
When their ward on earth is done,
They will bear the guileless accents
Of my infant's orison!

A SONG OF SUNSET.

Now, the everlasting mountains
Hide the sun which morning gave;
Meet are they, those lofty bulwarks,
To become the day-god's grave!
See, the tender hues that brighten,
Where that sun's last glories were!
Seem they not, like flowers, scattered
O'er his gorgeous sepulchre?

And the *Day*, that but existed
In the sun's all-glorious light,
Languishes, as broken-hearted,
Fades away in death and night.
Sympathetic clouds of heaven
Softly weep their holy dew,
While the first bright star of even
Beams alone amid the blue.
Like a child that doth inherit
All its parents' radiant bloom,
Watching with a saddened spirit
O'er their loved and hallowed tomb.

Day is dead, and we are dying—
Every hour but speeds our doom—
Every breath we now are drawing
Brings us nearer to the tomb.
Let this thought rejoice our spirits,
Drooping o'er life's weary way—
Every day removes a burden—
We are dying every day.

"Dying daily! dying daily!"
These are words of lofty cheer!
Falling, like a tale of ransom,
On a suffering captive's ear.
Let us then, in holy living,
Tread the path our Saviour trod—
When our pilgrimage is ended,
Calmly fall asleep in God.

MARY S. B. DANA.

Mrs. Dana, formerly Miss Palmer, is well and favourably known as the authoress of the "Southern Harp," and of "The Parted Family, and other Poems."

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay:
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to Heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey:
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of love,
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm, and breathed soft in his ear,
As he played with each graceful curl.
O, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,
Let her use it in sadness or glee;
And he twined his arms round her delicate form,
As she sat in the eve on his knee.
But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face,
And she breathed not a word in his ear;

And he clasped his arms round an icy-cold form,
And he moistened her cheek with a tear.
But the Healer was there, and he said to him thus,
"Grieve not for thy sister's short life;"
And he gave to his arms still another fair girl,
And he made her his own cherished wife!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of his God,
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw too a father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care;
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God,
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

THE BIRD OF THE SOUTH.

WHERE is thy resting-place, O lone and lovely bird?
Thy drooping pinions a warmer air have stirred.
Cold is the northern blast,
Now Summer's breath is o'er;
Speed to thy home in haste,
Wander no more!
Or come and rest thee here
Where warm hearts beat for thee;
But if thy home is dear,
Then swiftly flee!
O, gentle creature, thou 'rt trembling in the blast,
Come, we 'll sweetly warm thee—Summer is past.

Where is the greenwood tree, where thou didst build thy nest
Why didst thou leave it, thy home, thy sunny rest?
Say, was it torn from thee,
Some sad, eventful day?
O, wast thou forced to flee,
Wandering, away?
Come, then, and thou shalt be
Like those to us most dear,
Come, and we 'll comfort thee,
O, rest thee here!
Beautiful creature! thou 'rt trembling in the blast,
Come, we 'll sweetly warm thee—Summer is past.

Amelia Bo. Welby.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

This lady, whose maiden name was Coppuck, is a native of St. Michael's, a small town in Maryland. At an early age she removed with her father to Lexington, and subsequently to Louisville, Kentucky. In the latter place she was married to George Welby, Esq. Her poetry first attracted attention under the signature of "Amelia," and was published chiefly in the "Louisville Journal." A collection of her poems, in a beautiful volume, was issued in 1845; and another in 1847.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The day was declining—the breeze in its glee
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill:
One tremulous star, in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen,
The smiles of her loveliness gladdening the scene.

The scene was enchanting! in distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake Bay,
While, bathed in the moonlight, the village was seen,
With the church in the distance, that stood on the green;
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold;

And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had gambolled all day,
And free as a bird's was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll;
While, lightening my heart as I sported along
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,
I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air;
And, drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng:
For awhile my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without;
But birds, waves, and zephyrs, were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
His cheek pale with fervour—the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendours of youth and of love;
Yet the heart-glowing raptures that beamed from those eyes
Seemed saddened by sorrows, and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its love unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall;
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue;
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;
Enforced by each gesture, it sank to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures he drew!
The scene of His sufferings rose clear on my view:—
The cross—the rude cross where He suffered and died;
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side;
The cup of His sorrows, the wormwood and gall;
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall;
The garland of thorns; and the demon-like crews,
Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail, King of the Jews!"

He spake, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm—
His tone so impassioned, so melting in air,
As touched with compassion, he ended in prayer,
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own,
While that mouth, where such sweetness ineffable clung,
Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue.

O God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed—yet a Deity spoke;

A man—yet so far from humanity riven!
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips!

There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred—
The smile—the mute gesture—the soul-startling pause—
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes—
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone—
O such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined
That bay, church, and village, float up on my mind!
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler, that sat by her side:
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song;
And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet what visions I see!
The past, the dim past, is the present to me;
I am standing once more 'mid that heart-stricken throng—
A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song—

All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair—
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,
That whisper of Jesus—and point us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till Memory, the fond one, that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links, and connected the whole:
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me;
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,
And the echo it brings is the song I have sung.

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the West.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,

Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'T was born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth
It was stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And I bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel, that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 't was suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul.
Like the wings of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;

It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet O! when death's shadows my bosom uncloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

MELODIA.

I MET once, in my girlish hours,
A creature, soft and warm;
Her cottage-bonnet, filled with flowers,
Hung swinging on her arm;
Her voice was sweet as the voice of Love,
And her teeth were pure as pearls,
While her forehead lay, like a snow-white dove
In a nest of nut-brown curls;
She was a thing unknown to fame—
Melodia was her strange, sweet name.

I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft as hers;
It sometimes swam in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears;

It seemed a beauty, set apart
For softness and for sighs;
But O! Melodia's melting heart
Was softer than her eyes—
For they were only formed to spread
The softness from her spirit shed.

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one for years
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers.
But who can paint the spell, that wove
A brightness round the whole?
'Twould take an angel from above
To paint the immortal soul—
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The spirit sparkling o'er her face

Her bosom was a soft retreat
For love, and love alone,
And yet her heart had never beat
To Love's delicious tone.
It dwelt within its circle free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity,
As the blossom waits the breeze
Before it throws its leaves apart,
And trembles, like the love-touched heart.

She was a creature, strange as fair,
First mournful and then wild—

Now laughing on the clear bright air
As merry as a child,
Then melting down, as soft as even,
Beneath some new control,
She'd throw her hazel eyes to heaven,
And sing with all her soul,
In tones as rich as some young bird's,
Warbling her own delightful words.

Melodia! O, how soft thy darts,
How tender and how sweet!
Thy song enchained a thousand hearts,
And drew them to thy feet;
And, as thy bright lips sang, they caught
So beautiful a ray,
That, as I gazed, I almost thought
The spirit of thy lay
Had left, while melting on the air,
Its sweet expression painted there.

Sweet vision of that starry even!
Thy virgin beauty yet,
Next to the blessed hope of heaven,
Is on my spirit set.
It is a something, shrined apart,
A light from memory shed,
To live until this tender heart,
On which it lives, is dead—
Reminding me of brighter hours
Of summer eves and summer flowers.

SEVENTEEN.

I HAVE a fair and gentle friend,
Whose heart is pure, I ween,
As ever was a maiden's heart
At joyous seventeen.
She dwells among us like a star,
That from its bower of bliss
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From aught it sees in this.

I do not mean that flattery
Has never reached her ear;
I only say its syren song
Has no effect on her;
For she is all simplicity,
A creature soft and mild—
Though on the eve of womanhood,
In heart a very child.

And yet, within the misty depths
Of her dark dreamy eyes,
A shadowy something, like deep thought,
In tender sadness lies:
For though her glance still shines as bright
As in her childish years,
Its wildness and its lustre now
Are softened down by tears—

Tears that steal not from hidden springs
Of sorrow and regret,
For none but lovely feelings in
Her gentle breast have met;
For every tear that gems her eye
From her young bosom flows,
Like dew-drops from a golden star,
Or sweetness from a rose.

For e'en in life's delicious spring
We oft have memories
That throw around our sunny hearts
A transient cloud of sighs;
For a wondrous change within the heart
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought.

And she has reached that lovely time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf
Seems like a glowing page;
For a beauty and a mystery
About the heart is thrown,
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone.

I do not know if round her heart
Love yet hath thrown his wing;

I rather think she 's like myself,
An April-hearted thing:
I only know that she is fair,
And loves me passing well;
But who this gentle maiden is,
I feel not free to tell.

MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

This lady, the daughter of Dr. Reed, was born in Greenwich, New Jersey. At an early age she removed to the West, where soon after, in Louisville, Kentucky, she was married. Her first published pieces appeared in the "News-Letter," a paper conducted by Prentice & Co.; since which time she has contributed much beautiful poetry to the various Western periodicals. In 1844 she published a volume of poems, which was well received by the public, and favourably noticed by the press. Since the autumn of 1840, she has resided in Cincinnati.

THE SHADOW.

Twice beside the crumbling well
Where the lichen clingeth fast,
Twice, the shadow on them fell,
And the breeze went wailing past.
"Shines the moon this eve as brightly
As the harvest-moon may shine;—
Stands each star, that glimmers nightly,
Like a saint within its shrine;—
Whence the shade then, whence the shadow?
Canst thou tell, sweet lady mine?"

But the lady's cheek was pale,
And her lips were snowy white,
As she clasped her silken veil,
Floating in the silver light,
Like an angel's wing it glistened,—
Like a Sibyl seemed the maid;

But in vain the lover listened,
Silence on her lips was laid!
Though they moved, no sound had broken
Through the stillness of the glade.

Brighter grew her burning eyes,—
Wan and thin the rounded cheek;
Was it terror or surprise,
That forbade the lips to speak?
To *his* heart, then, creeping slowly,
Came a strange and deadly fear;
Words and sounds profane, unholy,
Stole into his shrinking ear.—
And the moon sank sudden downwards,
Leaving earth and heaven drear!

Slowly from the lady's lips
Burst a deep and heavy sigh—
As from some long, dark eclipse,
Rose the red moon in the sky.—
Saw he then the lady leaning
Cold and fainting by the well;
Eyes once filled with tender meaning
Closed beneath some hidden spell:
What was heard he dared not whisper,
What he feared were death to tell!

The little hand was wondrous fair
Which to him so wildly clung,—

Raven was the glossy hair
Then from off her forehead flung;
Much too fair that hand for staining
With a crime of darkest dye,—
But, the moon again is waning
In the pale and starless sky.—
Hark! what words are slowly falling
On the breeze that swept them by?

"Touch her not!" the voice it said,
"Wrench thy mantle from her grasp!
Thus the disembodied dead
Warns from that polluting clasp.—
Touch her not, but still look on her;
All an angel seemeth she;
Yet, the guilty stains upon her
Shame the Fiend's dark company!—
But, her hideous crime is nameless
Under Heaven's canopy!"

Twice, beside the crumbling well,
Where the lichen clingeth fast,
Twice, the shadow on them fell,
And the breeze went wailing past.
Twice the voice's hollow warning
Pierced the haunted midnight air,—
Then the golden light of morning
Streamed upon the lady there:—
They, who found her, stark and lonely,
Said, the corse was very fair.

SONG OF THE MADMAN.

It was summer! it was summer!
The green earth was gay;
The wild buds and blossoms
Sprang up in our way:
And the leaves lay together
Upon their young boughs,
And whispered, like lovers,
When breathing their vows:—
And I whispered with them,
And shouted in glee,
As the breeze fluttered lightly
From blossom to tree;—
For I rode on its pinions,
And mounted in air,—
My kingdom, fair Freedom—
My bondman, Despair!

What feverish joy then rushed over my soul,
As deeply I drank from a rosy-wreathed bowl;—
The strength of the whirlwind I held in my hand,
And longed to kneel down on the white, shelly strand,
And hurl back the waves as they leaped to the shore,
Or play with the ocean, and mimic its roar!

I was mad! I was mad! but they knew it not then,
For I laughed and discoursed with their wise, prudent men,

And knelt at the feet of the sirens of song;
But I yelled with delight as I stole from the throng,
For I knew I deceived them, with word and with smile—
That they bowed in their pride to insanity's wile!
I was mad! I was mad! but my spirit was gay;
I rode with the wind through the long summer day,
For I followed a demon wherever he led,
And at midnight—at midnight—we danced with the dead!

Oh! a host of white things, with their hideous charms,
Come and rock me at eve in their skeleton arms;
They shriek in my ear—and then laugh at my pain,
While their fierce, scorching eyes burn deep in my brain.
Then we hurry away through the damp, yielding sward,
And rouse up the ghosts in the merry churchyard.

Ha, ha, ha! come along
With the death-dance and song!—
Thus I sing to my merry, merry crew;
We have brave time o' nights
By the bright charnel-lights,
As we tread down the turf and the dew!

I will show you the spot where a maiden sleeps,
For the long grass is greenest there,
And over her head a willow, willow weeps,
Like a mourner in deep despair!

Oh! they laid her low,
With her young bosom's snow,
When the hoar frost was white on the ground,

When the winds, bleak and cold,
And the trees, dark and old,
Were moaning and shrieking around.

But the spring stole along,
And the robin's blithe song
Floated out through the churchyard's gloom,
Then the young violets came
And wove her sweet name,
With their blossoms above her tomb.

They said that she loved—that she perished with grief;
I know she was mad! and that death was relief:
We are wedded! we are wedded! by our madness allied,
And I pine to fall asleep by my beautiful bride.

Ha, ha, ha! come along
With the death-dance and song!
Thus I sing to my merry, merry crew;—
We have brave time o' nights
By the bright charnel-lights,
As we tread down the turf and the dew!

LITTLE NELL.

Spring, with breezes cool and airy,
Opened on a little fairy;
Ever restless, making merry,
She, with pouting lips of cherry,
Lisped the words she could not master,
Vexed that she might speak no faster—
Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
Mischief all her joys enhancing—
Full of baby-mirth and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see
Sweet Little Nell!

Summer came, the green Earth's lover!
Ripening the tufted clover—
Calling down the glittering showers—
Breathing on the buds and flowers—
Rivalling young, pleasant May
In a generous holyday!
Smallest insects hummed a tune
Through the blessed nights of June:
And the maiden sang *her* song
Through the days so bright and long—
Dear Little Nell!

Autumn came! the leaves were falling,
Death the little one was calling;

Pale and wan she grew, and weakly;
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to us she seemed still dearer
As the trial-hour drew nearer.
But she left us hopeless, lonely,
Watching by her semblance only,—
And a little grave they made her,—
In the churchyard cold, they laid her,—
Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast—
Poor Little Nell!

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

Hark! a solemn bell is pealing
From the far-off spirit-clime;
Angel-forms, expectant, kneeling
On the outer shores sublime;
Hither turn their eyes of splendour,
Piercing through the mists of Time!

Thou art faintly, sadly sighing,
Voyager through Time with me;
Can it be, thou 'rt sinking—dying?
Can it be that I am free?
Free to drink in life immortal,
Unrestrained now by thee?

Yes! thine earthly days are numbered,
Yet thou 'rt clinging round me still;
Still my drooping wings are cumbered
By thy weak and fleshly will:
Gently thus I loose thy claspings,
Wishing thee no further ill.

Though I 've often bent upon thee
A rebuking spirit's gaze,
When thy spell was fully on me,
In our early, youthful days,
Sore and loath I am to leave thee,
Treading Death's bewildering maze!

All of enmity is banished
As I hear thee, moaning low,
Pride and beauty have so vanished—
Nothing can revive them now!
See the hand of Death triumphing
In the dews upon thy brow!

Ah! thy heart is faintly tolling,
Like a closely muffled bell,
And the purple rivers rolling
'Neath thy bosom's gentle swell,
Flow like waters, when receding
From a thirsty, springless well.

What a weight is on thy bosom!
What a palsy in thy hand!

Thus Death chilled fair Eden's blossom—
Thus, at his august command,
All of human birth and nurture
Shuddering in his presence stand!

Let me, through thine eyelids closing,
Look once more upon the earth;
There thou soon wilt be reposing,
Borne away from home and hearth,
Where thy footsteps once were greeted
With the noisy shout of mirth.

Hark! what organ-tones are swelling
Through the spirit-realm on high;
Ransomed souls are sweetly telling
Of the joys beyond the sky!
Let me here no longer linger,
When the heavens are so nigh!

Life's companion! thus we sever;
Our short pilgrimage is done!
We shall reunite for ever,
Travel-stained and weary one,
When the voice of God Eternal
Wakes the dead with trumpet-tone!

THE MISSES WARE.

In 1844 appeared a volume in New York, entitled "The Wife of Leon, and other Poems, by Two Sisters of the West;" which was favourably received by the public and the press, and created no little curiosity in literary circles. After being erroneously attributed to various other authors, this volume has at last, we believe, been correctly ascribed to the Misses Ware.

I WALK IN DREAMS OF POETRY.

I walk in dreams of Poetry!
They compass me around!
I hear a low and startling voice
In every passing sound!
I meet in every gleaming star
On which at eve I gaze,
A deep and glorious eye, to fill
My soul with burning rays.

I walk in dreams of poetry!
The very air I breathe
Is fraught with visions wild and free,
That round my spirit breathe!
A shade, a sigh, a floating cloud,
A low and whispered tone!
These have a language to my brain;
A language deep and lone!

I walk in dreams of poetry!
And in my spirit bow
Unto a lone and distant shrine,
That none around me know!
From every heath and hill I bring
A garland, rich and rare,
Of flowery thought, and murmuring sigh,
To wreathe mine altar fair!

I walk in dreams of poetry!
Strange spells are on me shed;
I have a world within my soul,
Where other steps may n't tread!
A deep and wide-spread universe
Where spirit-sound and sight
Mine inward vision ever greet,
With fair and radiant light!

My footsteps tread the earth below,
While soars my soul to heaven:
Small is my portion here—yet there,
Bright realms to me are given.
I clasp my kindred's greeting hands;
Walk calmly by their side!
And yet I feel between us stands
A barrier, deep and wide!

I watch their deep and household joy,
Around the evening hearth;

When the children stand beside each knee,
With laugh and shout of mirth.
But oh! I feel unto my soul
A deeper joy is brought
To rush with eagle-wings and strong,
Up! in a heaven of thought!

I watch them in their sorrowing hours,
When, with their spirits tossed,
I hear them wail, with bitter cries,
Their earthly prospects crossed;
I feel that I have sorrows wild
In my heart buried deep!
Immortal griefs! that none may share;
With me no eyes can weep!

And strange it is! I cannot say
If it is woe or weal,
That thus unto my heart can flow
Fountains so few may feel!
The gift that can my spirit raise
The cold dark earth above,
Has flung a bar between my soul
And many a heart I love!

Yet I walk in dreams of poetry!
And would not change that path,
Though on it from a darkened sky
Were poured a tempest's wrath.

Its flowers are mine—its deathless blooms;
I know not yet the thorn;
I dream not of the evening glooms,
In this, my radiant morn.

Oh! still in dreams of poetry
Let me for ever tread!
With earth a temple, where divine
Bright oracles are shed!
They soften down the earthly ills
From which they cannot save!
They make a romance of our life;
They glorify the grave!

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

This lady, whose maiden name was Fishers, is a native of Newton, Massachusetts, where she resided until her marriage with the Rev. T. J. Sawyer. She now resides in Clinton, New York.

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day!
I was out alone in the forest at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played, and I played, till, so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew;
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop!
Thus a long while I sat, gazing up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if, 'Come, oh brother!' it said,
And there, right up over the top of the tree,
Oh, mother, an angel was beckoning to me!

"And, 'Brother!' once more, 'come, oh brother!' he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And, mother, oh, never was being so bright,
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight!

His face was as fair as the delicate shell;
His hair down his shoulders in long ringlets fell;
While his eyes, resting on me so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove!
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And murmured so softly and gently to me,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

"And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled through my breast
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky!
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze
That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees:
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soared!
And up, up he went, through the blue sky so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star;
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till, lost in the azure, he passed from my sight!
Then, oh, how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
When soft voices murmured once more from the tree,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'"

Oh! pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart;
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb
Ere the Autumn's winds withered the Summer's rich bloom!

Oh, how his young footsteps she watched, day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!
"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest!
Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,
And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die!
Now kiss me, dear mother! oh, quickly! for see!
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed,
And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading eye,
As it strove to meet hers, ere the fair boy could die!
"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight—
But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother, good-bye!
The angels are ready to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there—but, oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!"
He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast,
While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest;
Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him!

SPURN NOT THE GUILTY.

Scorn not the man whose spirit feels
The curse of guilt upon it rest;
Upon whose brow the hideous seals
Of crime and infamy are pressed!
Spurn not the lost one!—nor, in speech
More cold and withering than despair,
Of stern, relentless vengeance preach—
For he thy lesson will not bear!

'Twill rouse a demon in his heart
Which vainly thou wouldst strive to chain,
And bid a thousand furies start
To life, which ne'er may sleep again.
No! better, from her forest lair
The famished lioness to goad,
Than in his guilt, remorse, despair,—
With wrathful threats the sinner load!

But if a soul thou wouldst redeem
And lead a lost one back to God;—
Wouldst thou a guardian-angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod—
Go kindly to him—take his hand
With gentlest words within thy own,
And by his side a brother stand
Till all the demons thou dethrone.

He is a man, and he will yield,
Like snows beneath the torrid ray,
And his strong heart, though fiercely steeled,
Before the breath of love give way.
He had a mother once, and felt
A mother's kiss upon his cheek,
And at her knee at evening knelt
The prayer of innocence to speak!

A mother!—ay! and who shall say,
Though sunk, debased, he now may be,
That spirit may not wake to-day
Which filled him at that mother's knee?
No guilt so utter e'er became,
But 'mid it we some good might find;
And virtue, through the deepest shame,
Still feebly lights the darkest mind.

Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him, in kindest, gentlest mood,
And back the lost one thou mayst lead
To God, humanity, and good!
Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!

THE BLIND GIRL.

Crown her with garlands! 'mid her sunny hair
Twine the rich blossoms of the laughing May,
The lily, snow-drop, and the violet fair,
And queenly rose, that blossoms for a day.
Haste, maidens, haste! the hour brooks no delay—
The bridal veil of soft transparence bring;
And, as ye wreathe the gleaming locks away,
O'er their rich wealth its folds of beauty fling,—
She *seeth* now!

Bring forth the lyre of sweet and solemn sound,
Let its rich music be no longer still;
Wake its full chords, till, sweetly floating round,
Its thrilling echoes all our spirits fill.
Joy for the lovely! that her lips no more
To notes of sorrow tune their trembling breath;
Joy for the young! whose starless course is o'er,—
Io! sing pæans for the Bride of Death!
She seeth now!

She has been dark; through all the weary years
Since first her spirit into being woke,
Through those dim orbs, that ever swam in tears,
No ray of sunlight ever yet hath broke.
Silent and dark! herself the sweetest flower
That ever blossomed in an earthly home,

Unuttered yearnings ever were her dower,
And voiceless prayers that light at length might come—
She seeth now!

A lonely lot! yet oftentimes a sad
And mournful pleasure filled her heart and brain,
And beamed in smiles,—e'er sweet, but never glad—
As sorrow smiles, when mourning winds complain.
Nature's great voice had ever, for her soul,
A thrilling power the sightless only know;
While deeper yearnings through her being stole,
For light to gild that being's darkened flow.
She seeth *now!*

Strike the soft harp, then! for the cloud hath passed,
With all its darkness, from her sight away;
Beauty hath met her waiting eyes at last,
And light is hers within the land of day.
'Neath the cool shadows of the tree of life,
Where bright the fount of youth immortal springs,
Far from this earth, with all its weary strife,
Her pale brow fanned by shining seraphs' wings,
She seeth now!

Ah, yes, she seeth! through yon misty veil,
Methinks even now her angel-eyes look down,
While round me falls a light all soft and pale,—
The moonlight lustre of her starry crown,—

And to my heart, as earthly sounds retire,
Come the low echoes of celestial words
Like sudden music from some haunted lyre,
That strangely swells when none awake its chords.
But, hush! 'tis past; the light, the sound, are o'er,—
Joy for the maiden! she is dark no more!
She seeth now!

CATHARINE H. ESLING.

Mrs. Esling, better known to the public as Miss Waterman, was born in Philadelphia, where she still resides. Her first published pieces appeared in the "New York Mirror." She has since contributed to the Annuals, and to Graham's and Godey's Magazines. In 1840 she was married to Captain Esling.

TO THE WIND.

Where hast thou wandered, wind?
Hast stopped upon thy course to wake
The ripples of the gentle lake,
Or 'mid the rose-embowered brake
Thy form entwined?

Or out upon the deep,
Hast caused the billows' crested form
To ride exulting through the storm—
Hushing the seaman's wild alarm
In endless sleep?

Or soft upon the chord
Of some lone lyre, thy breath has swept,
Breaking the silence fondly kept
In memory of the loved, the wept,
'Neath earth's green sward?

Or from the towering hills
First by the early daylight kissed,
Enveloped in their veils of mist,
Where the air-wanderers love to list
The murmuring rills?

Answer me, wind—
Tell me the caves wherein you dwell,
Tell me why every lengthening swell
Echo prolongs, as 't were a spell
With magic twined.

Why speak'st thou not?—
Is there but that sad sound alone,
Mysterious wind, that is thine own?
Canst thou not tell from whence thou 'st flown,
Cavern, or grot?

No, thou art dumb:—
But we can feel that every breeze,
Wafting its music through the trees,
From some fair bower, or far-off seas,
Has gently come.

Oh! thy soft tone
Speaks of a spirit unconfined,
That, which no fetters e'er could bind,
The free, the ever-wandering wind,
Alone, alone.

THE CAPTIVE.

A DYING taper dimly burned within a captive's cell,
And the gloom, and desolation there, that taper lighted well;
There was peace upon the pale, pale brow, and silence in the breast,
For the dweller in that dungeon damp had sunk at last to rest.

The locks that clustered o'er his brow—(now changed by crime and care)—
Were rich, luxuriant, massy folds, of dark and glossy hair;
They were paler than the temples now, on which they sadly lay,
For sorrow had outsped e'en time, and blanched the ringlets gray.

The fire of his eye was quenched, and 'neath each screening lid
The light that was a mother's joy, in slumber soft was hid;
The hand that gathered wild flowers once, in childhood's happy reign,
Was tightened with a straining grasp, around an iron chain.

He rested on the dungeon's ground, a dungeon low and dim,
And there was not a being near, to sigh or care for him:

No gentle tread was heard to steal across the cold, damp
floor;
No watching form in earnest love, his own was bending
o'er.

For he had done a deed that shut the gates of mercy tight,
And not a gleam of sunlight broke within his house of night,
But he had wept o'er earlier years, and a full hoard of love
Had oped for him the portals bright of endless bliss above.

A smile was on the captive's face—it sweetly seemed to
stray
O'er his wan lips, like some bright thing that here had lost
its way—
Some spirit of the upper air, that came in sunny gleams
To people with forgotten things the slumberer's midnight
dreams.

It beamed across his marble brow—a smile had seldom been
Of late, upon the features of the grief-worn captive seen;
But oh! it sped like sudden light through a dark tempest cloud,
And days came back, the days of youth, in many a sunlit
crowd.

Voices were ringing in his ear, voices unheard for years,
A Father's smile, a Sister's kiss, a Mother's happy tears;
He stood beside the household hearth, in manhood's glorious
pride,
And in that dream of other days, the lonely captive died.

PARTING WORDS.

Last parting words, how long the spell
Endures, around them cast;
The slowly faltered, sad farewell,
Loved lips have whispered last!
How often, when the giddy meet,
Some stricken heart hath heard
The stranger's careless lips repeat
Its own last parting word!

They come like hidden echoes back,
That lingered fondly near,
And joy's half-bright, half-shaded track
Is watered with a tear.
The whispers of a tongue unknown
May strike the bosom's chord,
With the same music-breath, and tone
That spoke its parting word.

It is an old, familiar sound,
That little word, farewell,
And yet how deep its unseen wound,
How sad its funeral knell!
'Tis felt by all—the trusting heart
With yearning fondness stirred,
Must learn the bitter task to part,
To breathe its aching word.

Who hath not wept at severed ties?
Who hath not felt the pain
Of looking into gentle eyes
They ne'er might see again?
Who hath not treasured long and well
That sound in sorrow heard,
And filled the heart's remotest cell
With one low parting word?

From all we loved in earlier days
We 'll part in some sad hour:
It may be childhood's sunny ways,
Some long-nursed tender flower,
Some haunt we sought in joy, or pain,
Some low-voiced singing-bird,
Or young affection's love-linked chain
Snapped by a parting word.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

Miss Lynch is the daughter of an Irish Patriot of the disastrous days of '98, who, though only sixteen years of age at the time of the occurrences of that melancholy year, was so distinguished by his bravery, that he suffered an imprisonment of four years, and subsequently, in consequence, with Emmet and others, was banished for life.

The subject of this notice has been but a short time before the public—yet the merit of her writings is such as to give her a place in the foremost file of our female poets. Her poetry is characterized by depth of thought, beautiful moral sentiment, and exquisite diction. Her imagination is chiefly subjective, and calls in Nature to explain her thought oftener than it goes out to illustrate the external.

THE IDEAL.

"La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le rêve."

A sad, sweet dream! It fell upon my soul
When song and thought first woke their echoes there,
Swaying my spirit to its wild control,
And with the shadow of a fond despair
Darkening the fountain of my young life's stream;—
It haunts me still, and yet I know 't is but a dream.

Whence art thou, shadowy presence, that canst hide
From my charmed sight the glorious things of earth?
A mirage, o'er life's desert dost thou glide?
Or with those glimmerings of a former birth,

A "trailing cloud of glory," dost thou come
From some bright world afar, our unremembered home?

I know thou dwell'st not in this dull, cold Real,
I know thy home is in some brighter sphere,
I know I shall not meet thee, my Ideal,
In the dark wanderings that await me here;
Why comes thy gentle image, then, to me,
Wasting my night of life in one long dream of thee?

The city's peopled solitude, the glare
Of festal halls, moonlight, and music's tone
All breathe the sad refrain — *Thou art not there;*
And even with Nature I am still alone: —
With joy I see her summer bloom depart;
I love stern winter's reign — 't is winter in my heart.

And if I sigh upon my brow to see
The deepening shadow of Time's fleeting wing,
'T is for the youth I might not give to thee,
The vanished brightness of my first sweet spring;
That I might give thee not the joyous form
Unworn by sighs and tears, unblighted by the storm.

And when the hearts I should be proud to win,
Breathe, in those tones that woman holds so dear,
Words of impassioned homage unto mine,
Coldly and harsh they fall upon my ear;
And as I listen to the fervent vow,
My weary heart replies, "*Alas, it is not thou!*"

And when the thoughts within my spirit glow
That would outpour themselves in words of fire,
If some kind influence bade the music flow,
Like that which woke the notes of Memnon's lyre,—
Thou, sunlight of my life, wak'st not the lay,
And song within my heart unuttered dies away.

Depart, O shadow! fatal dream, depart!
Go, I conjure thee leave me this poor life,
And I will meet with firm, heroic heart,
Its threatening storms and its tumultuous strife;
And with the poet-seer will see thee stand
To welcome my approach to thine own Spirit-land.

SONNET.

As some dark stream within a cavern's breast
Flows murmuring, moaning, for the distant sun,
So, ere I met thee, murmuring its unrest
Did my life's current coldly, darkly, run.
And as that stream beneath the sun's full gaze
Its separate course and life no more maintains,
But now absorbed, transfused, far o'er the plains,
It floats etherealized in those warm rays,—
So, in the sunlight of thy fervent love,
My heart, so long to earth's dark channels given,
Now soars all pain, all doubt, all ill above,
And breathes the ether of the upper Heaven;
So thy high spirit holds and governs mine,
So is my life, my being lost in thine.

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

Greece! hear that joyful sound!
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations round
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians! gather there, he brings you words
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
Above Olympian Jove. One in whose light
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
On your bewildered night,
That Unknown God of whom ye darkly dream
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
From your dark worship round that idol shrine;
He points to Him who reared your starry skies,
And bade your Phœbus shine.
Lift up your souls from where in dust ye bow:
That God of gods commands your homage now.

But, brighter tidings still!
He tells of one whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt,—
Who triumphed o'er the grave, and broke its chain:
Who conquered Death and Hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece! come near;
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!
Immortal life revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some First Cause
Through doubt and darkness,—lo! he points to One
Where all your vaunted reason lost must pause,
Too vast to think upon:
That was from everlasting, that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him
Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity!
Your fancies fade,—your master's dreams grow dim
To this reality.
Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that sound!
Sceptic! dispel those doubts, the truth is found.

Greece! though thy sculptured walls
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
And through thy temples and thy pillared halls
Immortal poets sung,—
No sounds like these have rent your startled air;
They open realms of light and bid you enter there.

THE WASTED FOUNTAINS.

"And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters; they came to the pits and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty."—*Jeremiah*, xiv. 3.

When the youthful fever of the soul
Is awakened in thee first,
And thou go'st like Judah's children forth
To slake the burning thirst;

And when dry and wasted, like the springs
Sought by that little band,
Before thee in their emptiness
Life's broken cisterns stand;

When the golden fruits that tempted
Turn to ashes on the taste,
And thine early visions fade and pass
Like the mirage of the waste;

When faith darkens and hopes vanish
In the shade of coming years,
And the urn thou bear'st is empty,
Or o'erflowing with thy tears;

Though the transient springs have failed thee,
Though the founts of youth are dried,
Wilt thou among the mouldering stones
In weariness abide?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the silver cord is loosened,
Till the golden bowl is broken?

Up and onward! toward the East
Green oases thou shalt find,—
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leav'st behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth;
It has hopes as high as Heaven;
It has labour, it has truth;

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done,
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.

There is rising from its troubled deeps
A low, unceasing moan;
There are aching, there are breaking
Other hearts besides thine own.

From strong limbs that should be chainless,
There are fetters to unbind;
There are words to raise the fallen;
There is light to give the blind;

There are crushed and broken spirits
That electric thoughts may thrill;
Lofty dreams to be embodied
By the might of one strong will.

There are God and Heaven above thee;
Wilt thou languish in despair?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
Scale the walls of Heaven by prayer—

'Tis the key of the Apostle
That opens Heaven from below!
'Tis the ladder of the Patriarch,
Whereon angels come and go!

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Why should we weep for thee,
Since thou art gone unsullied back to Heaven,
No stain upon thy spirit's purity,
No sin to be forgiven?

Love watched thee from thy birth;
Fond hearts around thee tireless vigils kept,—
And o'er thy tender soul the storms of earth
Had never rudely swept.

Thou 'rt spared a fearful lore,—
A knowledge all attain who linger here;
The changed, the cold, the dead, were words that bore
No import to thine ear.

Methought I saw in thee
Thus early, as I marked by many a token,
A soul that might not war with Destiny,
A heart that could be broken.

But sinless, tearless, gone,
Undimmed, unstained, who would not thus have died?
For thee then let these vain regrets be done,
These selfish tears be dried.

Go to thy little bed!
The verdant turf is springing fresh and fair,
The flowers thou lov'dst shall blossom o'er thy head,
The spring birds warble there.

And while to shapeless dust
Thy cherub form is gently mouldering back,
Our thoughts shall upward soar in hopeful trust,
On thy freed spirit's track.

SONNET.

ASPIRATION.

The planted seed, consigned to common earth,
Disdains to moulder with the baser clay;
But rises up to meet the light of day,
Spreads all its leaves and flowers and tendrils forth,
And, bathed and ripened in the genial ray,
Pours out its perfume on the wandering gales,
Till in that fragrant breath its life exhales.
So this immortal germ within my breast
Would strive to pierce the dull dark clod of sense;
With aspirations, wingèd and intense;—
Would so stretch upward, in its tireless quest,
To meet the Central Soul, its source, its rest:
So, in the fragrance of the immortal flower,
High thoughts, and noble deeds, its life it would outpour.

LAURA M. THURSTON.

This lady is a native of New England, but has been for several years a resident of the West.

ON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

I hail thee, Valley of the West,
For what thou yet shalt be!
I hail thee for the hopes that rest
Upon thy destiny!
Here—from this mountain height, I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thine emerald fields outspread,
And feel that in the book of fame,
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.
Yet, while I gaze upon thee now,
All glorious as thou art,
A cloud is resting on my brow,
A weight upon my heart.
To me—in all thy youthful pride—
Thou art a land of cares untried,
Of untold hopes and fears.
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;
But for the far-off land I leave,
I look on thee with tears.

O! brightly, brightly glow thy skies,
In summer's sunny hours!
The green earth seems a paradise
Arrayed in summer flowers!
But oh! there is a land afar,
Whose skies to me are brighter far,
Along the Atlantic shore!
For eyes beneath their radiant shrine,
In kindlier glances answered mine—
Can these their light restore?
Upon the lofty bound I stand,
That parts the East and West;
Before me—lies a fairy land;
Behind—*a home of rest!*
Here, Hope her wild enchantment flings,
Portrays all bright and lovely things,
My footsteps to allure—
But *there*, in Memory's light, I see
All that was once most dear to me—
My young heart's cynosure!

SARAH HELENA WHITMAN.

Mrs. Whitman is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, where she still resides. Her father, the late Nicholas Power, a merchant of that city, was a lineal descendant from Nicholas Power, one of that noble little band who consorted with Roger Williams on his departure from Salem, to establish, in the wilderness, a community maintaining the right of the individual to entire freedom from spiritual jurisprudence and thraldom.

At an early age, Miss Power was married to John Winslow Whitman, a son of the Hon. Kilborne Whitman, of Pembroke, Massachusetts.

THE PAST.

"So near—Yet oh how far."—Goethe's *Helena.*

Thick darkness broodeth o'er the world:—
  The raven pinions of the night,
Close on her silent bosom furled,
  Reflect no gleam of orient light.
E'en the wild Norland fires that mocked
  The faint bloom of the eastern sky,
Now leave me (in close darkness locked)
  To night's weird realm of phantasie.

Borne from pale shadow-lands remote,
  A morphean music, wildly sweet,
Seems on the starless gloom to float
  Like the white-pinioned paraclete.
Softly into my dream it flows,
  Then faints into the silence drear,

While from the hollow dark outgrows
The phantom Past, pale-gliding near.

The visioned Past—so strangely fair—
So veiled in shadowy soft regrets—
So steeped in sadness—like the air
That lingers when the day-star sets!
Ah, could I fold it to my heart,
On its cold lip my kisses press,
This waste of aching life impart
To win it back from nothingness!—

Close fold it to my throbbing heart,
On its cold lips my life exhale,
Or bid it from my dream depart,
Nor mock with bliss lone sorrow's bale!
Thin as a cloud of summer even,
All beauty from my gaze it bars
Shuts out the silver cope of Heaven,
And glooms athwart the dying stars.

Cold, sad and spectral by my side
It breathes of love's ethereal bloom,
Of bridal memories, long affied
To the dread silence of the tomb.
Sweet cloistral memories that the heart
Shuts close within its chalice cold—
Faint perfumes that no more dispart
From the bruised lily's floral fold.

"My soul is weary of her life;"
My heart sinks with a slow despair;
The solemn star-lit hours are rife
With phantasie,—the noontide glare
And the cool morning, "fancy-free,"
Are false with shadows—for the day
Brings no blithe sense of verity,
Nor wins from twilight thoughts away.

Oh bathe me in the Lethean stream,
And feed me on the Lotus flowers;
Shut out this false, bewildering gleam,
The dream-light of departed hours.
The future can no charm confer
My heart's deep solitudes to break,
No angel wing again shall stir
The waters of that silent lake.

I wander in pale dreams away,
And shun the morning's golden star
To follow still that failing ray
For ever near—"yet oh how far!"
Then bathe me in the Lethean stream,
And feed me on the Lotus flowers;
Nor leave one late and lingering dream,
One memory of departed hours.

DAVID.

SUGGESTED BY A STATUE, REPRESENTING THE YOUNG CHAMPION OF ISRAEL, AS HE STANDS PREPARED TO HURL THE SLING AT GOLIATH.

"And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold, he keepeth the sheep. . . . . And he sent, and brought him in. Now David was of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look at. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him: for this is he."

Ay, this is he—the bold and gentle boy
That in lone pastures by the mountain's side
Guarded his fold, and through the midnight sky
Saw on the blast the "God of battles" ride;
Beheld His bannered armies on the height,
And heard their clarion sound through all the stormy night.

The valiant boy that o'er the twilight wold
Tracked the dark lion and ensanguined bear,
Following their bloody footsteps from the fold
Far down the gorges to their lonely lair—
This the stout heart that from the lion's jaw
Back o'er the shuddering waste the bleeding victim bore.

Though his fair locks lie all unshorn and bare
To the bold toying of the mountain wind,
A conscious glory haunts the o'ershadowing air,
And waits with glittering coil his brows to bind,
While his proud temples bend superbly down
As if they felt e'en now the burden of a crown.

Though a stern sorrow slumbers in his eyes,
  As if his prophet glance foresaw the day
When the dark waters o'er his soul should rise,
  And friends and lovers wander far away,
Yet, the graced impress of that floral mouth
Breathes of love's golden dream and the voluptuous South.

Peerless in beauty as the prophet star
  That, in the dewy trances of the dawn,
Floats o'er the solitary hills afar
  And brings sweet tidings of the lingering morn,
Or weary at the day-god's loitering wain
Strikes on the harp of light a soft prelusive strain.

So his wild harp with psaltery and shawm
  Awoke the nations in thick darkness furled,
While mystic winds from Gilead's groves of balm
  Wafted its sweet Hosannas through the world—
So, when the day-spring from on high he sang,
With joy the ancient hills and lonely valleys rang.

Ay, this is he—the minstrel, prophet, king,
  Before whose arm princes and warriors sank;
Who dwelt beneath Jehovah's mighty wing,
  And from the "river of his pleasures" drank;
Or through the rent pavilions of the storm
Beheld the cloud of fire that veiled his awful form.

And now he stands as when in Elah's vale,
  Where warriors set the battle in array,

He met the Titan in his ponderous mail,
Whose haughty challenge many a summer's day
Rang through the border hills, while all the host
Of faithless Israel heard and trembled at his boast.

Till the slight stripling from the mountain fold
Stood, all unarmed, amid their sounding shields,
And in his youth's first bloom, devoutly bold,
Dared the grim champion of a thousand fields;
So stands he now, as in Jehovah's might
Glorying, he met the foe and won the immortal fight.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild-grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst;

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel,* shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls!

* The witch-hazel blossoms late in autumn.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow
The gentian nods in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loath to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hill-side lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight;
And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

So, in my heart a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs like the wind in ocean's hollow shell;
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no word its mystic charm to tell.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING, ON THE BANKS OF THE MOSHASSUCK.

"Now to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past."
SHAKSPEARE'S *Sonnets*.

AGAIN September's golden day,
Serenely still, intensely bright,
Fades on the umbered hills away,
And melts into the coming night.
Again Moshassuck's silver tide
Reflects each green herb on its side,
Each tasselled wreath and tangling vine
Whose tendrils o'er its margin twine.

And standing on its velvet shore,
Where yesternight with thee I stood,
I trace its devious course once more
Far winding on through vale and wood;
Now glimmering through yon golden mist
By the last glinting sunbeams kissed,
Now lost where lengthening shadows fall
From hazel-copse and moss-fringed wall.

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn
The lonely gentian blossoms still;
Still wave the star-flower and the fern
O'er the soft outline of the hill;
While far aloft, where pine trees throw
Their shade athwart the sunset glow,
Thin vapours cloud the illumined air
And parting daylight lingers there.

But ah, no longer *thou* art near
This varied loveliness to see,
And I, though fondly lingering here,
To-night can only think on thee.
The flowers which late thy hand caressed
Still lie unwithered on my breast,
And still thy footsteps print the shore
Where thou and I may rove no more.

Again I hear the flute-like fall,
Of water from yon distant dell;
The beetle's hum, the cricket's call,
And, far away, that evening bell:
Again, again those sounds I hear—
Yet oh, how desolate and drear
They seem to-night—how like a knell
The music of that evening bell!

Again the new moon in the west,
Scarce seen upon yon golden sky,

Hangs o'er the mountain's purple crest,
With one pale planet trembling nigh;
And beautiful her pearly light
As when we blessed her beams last night;
But thou art o'er the far blue sea,
And I can only think on thee.

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

This lady was a native of Delaware. In 1834 she died at Hazlebank, Michigan.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The last fading sunbeam has sunk in the ocean,
And darkness has shrouded the forest and hill;
The scenes that late rang with the battle's commotion,
Now sleep 'neath the moonbeams serenely and still;
Yet light misty vapours above them still hover,
And dimly the pale beaming crescent discover,
Though all the stern clangour of conflict is over,
And hushed the wild trump-note that echoed so shrill.

Around me the steed and the rider are lying,
To wake at the bugle's loud summons no more—
And here is the banner that o'er them was flying,
Torn, trampled, and sullied, with earth and with gore.
With morn—where the conflict the wildest was roaring,
Where sabres were clashing, and death-shot were pouring,
That banner was proudest and loftiest soaring—
Now, standard and bearer alike are no more!

All hushed! not a breathing of life from the numbers
That scattered around me so heavily sleep,—
Hath the cup of red wine lent its fumes to their slumbers,
And stained their bright garments with crimson so deep?

Ah no! these are not like gay revellers sleeping—
The night-winds, unfelt, o'er their bosoms are sweeping;
Ignobly their plumes o'er the damp ground are creeping;
And dews, all uncared for, their bright falchions steep.

Bright are they? at morning they were—ay, at morning
Yon forms were proud warriors, with hearts beating high,
The smiles of stern valour their lips were adorning,
And triumph flashed out from the glance of each eye!
But now—sadly altered, the evening hath found them!
They care not for conquest, disgrace cannot wound them,
Beside their red broadswords, unconscious they lie.

How still is the scene! save when dismally whooping,
The night-bird afar hails the gathering gloom;
Or a heavy sound tells that their comrades are scooping
A couch, where the sleepers may rest in the tomb.
Alas! ere yon planet again shall be lighted,
What hearts shall be broken, what hopes will be blighted!
How many, 'midst sorrow's dark storm-clouds benighted,
Shall envy, e'en while they lament, for their doom!

Oh War! when thou 'rt clothed in the garments of glory,
When Freedom has lighted thy torch at her shrine,
And proudly thy deeds are emblazoned in story,
We think not, we feel not, what horrors are thine.
But oh! when the victors and vanquished have parted,
When lonely we stand on the war-ground deserted,
And think on the dead, and on those broken-hearted,
Thy blood-sprinkled laurel-wreath ceases to shine.

EDITH MAY.

This is the *nom de plume* of one of the most promising female poets, not only of our own, but of any country. Her poems, written as they were at a very early age, have all the strength and finish of a more experienced hand.

COUNT JULIO.

'Mid piles beneath whose fretted cornices
Echo still babbles of a glorious past,
Dwelt Julio, the miser.

Nobly born,
Reared amid palaces, and trained from youth
To the gay vices of a liberal age,
How came it now, that year on year sped on,
To leave the proud count in his silent halls,
Hoarding the gold once lavished?

Young and fair,
The haughtiest noble of the Roman court,
The stateliest of the high-born throng that graced
Its princely revels, he had left the feast,
Bidding the bright wine that he quaffed in parting
Be to him thence accursed. Never more
Checked he his courser by the Tiber's bank,

Nor struck the sweet chords of his lute, nor trod
Glad measures with the bright-lipped Roman dames—
And, from the lintels of his banquet-hall,
The spider balanced on its gossamer thread,
Dust heaped the silken couches, and where swept
Golden-fringed curtains to the chequered floor,
The rat gnawed silently, and gray moths fed
On the rich produce of the Asian loom.
Men shunned his threshold, and his palace doors
Creaked on their rusty hinges. Prince and peasant
Alike turned coldly from his coming step—
The very beggar, that at noontide lay
Basking 'neath sunlight in the quiet street,
Stretched not his hand forth as the miser passed!

He cared not for their scorn; man's breath to him
Was like the wind that sweeps a scathèd oak
And finds no leaf to flutter! Fate had left
Only two things on earth for him to love—
The gold he heaped, and the fair, motherless child,
Who by his side grew up to womanhood.
And these he worshipped, loathing all things else.
His couch was ruder than a cloistered monk's;
Bianca's head was pillowed upon down:
His fare was scanty and his raiment coarse;
But she was clad like princes, and her board
Heaped with the costliest viands! From the world
He shrank abhorrent, but Bianca shone
Proudest and fairest in a brilliant court.
Her youth had been most lonely. By his side

To watch the piling of the golden heaps
He told so greedily; to play alone
In gardens where no hand had put aside
The flowers and weeds that in one tangled woof
Hung o'er the fountain's dusty bed, and crept
Round the tall porticoes; perchance to sit
Hour after hour, all silent at his feet,
Twining her small arms and her baby throat
With the rare treasures that his caskets held,—
Rubies and pearls and flashing carcanets
Her costly playthings—all companionless,
These were her childish pastimes. Years wore on,
Till the close dawn of perfect womanhood
Flushed in her cheek and brightened in her eye—
And the girl learned to know how fair the face
Those dingy walls had cloistered from the sun;
To bear her head more proudly, and to step,
If not so lightly, with a queenlier tread.
Love-songs were framed for her; her midnight rest
Was broken by the sound of silver lutes,
And the young gallants caracoled their steeds
Gaily at eve beneath her balcony!

She went forth to the world, and careless lips
Told her the shame that was her heritage,
And scornful fingers pointed as she passed
To the rare jewels and the broidered robes
That decked the miser's daughter. Envious tongues
Gilded anew the half-forgotten tale,
And it became the marvel of all Rome!

Thus, till the diadem of gems and gold
Burned on her white brow like a circling flame,
And she went writhing home, to weep, to loathe
The sordid parent who had brought this blight
Upon the joyous promise of her youth!

It was the still noon of a summer night,
When the young countess from her father's roof
Fled—with a noble of the Roman court!
Morn came, and through the empty corridors,
The balconies, the gardens, the wide halls,
In vain they sought her! Noon passed by, and then
The truth was guessed, not spoken! Silently,
Count Julio trod the marble staircases,
And pausing by the door that once was hers,
Stood a brief moment, and then, pressing on,
Stepped through the quiet chamber. All was still,
Bearing no traces of her recent flight!
Here lay a slipper, here a silken robe,
And here a lute thrown down, with a white glove
Flung carelessly beside it! Still the air
Breathed of the delicate perfumes she had loved.

He glanced but once around the empty room,
Then from the mirrored and silk-draperied walls
Cast his eye downward o'er his shrunken form,
His meagre garments. Few the words he spake,
And muttered low. But in them came a curse,
So blasphemous, so hideous in its depth
Of impotent rage, that they who at his side

Yet stood in lingering pity, with blanched lips
Turned to the threshold, and crept shuddering forth!

He breathed his sorrow to no human ear,
But left it charnelled in his heart, to breed
Corruption there. None knew how wearily
The hours passed on beneath those lonely walls;
None saw him, when by midnight still a watcher
He brooded o'er his anguish, pale and faint,
Starting and trembling, as inconstantly
The night winds swayed the curtains to and fro,
Fancying the rustle of her silken robe,
Her footfall on the staircase! Time sped on
To strike the dulled bloom from his cheek, and scare
The soul that once had queened it on his brow!
A bent and wan old man, upon whose breast
Hung the neglected masses of his beard—
With tremulous hands, habitually clenched,
Till the sharp nails wore furrows in the palms—
Thus stole he forth at even, and with eyes
Lost in the golden future of his dreams,
Passed through the busy crowds, unmarked, unheeding.

Once had he looked upon Bianca's face;
Once had she knelt before him, with her child
Gasping upon her breast, and prayed for succour!
The unwept victim of a drunken brawl
Her lord had fallen, and the palace walls
That owned her mistress were deserted now!
She had braved fear and hunger, till her babe

Wailed dying on her bosom; and so urged,
Pride, shame, forgotten in a mother's love,
Clung to his knees for pardon! But in vain;
He cursed her as she knelt, bade her go forth,
And 'mid the loathsome suppliants that unveil
Disease and suffering to the eye of wealth,
Bare too her anguish to the glance of pity;
Then, as she lingered, spurned her from his feet
With words that chilled her agony to dread,
And drove her thence in horror!

From that day
His very blood seemed charged with bitterness!
Miser and usurer both, upon the wrecks
Of others' happiness he built his own;
His name became accursèd in the land,
And with his withering soul his body grew
Scarce human in its ghastly hideousness!

The bulb enshrouds the lily; and within
The most unsightly form may folded lie
The white wings of an angel. But in him
Seemed all the sweet humanities of life
Coldly encharnelled; and no hand divine
Rolled from his breast the weary weight of sin,
To bid them go forth unto suffering man
Like gracious ministers.

And she, alas!
Whom he had madly driven forth to ruin—
Earth hath no words to tell how dark the change

That clothed her fallen spirit. O'er the waste
Of want and horror that engulfed her fortunes,
She had sent forth the white dove, purity,
And it returned no more. The Roman dames
Took not her name upon their scornful lips.
Her form became a model for the artist;
And her rare face went down to future ages,
Limned on his canvass. Ye may mark it yet,
In the long galleries of the Vatican,
Varied, but still the same. Now robed in pride,
As monarchs in their garbs of Tyrian purple,
Now, with a Magdalen's blue mantle, drawn
Over the bending forehead. As the marble
Sleeps in unsullied whiteness on the tomb,
Taking no taint from the foul thing it covers,
Her beauty bore no blight from guilt, but lived
A monument that made her name immortal.

Night had uprisen, clothed with storms and gloom;
No taper lit the solitary hall,
And to and fro, with feeble steps, its lord
Paced through the darkness. Midnight came, and then
Pausing beside the groaning door, that weighed
Its rusty hinge, Count Julio, crouching, peered
Into the gloom without; for stealthy feet,
Whose echo struck upon his wary ear,
Had crossed the lower halls; and slowly now,
Trod the great staircase.

'T was no robber's step;
Faint, slow and halting, ever and anon,

As though in weariness. His sharpened sense
Caught, 'mid the fitful pauses of the wind,
The headlong dashing of the driven rain,
A sound of painful breathing, nay, of sobs—
Bursting, and then as suddenly suppressed.

Shuddering he stood; and as the storm's red bolt
Leapt through the windows—lightening, as it passed,
A dusky shape, that cowered at the flash—
He shrank within the chamber, and once more
Listened in silence.

Nearer came the sound;
A tall form crossed the threshold, and threw back
What seemed a heavy mantle. Then again,
Glanced the pale lightning, and Count Julio knew,
By the long hair that swept her garment's hem,
Bianca.

They, who through that night of fear,
Kept watch with storm and terror till the dawn,
Bore its dark memories even to the tomb—
For shrieks and cries seemed mingled with the wind
And voices, as of warring fiends, prevailed
O'er its low mutterings. Morn awoke at last;
And with its earliest gleam, Count Julio crept
Out through his palace gardens. Swollen drops
Hung from the curved roofs of the porticoes;
His footsteps dashed them from the earth-bowed leaves,
And from the tangles of the matted grass—
But over-head, the day broke gloriously.

Where once a fountain to the sunlight leapt,
A marble naiad, by its weedy bed,
Stood on her pedestal. With hand outstretched,
She grasped a hollowed shell, now brimming o'er;
While a green vine that round her arm had crept,
Rose serpent-like, and in the chalice dipped
Its curling tendrils. Thither turned his eye,
Just as the red up-rising of the morn
Flushed the pale statue, and crept brightening down,
Even to its very base. Mantled and prone,—
A heap that scarcely seemed a human form
Crouched in the shadow, and with tottering feet
The old man hurried onward. Motionless,
It stirred not at his footsteps—nearer still—
He marked a white face, upward turned, clenched hands
Locked in the hair that swept its ghastly brow.
Shading his weak eyes from the blinding sun,
Cowering in trembling horror to the earth—
Still on he crept; then bending softly down,
Spake in a smothered voice:—"Hist! hist! Bianca?"

Oh, mockery! The ear that he had filled
With curses, woke not to the tones of love.
The breast that he had spurned from him, heaved not
At his wild anguish. Death had done its work;
The tempest had been merciless as the parent
Who drove her forth to meet it; and the flash
Of its red eye more withering than his scorn.
Shunned both in penitence and guilt—forsaken
By those who only prized her for the beauty

Time, and perchance remorse, had touched with blight—
Drenched with the rain—all breathless with the storm—
Homeless and hopeless, she had crept to him
Once more a suppliant; and, spurned rudely forth,
Here had lain down despairing, and so perished.

A POET'S LOVE.

The stag leaps free in the forest's heart,
But thy step is lighter, my love, my bride!
Light as the quick-footed breezes that part
The plumy ferns on the mountain side.
Swift as the zephyrs that come and pass
O'er the waveless lake and the billowy grass;
I hear thy voice where the white spray gleams,
In the one-toned bells of the rippled streams,
In the shivering boughs of the aspen tree,
In the wind that stirreth the silvery pine,
In the shell that moans of the distant sea—
Never was voice so sweet as thine!
Never a sound through the even dim
Came half so soft as thy vesper hymn.

I have followed fast from the lark's low nest
Thy breezy step to the mountain crest;
The livelong day I have wandered on,
Till the stars were up, the twilight gone;

Ever unwearied where thou hast roved,
Fairest, and purest, and best beloved!
I have felt thy kiss in the leafy aisle,
And thy breath astir in my waving hair,
I have met the light of thy haunting smile,
In the deep, still woods, and the sunny air,
For thou lookest down from the bending skies,
And the earth is glad with thy laughing eyes.

When my heart is sad and my pulse beats low,
Whose touch so light on my burning brow?
Who cometh in dreams to my midnight sleep?
Who bendeth over my noonday rest?
Who singeth me songs in the forest deep,
Laying my head to her gentle breast?
When life grows dim to my weary eye,
When joy departeth and sorrow is nigh,
Who, 'neath the track of the stars, save thee,
Speaketh or singeth of hope to me?

There comes a time when the morn shall rise,
Yet charm no smile to thy filmèd eyes;
There comes a time when thou liest low,
With the roses dead on thy frozen brow,
With a pall hung over thy trancèd rest,
And the pulse asleep in thy silent breast.
There shall come a dirge through the valleys drear,
And a white-robed priest to thine icy bier;
His lip is cold, but his dim eyes weep,
And he maketh thy grave where the snow falls deep.

Woe is me when I watch and pray
For the lightest tread of thy coming foot,
For the softest note of thy summer lay,
For the faintest chord of thy vine-strung lute!
Woe is me when the storms sweep by,
And the mocking winds are my sole reply!

SUMMER.

The early Spring hath gone; I see her stand
Afar off, on the hills—white clouds, like doves,
Yoked by the south wind to her opal car,
And at her feet a lion and a lamb
Couched side by side. Irresolute Spring hath gone!
And Summer comes, like Psyche, zephyr-borne
To her sweet land of pleasures.
She is here!
Amid the distant vales she tarried long;
But she hath come; oh, joy! for I have heard
Her many-chorded harp the livelong day
Sounding from plains and meadows, where of late
Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
The wild north wind, careering like a steed
Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
Into the forest, and its poisèd leaves
Are platformed for the zephyr's dancing feet.
Under its green pavilions she hath reared
Most beautiful things. The Spring's pale orphans lie

Sheltered upon her breast; the bird's loved song
At morn, outsoars his pinion, and when waves
Put on Night's silver harness, the still air
Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized
Earth with her joyful weeping; she hath blessed
All that do rest beneath the wing of Heaven,
And all that hail its smile. Her ministry
Is typical of love; she hath disdained
No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
The grape's light tendrils, and to pluck apart
The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
Unmindful the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
The trodden weed, and when her lowlier children
Faint by the wayside, like worn passengers,
She is a gentle mother; all night long
Bathing their pale brows with her healing dews;
The hours are spendthrifts of her wealth; the days
Are dowered with her beauty.
Priestess! queen!
Amid the ruined temples of the wood
She hath rebuilt her altars, and called back
The scattered choristers, and over aisles
Where the slant sunshine, like a curious stranger,
Glided through arches and bare chairs, hath spread
A roof magnificent. She hath awaked
Her oracle, that, dumb and paralyzed,
Slept with the torpid serpents of the lightning,
Bidding his dread voice—Nature's mightiest—
Speak mystically of all hidden things
To the attentive spirit. There is laid

No knife upon her sacrificial altar;
And from her lips there comes no pealing triumph.
But to those crystal halls, where silence sits
Enchanted, hath arisen a mingled strain
Of music, delicate as the breath of buds;
And on her shrines the virgin hours lay
Odours and exquisite dyes, like gifts that kings
Send from the spicy gardens of the East!

ELIZABETH TOWNSEND.

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

"I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him."

WHERE art thou?—THOU! Source and Support of all
That is or seen, or felt; Thyself unseen,
Unfelt, unknown,—alas! unknowable!
I look abroad among thy works—the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns,—
Life-giving earth,—and ever-moving main—
And speaking winds,—and ask if these are Thee!
The stars that twinkle on the eternal hills,
The restless tide's out-going and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
Though hailed as gods of old, and only less—
Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not Thee!
I ask Thee from the past; if in the years
Since first intelligence could search its source,
Or in some former unremembered being,
(If such, perchance, were mine) did they behold Thee?
And next interrogate futurity—
So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er experience owned—but both are mute;
And past and future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies,

Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued I turn
From all vain parley with the elements;
And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward
From each material thing its anxious quest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe himself—Spirit to spirit!
O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilioned still in darkness wilt thou hide thee?
What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
Nor human eye may look on thine and live?
Welcome the penalty! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light like this
Who would not dare to die?
Peace, my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
Await His will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude to gaze
On Him — the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.
Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the veil, no longer separating
The Holiest of all—as erst, disclosing
A brighter dispensation; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
E'en to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from Heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart!

E. C. Kinney.

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.

Mrs. Kinney is a native of New York, and the daughter of David L. Dodge, Esq., who was for many years an eminent merchant of that city. In 1840 she was married to Mr. William B. Kinney, a gentleman of the highest intellectual acquirements, and widely known as the able Editor of "The Newark Daily Advertiser." Mrs. Kinney's poems, until within a year, have chiefly appeared in the "Knickerbocker," since when she has contributed to "Graham's Magazine."

SONNET.

Th' Autumnal glories all have passed away!
The forest leaves no more in hectic red
Give glowing tokens of their brief decay,
But scattered lie, or rustle to the tread
Like whispered warnings from the mouldering dead;
The naked trees stretch out their arms all day,
And each bald hill-top lifts its reverend head
As if for some new covering to pray.
Come, Winter, then, and spread thy robe of white
Above the desolation of this scene;
And when the sun with gems shall make it bright,
Or, when its snowy folds by midnight's queen
Are silvered o'er with a serener light,
We 'll cease to sigh for Summer's living green.

TO THE EAGLE.

Imperial bird! that soarest to the sky—
Cleaving through clouds and storms thine upward way—
Or, fixing steadfastly that dauntless eye,
Dost face the great, effulgent god of day!
Proud monarch of the feathery tribes of air!
My soul exulting marks thy bold career,
Up, through the azure fields, to regions fair,
Where, bathed in light, thy pinions disappear.

Thou, with the gods, upon Olympus dwelt,
The emblem and the favourite bird of Jove—
And godlike power in thy broad wings hast felt
Since first they spread o'er land and sea to rove;
From Ida's top the Thunderer's piercing sight
Flashed on the hosts which Ilium did defy;
So, from thy eyrie on the beetling height
Shoot down the lightning glances of thine eye!

From his Olympian throne Jove stooped to earth
For ends inglorious in the God of gods!
Leaving the beauty of celestial birth,
To rob Humanity's less fair abodes:
Oh, passion more rapacious than divine,
That stole the peace of innocence away!
So, when descend those tireless wings of thine,
They stoop to make defencelessness their prey.

Lo! where thou comest from the realms afar!
Thy strong wings whir like some huge bellows' breath—
Swift falls thy fiery eyeball, like a star,
And dark thy shadow as the pall of death!
But thou hast marked a tall and reverend tree,
And now thy talons clinch yon leafless limb;
Before thee stretch the sandy shore and sea,
And sails, like ghosts, move in the distance dim.

Fair is the scene! Yet thy voracious eye
Drinks not its beauty; but with bloody glare
Watches the wild-fowl idly floating by,
Or snow-white sea-gull winnowing the air:
Oh, pitiless is thine unerring beak!
Quick, as the wings of thought, thy pinions fall—
Then bear their victim to the mountain-peak
Where clamorous eaglets flutter at thy call.

Seaward again thou turn'st to chase the storm,
Where winds and waters furiously roar!
Above the doomed ship thy boding form
Is coming, Fate's dark shadow cast before!
The billows that engulf man's sturdy frame
As sport to thy careering pinions seem;
And though to silence sinks the sailor's name,
His end is told in thy relentless scream!

Where the great cataract sends up to Heaven
Its sprayey incense in perpetual cloud,

Thy wings in twain the sacred bow have riven,
And onward sailed irreverently proud!
Unflinching bird! No frigid clime congeals
The fervid blood that riots in thy veins;
No torrid sun thine upborne nature feels—
The North, the South, alike are thy domains.

Emblem of all that can endure, or dare,
Art thou, bold eagle, in thy hardihood!
Emblem of Freedom, when thou cleav'st the air—
Emblem of Tyranny, when bathed in blood!
Thou wert the genius of Rome's sanguine wars—
Heroes have fought and freely bled for thee;
And here, above our glorious "stripes and stars,"
We hail thy signal wings of LIBERTY!

The poet sees in thee a type sublime
Of his far-reaching, high-aspiring Art!
His fancy seeks with thee each starry clime,
And thou art on the signet of his heart.
Be *still* the symbol of a spirit free,
Imperial bird! to unborn ages given—
And to my soul, that it may soar like thee,
Steadfastly looking in the eye of HEAVEN.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Eternal Fame! thy great rewards,
Throughout all time, shall be
The right of those old master-bards
Of Greece and Italy.
And of fair Albion's favoured isle,
Where Poesy's celestial smile
Hath shone for ages, gilding bright
Her rocky cliffs and ancient towers,
And cheering this new world of ours
With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod
By that immortal race—
Who walked with Nature, as with God,
And saw her face to face—
No living truth by them unsung—
No thought that hath not found a tongue
In some strong lyre of olden time;
Must every tuneful lute be still
That may not give a world the thrill
Of their great harp sublime?

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice
In Music's simplest tone,
And hear in Nature's every voice
An echo to their own!
Not till these scorn the little rill
That runs rejoicing from the hill,

Or the soft, melancholy glide
Of some deep stream, through glen and glade,
Because 't is not the thunder made
By ocean's heaving tide!

The hallowed lilies of the field
In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
Their fragrance to the shade;
Nor do the wayside flowers conceal
Those modest charms that sometimes steal
Upon the weary traveller's eyes
Like angels, spreading for his feet
A carpet, filled with odours sweet,
And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent Soul of Song—
That all with flowers adorns—
Strew life's uneven path along,
And hide its thousand thorns:
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,
That treads a noiseless way apart,
Has blessed the humble poet's name,
For fellowship, refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,
That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the waterfall
To one by deserts bound—
Making the air all musical
With cool, inviting sound—

Is oft some unpretending strain
Of rural song, to him whose brain
Is fevered in the sordid strife
That Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,
While moving on, in caravan,
Across the sands of Life.

Yet, not for these alone he sings;
The poet's breast is stirred
As by the spirit that takes wings
And carols in the bird!
He thinks not of a future name,
Nor whence his inspiration came,
Nor whither goes his warbled song;
As Joy itself delights in joy—
His soul finds life in its employ,
And grows by utterance strong.

SONNET:

A WINTER NIGHT.

How calm, how solemn, how sublime the scene!
The Moon in full-orbed glory sails above,
And stars in myriads around her move;
Each looking down with watchful eye serene
On earth, which in a snowy shroud arrayed,
And still, as in a dreamless sleep 't were laid,
Saddens the spirit with its deathlike mien:—

Yet doth it charm the eye—its gaze still hold;
Just as the face of one we loved, when cold,
And pale, and lovely e'en in death 't is seen,
Will fix the mourner's eye, though trembling fears
Fill all his soul, and frequent fall his tears.
O, I could watch till morn should change the sight,
This cold, and fair, and mournful Winter Night.

SONNET,

TO A VIOLET FOUND IN DECEMBER.

Ill-fated Violet! opening thy blue eye
In Winter's face, who treacherous smiles, to see
So fair a child, of parent such as He!
And didst thou think in his chill lap to lie—
Wrapt in the fallen mantle of the tree—
Secure as if Spring's bosom cherished thee?
Ah, little flower! thy doom must be to die
By thine own sire, like Saturn's progeny.
In vain do human gentleness and love,
And breathing beauty hope to melt the soul
Through which a holy influence never stole;
Though softening love the lion's heart may move,
It cannot make cold self itself forget;
Nor canst thou Winter change, sweet Violet.

ALICE CAREY.

Misses Alice and Phœbe Carey are sisters, and were born in the vicinity of Cincinnati, where they still reside. Few persons have written under circumstances which at first sight appear so disadvantageous, having neither education nor literary friends. But surely in the wild hills and vales of their native West they have found

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

HARVEST TIME.

God's blessing on the reapers! all day long
A quiet sense of peace my spirit fills,
As whistled fragments of untutored song
Blend with the rush of sickles on the hills:
And the blue wild-flowers and green briar-leaves
Are brightly tangled with the yellow sheaves.

Where straight and even the new furrows lie,
The cornstalks in their rising beauty stand;
Heaven's loving smile upon man's industry
Makes beautiful with plenty the wide land.
The barns, pressed out with the sweet hay, I see,
And feel how more than good God is to me!

In the cool thicket the red-robin sings,
And merrily before the mower's scythe
Chirps the green grasshopper, while slowly swings,
In the scarce swaying air, the willow lithe;
And clouds sail softly through the upper calms,
White as the fleeces of the unshorn lambs.

Outstretched beneath the venerable trees,
Conning his long hard task, the schoolboy lies,
And, like a fickle wooer, the light breeze
Kisses his brow; then, scarcely sighing, flies;
And all about him pinks and lilies stand,
Painting with beauty the wide pasture-land.

O, there are moments when we half forget
The rough, harsh grating of the file of Time;
And I believe that angels come down yet
And walk with us, as in the Eden clime;
Binding the heart, away from woe and strife,
With leaves of healing from the Tree of Life.

And they are most unworthy, who behold
The bountiful provisions of God's care,
When reapers sing among the harvest gold,
And the mown meadow scents the quiet air;
And yet, who never say, with all the heart,
How good, my Father, O how good thou art!

PALESTINE.

Bright inspiration: shadowing my heart,
Like a sweet dream of beauty—could I see
Tabor and Carmel ere I hence depart,
And tread the quiet vales of Galilee,
And look from Hermon, with its dew and flowers,
Upon the broken walls and mossy towers,
O'er which the Son of Man in sadness wept,
The loveliest promise of my life were kept.

Alas, the beautiful cities, crowned with flowers,
And robed with royalty! no more in thee,
Fretted with golden pinnacles and towers,
They sit in haughty beauty by the sea!
Shadows of rocks, precipitate and dark,
Rest still and heavy where they found a grave;
There glides no more the humble fisher's bark,
And the wild heron drinks not of the wave.

But still the silvery willows fringe the rills,
Judea's shepherd watches still his fold,
And round about Jerusalem, the hills
Stand in their solemn grandeur as of old.
And Sharon's roses still as sweetly bloom,
As when the Apostles, in the days gone by,
Rolled back the shadows from the dreary tomb,
And brought to light, life's immortality.

The East has lain down many a beauteous bride,
In the dim silence of the sepulchre,
Where names are shrined in story, but beside
There lives no sign to tell they ever were;
The imperial fortresses of old renown—
Rome, Carthage, Thebes—alas, where are they now!
In the dim distance lost and crumbled down,
The glory that was of them, from her brow,
Took of the wreath in centuries gone by,
And walked the path of shadows silently.

But, Palestine, what hopes are born of thee!
I cannot paint their beauty, hopes that rise,
Linking this perishing mortality
To the bright, deathless glories of the skies!
There the sweet Babe of Bethlehem was born,
Love's mission finished there in Calvary's gloom;
There blazed the glories of the rising morn,
And Death lay gasping there at Jesus' tomb!

PHŒBE CAREY.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

What were Thy teachings? thou who hadst not where
In all this weary earth to lay thy head;
Thou who wert made the sins of men to bear,
And break with publicans thy daily bread!
Turning from Nazareth, the despised, aside,
And dwelling in the cities by the sea,
What were thy words, to those who sat and dried
Their nets upon the rocks of Galilee?

Didst thou not teach thy followers here below,
Patience, long-suffering, charity, and love;
To be forgiving, and to anger slow,
And perfect, like our blessed God above?
And who were they, the called and chosen then,
Through all the world, teaching thy truth, to go?
Were they the Rulers, and the chiefest men,
The teachers in the synagogue? Not so!
Makers of tents, and fishers by the sea,
These only left their all to follow Thee.

And even of the twelve whom thou didst name
Apostles of thy holy word to be,

One was a Devil; and the one who came
With loudest boasts of faith and constancy,
He was the first thy warning who forgot,
And said, with curses, that he knew Thee not!
Yet were there some who in thy sorrows were
To thee even as a brother and a friend,
And women, seeking out the sepulchre,
Were true and faithful even to the end:
And some there were who kept the living faith
Through persecution even unto death.

But, Saviour, since that dark and awful day
When the dread Temple's vail was rent in twain,
And while the noontide brightness fled away,
The gaping earth gave up her dead again;
Tracing the many generations down,
Who have professed to love thy holy ways,
Through the long centuries of the world's renown,
And through the terrors of her darker days;
Where are thy followers, and what deeds of love
Their deep devotion to thy precepts prove?

Turn to the time when o'er the green hills came
Peter, the hermit, from the cloister's gloom,
Telling his followers in the Saviour's name
To arm and battle for the sacred tomb;
Not with the Christian armour, perfect faith,
And love which purifies the soul from dross,
But holding in one hand the sword of death,
And in the other lifting up the cross,

He roused the sleeping nations up to feel
All the blind ardour of unholy zeal!

With the bright banner of the cross unfurled,
And chanting sacred hymns, they marched, and yet
They made a Pandemonium of the world,
More dark than that where fallen angels met:
The singing of their bugles could not drown
The bitter curses of the hunted down!
Richard, the lion-hearted, brave in war,
Tancred, and Godfrey, of the fearless band,
Though earthly fame had spread their names afar,
What were they but the scourges of the land?
And worse than these, were men whose touch would be
Pollution, vowed to lives of sanctity!

And in thy name did men in other days
Construct the Inquisition's gloomy cell,
And kindle persecution to a blaze,
Likest of all things to the fires of hell!
Ridley and Latimer, I hear their song
In calling up each martyr's glorious name,
And Cranmer, with the praises on his tongue
When his red hand dropped down amid the flame!
Merciful God! and have these things been done,
And in the name of thy most holy Son?

Turning from other lands grown old in crime,
To this, where freedom's root is deeply set,

Surely no stain upon its folds sublime
Dims the escutcheon of our glory yet!

Hush! came there not a sound upon the air
Like captives moaning from their native shore—
Woman's deep wail of passionate despair
For home and kindred seen on earth no more!
Yes, standing in the market-place I see
Our weaker brethren coldly bought and sold,
To be in hopeless, dull captivity,
Driven forth to toil like cattle from the fold:
And hark! the lash, and the despairing cry
Of the strong man in perilous agony!

And near me I can hear the heavy sound
Of the dull hammer borne upon the air:
Is a new city rising from the ground?
What hath the artisan constructed there?
'Tis not a palace, nor an humble shed;
'Tis not a holy temple reared by hands—
No!—lifting up its dark and bloody head
Right in the face of Heaven, the scaffold stands!
And men, regardless of "Thou shalt not kill,"
That plainest lesson in the Book of Light,
Even from the very altars tell us still,
That, evil sanctioned by the law is right!
And preach, in tones of eloquence sublime,
To teach mankind that murder is not crime!

And is there nothing to redeem mankind?—
No heart that keeps the love of God within?
Is the whole world degraded, weak, and blind,
And darkened by the leprous scales of sin?
No, we will hope that some, in meekness sweet,
Still sit, with trusting Mary, at thy feet.

For there are men of God, who faithful stand
On the far ramparts of our Zion's wall,
Planting the cross of Jesus in some land
That never listened to salvation's call.
And there are some, led by philanthropy,
Men of the feeling heart and daring mind,
Who fain would set the hopeless free,
And raise the weak and fallen of mankind.
And there are many in life's humblest way,
Who tread like angels on a path of light,
Who warn the sinful when they go astray,
And point the erring to the way of right;
And the meek beauty of such lives will teach
More than the eloquence of man can preach.

And, blessed Saviour! by thy life of trial,
And by thy death, to free the world from sin,
And by the hope, that man, though weak and vile,
Hath something of divinity within;
Still will we trust, though sin and crime be met,
To see thy holy precepts triumph yet!

SARAH L. P. SMITH.

Mrs. Smith, whose maiden name was Hickman, was a native of Detroit. She was the wife of the late Mr. Samuel Jenks Smith, of Providence. Her poems were published in a volume, in 1830. She died in 1832.

WHITE ROSES.

They were gathered for a bridal!
I knew it by their hue;
Fair as the summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.
From their fair and fairy sisters
They were borne without a sigh,
For one remembered evening
To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal!
And fastened in a wreath;
But purer were the roses
Than the heart that lay beneath;
Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer looked and asked not
For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal!
Where a thousand torches glistened,
When the holy words were spoken,
And the false and faithless listened
And answered to the vow
Which another heart had taken;
Yet he was present then—
The once loved, the forsaken.

They were gathered for a bridal!
And now, now they are dying,
And young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing.
Their summer life was stainless,
And not like hers who wore them;
They are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them!

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

Through Warsaw there is weeping,
And a voice of sorrow now,
For the hero who is sleeping,
With death upon his brow;
The trumpet-tone will waken
No more his martial tread,
Nor the battle-ground be shaken
When his banner is outspread!

Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our solemn strain
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain!

There's a voice of grief in Warsaw,
The mourning of the brave
O'er the chieftain who is gathered
Unto his honoured grave;
Who now will face the foeman?
Who break the tyrant's chain?
Their bravest one lies fallen,
And sleeping with the slain.
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our dirge be said
Slowly o'er the sainted dead!

There's a voice of woman weeping,
In Warsaw heard to-night,
And eyes close not in sleeping,
That late with joy were bright;
No festal torch is lighted,
No notes of music swell;
Their country's hope was blighted
When that son of freedom fell!

Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our hymn arise
Sadly to the midnight skies!

And a voice of love undying,
From the tomb of other years,
Like the west wind's summer sighing,
It blends with manhood's tears;
It whispers not of glory,
Nor fame's unfading youth,
But lingers o'er a story
Of young affection's truth.
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our solemn strain
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain!

MARY E. BROOKS.

Under the signature of "Norna," this lady first contributed to the New York periodicals. In 1829 appeared her largest work, entitled "The Rivals of Este."

"WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD."

Oh, weep not for the dead!
Rather, oh rather give the tear
To those who darkly linger here,
When all besides are fled;
Weep for the spirit withering,
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing,
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on,
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Oh, weep not for the dead!
No more for them the blighting chill,
The thousand shades of earthly ill,
The thousand thorns we tread;
Weep for the life-charm early flown,
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone;

Weep for the death-pangs of the heart
Ere being from the bosom part;
But never be a tear-drop given
To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

MARGARET JUNKIN.

The subject of this notice is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. George Junkin, President of Lafayette College. She resides at Easton, Pennsylvania.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

Earth is the home of sorrow! life,
  Though joyful it appears,
Is given, continued, and sustained,
  And borne away in tears.
The sentient throngs of earth and air
  Join Nature's voice to keep
Existence festive,—man alone
  Is privileged to weep.

Sweet as the "music of the spheres"
  Creation's hymn should be,
Yet evermore the human voice
  Is wailing mournfully;
And 'mid the still majestic strain
  Of praise and pæan high,
Are mingled death's despairing shriek,
  And hopeless misery's cry.

The earliest beams of every morn
Fall on some mourner's head,
And flit in mockery across
The dying and the dead;
The light of every parting sun
Finds sorrowful repose
On new-made graves, whose turf was still
Unbroken when he rose.

The trembling stars look nightly down
On brows that, 'mid the glare
Of day, when all were smiling round,
Seemed glad as any there:
But in the darkened solitude
The mask aside is thrown,
And the crushed spirit spreads its woe
Before its God alone.

And yet it *is* not ceaseless wail
That earthly voices raise;
For some have learned the symphony,
And joined the song of praise.
Ah, tear-dimmed eyes must long have closed,
Had not a hand of love
Upheld the faltering step, and turned
The wandering gaze above!

Then with divinely lighted eye,
They read their sufferings o'er,

And find a meaning in their grief
They failed to find before:
A beauty touches all the past,
And from the future fled
Is every fear,—and stars of hope
Are shining overhead.

Who then can call this glorious world,
With such a radiance, dim
And desolate, since on its sky
Is stamped the seal of Him,
Who, in His rich magnificence,
Has lavished all abroad
A splendour that could only spring
Beneath the hand of God!

No, Earth has something more than gloom,
And pain, and sickening fear,
For holy Peace has often come,
And made its dwelling here;
Nor ever will it quite depart,
Until our closing eyes
Are turned from Earth, to find in Heaven
A fadeless Paradise!

THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."
BRYANT'S *Death of the Flowers.*

THE loveliest, brightest days are come, the gayest of the year,
The blue-bird heralds their approach with music soft and clear;
The South wind kisses the fair cheek of the young blushing Spring,
And in her ear his welcome kind he now is whispering.

Sweet Spring! with eager joyfulness I hail thee once again,
And bid adieu with lightened heart, to Winter's sombre reign;
I gladly catch his parting breath, and mark his closing eye,—
Impatient for a gentler air, and for a softer sky.

Thou comest with thy gifts to deck this Eden-home of ours,
The streams leap free at thy approach, the earth grows bright with flowers;
They creep along the water's side, and make their toilette there,
And don the green robes gracefully which Nature gives to wear.

The columbine is swinging its little crimson bell,
And moss-cups meet for fairy's lip, are springing in the dell

'Mid lilies delicately white, and there are sunny spots
Along the river bank, all bright with wild forget-me-nots.

The sweet-voiced rivulets, the birds, the many-fingered breeze,
Harping upon a thousand strings among the leafy trees,
Wake such heart-thrilling music in Nature's glorious fane,
As never yet from fretted roof was echoed back again.

How beautiful a home—how fair a dwelling-place is earth,
When Spring puts on her garniture, and gives her blossoms birth;
Even when she weeps, as oft she will, though surely not for grief,
Her tears are turned to diamond drops, on every shining leaf!

Who could be sad when ever on, is ringing in his ear
The laugh of merry-hearted Spring, the favourite of the Year?
When she will lead him gently forth, even in his heaviest hours,
And sweetly teach him happiness, from her bright books, *the Flowers!*

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

Mrs. Dinnies is a native of Charleston, South Carolina. Her father, Judge Shackleford, early fostered a taste for pure and classical literature in the mind of his daughter, who in girlhood evinced uncommon poetic talent. After a somewhat romantic, but most happy marriage, she first gave her poems to the public under the signature of "Moina," all breathing a true womanly domestic spirit. In 1846, she published a volume of poems under the title of "The Floral Year." Mrs. Dinnies is now a resident of St. Louis.

COME, ROUSE THEE, DEAREST.

Come, rouse thee, dearest! 'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood!
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser grief, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks Hope would else reveal!

Come, rouse thee now! I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind,—
Strange, thou should'st be thus shaken!

But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Shake from thy soul this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe!

Full well I know the generous soul
  Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control
  Familiar to thy wife—
For deem'st thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
Its shrine—than sunk her so to shame.

Then, rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
  That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom! Hope sheds a beam
  To gild each cloud that lowers—
And though, at present, seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With steady ray would light thee on
Until its utmost bound be won,—
That quenchless ray thou 'lt ever prove,
In fond, undying, wedded love!

THE GIFTED GIRL.*

They say I am a gifted creature—Fame
High in her temple hath enrolled my name,
And Beauty on my young, sad brow, hath set
Her rainbow-tinctured, radiant coronet!
And these have won for me—I know it well—
Envy and burning hatred often—where
I never injured; and my soul's proud spell
Of Genius—reaps, alas! too oft but care.
And yet, sweet, gentle one! Thou modest Girl,
Who kindly gazest on each waving curl
Of floating jet, that circles round me—why
To view my high-wrought beauty dost thou sigh?

True, I have nobler gifts. The lofty spirit
Of a long line of high ones, I inherit;
And from the depths of feeling, and of thought,
Bright, bright creations has my fancy caught,
And imaged forth in all the wild, rich glow
Which painting breathes upon the spirit's dream,
While music wakes her soothing soft and low
At my light bidding—like a 'whelming stream

* "I remember, while at Florence, to have witnessed the funeral obsequies of a young girl of noble descent, long considered the most beautiful and accomplished female in the kingdom. The deep melancholy into which she fell, united to other circumstances, originated a report of her death being caused by the '*maladie du cœur*.'"—*Recollections of Italy.*

Rushing to meet my fingers' ardent touch,
She throngs the harp-strings which I love so much;
Yes! these are mine—high gifts—Yet, fair one, why
For these should thy pure bosom breathe a sigh?

Are they not all? Ah, wherefore ask the tale,
Of blessings which have made my young cheek pale?
For they have brought me in their glittering train,
Much of deep pleasure, but a world of pain.
Sweetly they soothe me in the hour of grief—
Yet 'tis a selfish joy e'en then, they throw
Over my saddened heart—delusive—brief—
And vanishing—like starlight's milder glow,—
For in my joys as in my griefs—alone—
No bosom thrills responsive to my own!
Of all the crowds this busy world contains,
None join my mirth, or suffer in my pains!

Ah, gentle Girl, thou enviest gifts like mine!
Think what a dearer, holier boon, is thine!
Thy dove-like meekness tints affection's cheek,
With purer language than the lips may speak;
Fame is my proud inheritance—thine own
Is *Love*—the noblest gift of bounteous Heaven.
O'er me, alas! it hath but vainly thrown
The spells of Genius. Think not they have given
To my heart happiness—the faithless dower
Of Beauty too, is worthless as a flower.
To win attachment each bright spell I 've tried,
Yet none have loved me since my mother died!

And this it is to be exalted—high—
And wake in thoughtless breasts the envious sigh!
I am 'a thing enskied,' and it might seem,
Men view me as the phantom of a dream,
  Or picture, such as my own pencil wrought
    In other days—They gaze—and gaze—admiring
  My beauty—even while my name hath caught
    The ear of many, for a time inspiring
Astonishment—that one so fair, so bright,
Should stand thus lonely in her spirit's might—
And—coldly then they 've turned away—nor deemed
I was not all the statue that I seemed!

Alas! few know the wretchedness which clings
Around a heart in which affection's springs
Are flowing deep, unanswered, all unsought,
And bearing back the treasures they have brought
  From hidden sources—holy, high, unseen,
    Unthought of, by the common throng—who gaze
  Upon the lone one's lofty brow serene,
    O'er which no love-requited flush e'er plays.
Oh, gentle Girl! Dost envy still these gifts?
Its pitying gaze to mine thy mild eye lifts;
What says the spirit in my look that lies?
Beloved of Earth and Heaven! be satisfied—be wise.

THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arms round him—Thou art all that this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear;
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be *alone!*

I could, *I think*, I could have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and whilst thou dwelt
On earth, not been *alone!*

But thus, to see from day to day
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy look of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be *alone!*

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As filled with heavenward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest! 'tis too much,—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone;
It must not be—we may not part—
I could not live *alone!*

FRIENDSHIP.

There are a thousand nameless ties,
Which only such as feel them know;
Of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies,
And untold fancy spells, which throw
O'er ardent minds and faithful hearts
A chain, whose charmèd links so blend,
That the light circlet but imparts
Its force, in these fond words,—*my friend!*

It is a mystic wreath, which twines
Around two souls its tendrils bright,
Whose sacred, softest touch refines
And purifies; it is a light,
Which brightest shines on Life's dull stream,
And cheers our roughest voyage here,
Adds lustre to Hope's gilded dream,
And yields a solace to Despair.

It is a compact, pure, high, holy,
Felt, not expressed, yet deeply binding;
It charms the great, consoles the lowly,
And 'midst our saddest thoughts oft winding,
Its gentle influences will dispel,
Dark shadows from the brow of Care,
And conjure up from Memory's cell
Fair images which linger there.

It is the covenant of souls,—
A heaven-inspired bond of feeling,
Which neither time nor place controls,
While even *absence*, all else stealing,
Leaves within minds of loftier mould
That radiant flame, enduring ever;
Passion and Fancy, Hope grow cold,
But heaven-born *Friendship*—never! never!

ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Eames, formerly Miss Jessup, is a native of Schodack, a small village on the banks of the Hudson. Since her marriage, she has resided near Utica, New York. Her poems have appeared from time to time in "Graham's Magazine," "The New York Tribune," and other periodicals, but no collection of her writings has yet been published.

THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.*

She bent o'er the scroll, and her slight young frame
Shook like a leaf by the tempest riven,
And the hue on her fair cheek went and came—
(As her trembling lips pronounced *his name*)—
And a helpless, hopeless look was given
To the clear blue eye that a moment lighted
With a smile of hope—now for ever blighted!
Long did the Swedish maiden stand
Holding his cruel, selfish letter,
Who had wooed and won her with lip so bland—
And who now flung back her heart and hand—
To bind his own with a golden fetter.

* The Baron De Stael (previous to his departure from Sweden) betrothed himself to his cousin, a beautiful girl; but on receiving offers from the Neckar family, which would raise his family from poverty and obscurity—he wrote her, desiring the return of his marriage promise. It was sent, blotted with the tears of the broken-hearted one; and, in seven weeks after, she was a corpse!

Again and again she read the scroll,
Till each chilling word was for ever graven
On the secret tablet of heart and soul—
Till a change o'er her mien and spirit stole,—
And utterance to her thoughts was given:—
Deep thoughts, which had strange might to waken
The grief and pride of a heart forsaken!

Peace, peace, my throbbing heart, be still! 'twas but a haunting dream,
A glory, and a mockery too, that poured its magic stream
Of radiant beauty o'er my life,—a happiness so brief
That it vanished from my yearning gaze, like Autumn's fading leaf.
A vision of such tenderness, and matchless constancy,
That I regret it ever came upon my memory!

Peace—peace! nor even pause to think how it could cross his mind,
Vain honours trafficked for and bought, and love like mine resigned!
Full and undoubting trust betrayed, at cold Ambition's call;
O cease thy moaning sighs, my heart! tears, tears—why will ye fall?
The Swedish girl should be too firm, and high of heart to stand
Between the idol of her choice and his adopted land!

Will he not wed a gifted bride, and glory in her fame?
Will not her Genius be the sun to light his honoured name?

Will not her bounty grant him wealth and power, which well might prove
How valueless, beside such gifts, is *first and unfeigned love?*
O! grief—that one so worshipped, even from childhood's years, by me,
And reverenced for his nobleness, should so degraded be!

But not for ever! years shall pass—and he will mourn the snare
That lured him from his plighted vow, a stranger's lot to share;
The golden prize, for which he now is bartering his heart,
Will prove to him a thing in which it hath neither lot nor part—
And the *truthful spirit* will be strong, when his thoughts return to dwell
Beside the lowly grave of her, who loved him long and well!

And now, upon this *Marriage Pledge* my life's last dream I pour;
All stained with tears, from dying hands his freedom thus restore.
Meanwhile I kneel and meekly pray earth's happiness for one
Who has imposed the bitterest task that woman's pride has known!
I bless him, and again I bless the idol of my youth,
And in *my* wreck of happiness—thus prove unfaltering truth!

LOVE'S LAST WORK.

"Mightier thou art, and ever wert,
O, Love—than Death!"

A soft Italian sunset its rich warm purple spread—
Blending its royal rays with hues of gold and ruby red;
A still and shining lake, beneath, mirrored each passing dye,
Which in its sun-born glory lay, bright as the bending sky.

II.

Serenely radiant and fair, that Southern sunset played
Around a Cottage Home, which stood in a green, luxuriant glade—
Filling the glossy chestnut stems with veins of tender light,
And flinging o'er the olive leaf a veil more silvery bright.

III.

But its parting glow fell loveliest, where a starry jasmine wound,
With the myrtle and rose-laurel, an open casement round;
Through which the citron-odours and lime-tree's fragrance stole,
And a nightingale made music, to charm the pensive soul.

IV.

But unheeded fell the sunlight through the rich and bowery gloom;
Unheeded strayed sweet scents and sounds through the dying Painter's room.
Upon his silken couch he lay, but his thoughts were all of her
Who had been the starlight of his dreams, his boyhood's worshipper.

V.

Long did his dark, adoring eye, rest on her lovely face,
As though to grave upon his soul each fair and faultless grace.
He spoke at last,—and low, and deep, yet melting was the tone
That thrilled the listening ear of her, who watched him there alone.

"The Spirit of my Art—
The high—the beautiful, the God-like spirit—
Visits once more my heart,
Its last, last crown of triumph to inherit!
Come hither, love, this *parting work* shall be
Worthy my skill,—and thee.

"And thou—stand as thou art—
Just lay that soft braid from thy snowy forehead,
And *I*, ere I depart,

Will paint such loveliness, as ne'er was borrowed
From Raphael's Mary,—so divinely fair,
Thou stand'st, half-drooping there!

"Yes! thou art wondrous fair—
Not the rich, radiant beauty, that I found thee—
But a loveliness more rare—
Refined and chastened, floateth soft around thee—
Thy cheek is pale, and thy pure, pure brow
Showeth the blue veins now!

"But how serenely bright
The dear work grows, beneath my quivering fingers;—
See! I have caught the light—
The spiritual light, that in thy blue eye lingers—
And given, to those curved lips, the tenderness
Born of thy love's excess.

"But how much dwells unseen,
My blessed, blessed one! O, nought can ever
Show forth what thou hast been,
Through all the changes of 'Life's fitful fever:'—
Unto my heart, thy deep, devoted love
Hath been all gifts above!

"For all thy gentle cares—
Thy patient ministry, through long hours of sickness—
For thy watchings, and thy prayers—
Thy hopeful spirit, raised to aid my weakness—
For thy youth, thy bloom made offerings unto me—
For *all*, again I bless thee!

"Now lay my weary head,—
For the *last time*, upon thy faithful bosom.
O, weep not thus, beloved!
Yet, yet a little while, my drooping blossom,
And thou shalt fill that vacant place by me—
Under yon spreading tree!

"And let *this* comfort thee,
That our *Soul's Love* is not of things that perish;
It will immortal be
And holy, as the Faith our spirits cherish.—
We shall 'o'ersweep the grave,' again to dwell
Beside each other—love—farewell!"

FLOWERS IN A SICK ROOM.

Ye are welcome to my darkened room,
O meek and lonely wildwood flowers!
Ye are welcome, as light amid the gloom
That hangs upon my weary hours.
Here, by my lowly couch of languishment and sorrow
Your station take, that I may from your presence borrow
Lessons of Hope, and lowly Trust,
That He whose touch revived *your* bloom
Hath the same power o'er *this* poor dust,
To raise it from the shadowy tomb!

Thanks for your presence! for ye bring
Back to the aching heart and eye
Bright visions of the festal Spring,
Its blossoms, birds, and azure sky.
Now, far from each green haunt and sunny nook estranged,
Fading and faint, I lie; yet in my heart unchanged
Glows the same love for you, fair flowers,
As when my unchained footsteps trod
Lightly amidst your forest bowers,
And plucked ye from the dewy sod!

And THOU, who gav'st these grateful flowers,
I bless thee for thy thought of me!
And that through long and painful hours
My vigils have been shared by thee.
I bless thee for the kindness and care which ne'er have faltered,
For the noble, loving heart that through ill remains unaltered!
A little while, companion dear,
And e'en thy watchful care shall cease;
O grieve not when the hour draws near,
But thank Heaven that it bringeth peace!

Sara J. Clarke.

SARA J. CLARKE.

(GRACE GREENWOOD.)

The birthplace of Miss Clarke is a small village in New York, though she is generally claimed as a Western poetess, having for some years past resided at New Brighton, near Pittsburg. Her poems are distinguished for an impassioned earnestness, and strength of expression. She has the English accomplishment of fine horsemanship, and handles "the ribbons" as gracefully as she does her pen. In the winter of 1847 and 1848 she assumed the editorial charge of "Godey's Lady's Paper," which she has conducted with much spirit and ability.

ARIADNE.*

Daughter of Crete—how one brief hour,
E'en in thy young love's early morn,
Sends storm and darkness o'er thy bower—
Oh doomed, oh desolate, oh lorn!
The breast which pillowed thy fair head,
Rejects its burden—and the eye
Which looked its love so earnestly,
Its last cold glance hath on thee shed;—

* The demi-god, Theseus, having won the love of Ariadne, daughter of the King of Crete, deserted her on the isle of Naxos. In Miss Bremer's "H——— Family," the blind girl is described as singing "*Ariadne à Naxos*," in which Ariadne is represented as following Theseus, climbing a high rock to watch his departing vessel, and calling upon him, in her despairing anguish.

The arms which were thy living zone,
Around thee closely, warmly thrown,
Shall others clasp—deserted one!

Yet, Ariadne, worthy thou
Of the dark fate which meets thee now,
For thou art *grovelling* in thy woe—
Arouse thee! *joy* to bid him go;
For God above, or man below,
Whose love's warm and impetuous tide
Cold interest or selfish pride
Can chill, or stay, or turn aside,
Is all too poor and mean a thing
One shade o'er woman's brow to fling
Of grief, regret, or fear—
To cloud one morning's golden light—
Disturb the sweet dreams of one night—
To cause the soft lash of her eye
To droop one moment mournfully,
Or tremble with one tear!

'Tis *thou* shouldst triumph—thou art free
From chains which bound thee for awhile—
This, this the farewell meet for thee,
Proud Princess on that lonely isle:—

"Go—to thine Athens bear thy faithless name!
Go, base betrayer of a holy trust!
Oh, I could bow me in my utter shame,
And lay my crimson forehead in the dust,

If I had ever loved thee *as thou art*,
Folding mean falsehood to my high true heart!

"But *thus* I loved thee not—before me bowed
A being glorious in majestic pride,
And breathed his love, and passionately vowed
To worship only me, his peerless bride;
And this was thou—but crowned, enrobed, entwined
With treasures borrowed from my own rich mind!

"I knew thee not a creature of my dreams,
And my rapt soul went floating into thine!
My love around thee poured such halo-beams,
Hadst thou been *true* had made thee *all* divine—
And I too seemed immortal in my bliss,
When my glad lip thrilled to thy burning kiss!

"Shrunken and shrivelled into Theseus now
Thou stand'st. Behold, the gods have blown away
The airy crown that glittered on thy brow—
The gorgeous robes which wrapped thee for a day;
Around thee scarce one fluttering fragment clings—
A poor, lean beggar in all glorious things!

"Nor will I deign to cast on thee my hate—
It were a ray to tinge with splendour still
The dull, dim twilight of thy after fate—
Thou shalt pass from me like a dream of ill—
Thy name be but a thing that crouching stole
Like a poor thief, unnoticed from my soul!

"Though thou hast dared to steal the sacred flame
From out that soul's high Heaven, she sets thee free;
Or only chains thee with thy sounding shame—
Her memory is no Caucasus for thee;
And e'en her hovering hate would o'er thee fling
Too much of glory from its shadowy wing!

"Thou think'st to leave my life a lonely night—
Ha! it is night all glorious with its stars!
Hopes yet unclouded beaming forth their light,
And free thoughts rolling in their silver cars!
And queenly pride, serene, and cold, and high,
Moves the Diana of its calm, clear sky!

"If poor and humbled thou believest me,
Mole of a demi-god, how blind art thou!
For I am rich—in scorn to pour on thee!
And gods shall bend from high Olympus' brow,
And gaze in wonder on my lofty pride,
Naxos be hallowed, I be deified!"

On the tall cliff where cold and pale
Thou watchest his receding sail,
Where thou, the daughter of a king,
Wail'st like a wind-harp's breaking string,
Bend'st like a weak and wilted flower
Before a summer evening's shower,—
There shouldst thou rear thy royal form,
Like a young oak amid the storm,

Uncrushed, unbowed, unriven!
Let thy last glance burn through the air,
And fall far down upon him there,
Like lightning-stroke from Heaven!

There shouldst thou mark o'er billowy crest
His white sail flutter and depart,
No wild fears surging at thy breast,
No vain hopes quivering round thy heart;
And this brief, burning prayer alone
Leap from thy lips to Jove's high throne:—

"Just Jove! Thy wrathful vengeance stay,
And *speed* the traitor on his way!
Make vain the Siren's silver song,
Let Nereids smile the wave along—
O'er the wild waters send his bark
Like a swift arrow to its mark!
Let whirlwinds gather at his back,
And drive him on his dastard track!
Let thy red bolts behind him burn,
And blast him, should he dare to turn!"

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,—
When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking my taste,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste;
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear—
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,
But bring me, oh, bring me *my gallant* young steed!
With his high-arched neck, and his nostril spread wide,
His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength to my spirit returneth again!
The bonds are all broken which fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind!
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown.

Now we 're off! like the winds, to the plains whence they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame.
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!
On, on, like a deer, when the hounds' early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away!
Still faster, still faster, he leaps at my cheer,
Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in my ear!

Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track,
See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back!
Now a glen, dark as midnight—what matter? we 'll down,
Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown,—
The thick branches shake, as we 're hurrying through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand
Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!
What a glorious creature! Ah, glance at him now,
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow;
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud stately play!
Hurrah! off again, dashing on, as in ire,
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!
Ho, a ditch—shall we pause? no, the bold leap we dare,
Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through the air!
Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Not the wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,—
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase—
Nor the sail, high heaving the waters o'er—
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed!

A SONG.

We must silence with words of cold reason
The eloquent voice of the heart;
For Love hath stayed out his brief season,
And spread his young wing to depart!
Though awhile round our memory he hovers,
He may smilingly offer no more
Fond words, the ambrosia of lovers,
Nor the nectar of passion outpour!

Our last tearful farewell is spoken,
Life's sweet morning vision hath flown!
Each vow, each glad promise is broken
That twined our twin beings in one!
And severed are love's golden fetters—
And sympathy's silvery chain;—
So, please sir, return me my letters,
I may wish to use them again!

MRS. J. C. NEAL.

The subject of this notice, better known by the *nom de plume* of "Alice G. Lee," is a native of Hudson, New York. In the fall of 1846 she was married to Joseph C. Neal, whose death, in a few subsequent months, his friends and the universal public were called to mourn. Mrs. Neal, on the decease of her husband, became one of the proprietors and editors of "Neal's Gazette," one of the best of the "great weeklies," to which she contributed much to sustain the high tone which characterizes that paper.

THE BRIDE'S CONFESSION.

A sudden thrill passed through my heart,
  Wild and intense—yet not of pain—
I strove to quell quick, bounding throbs,
  And scanned the sentence o'er again.
It might have been full idly penned
  By one whose thoughts from love were free,
And yet as if entranced I read
  "Thou art most beautiful to me."

Thou didst not whisper I was dear—
  There were no gleams of tenderness,
Save those my trembling heart *would* hope
  That careless sentence might express.
But while the blinding tears fell fast,
  Until the words I scarce could see,

There shone, as through a wreathing mist,
"Thou art most beautiful to me."

To thee! I cared not for all eyes
So I was beautiful in thine;
A timid star, my faint, sad beams
Upon *thy* path alone should shine.
Oh, what was praise, save from thy lips—
And love should all unheeded be
So I could hear thy blessed voice
Say—"Thou art beautiful to me."

And I *have heard* those very words—
Blushing beneath thine earnest gaze—
Though thou, perchance, hadst quite forgot
They had been said in by-gone days.
While claspèd hand, and circling arm,
Drew me still nearer unto thee—
Thy low voice breathed upon mine ear
"Thou, love, art beautiful to me."

And, dearest, though thine eyes alone
May see in me a single grace—
I care not so thou e'er canst find
A hidden sweetness in my face.
And if, as years and cares steal on,
Even that lingering light must flee,
What matter? if from thee I hear
"Thou art *still* beautiful to me!"

TOO LATE!

"I have outlived all love."—BULWER'S *Richelieu.*

Oh, weary thought! Oh, heart cast down and lone!
Oh, hapless spirit! burdened with a grief
That giveth utterance to the mournful tone
Of this low murmur, words so full—so high—
"Outlived all love."

Did God deny thee gifts by which to win
Affection from the crowd that round thee throng?
Or didst thou lose by folly—or by sin
The hope that else had made thy soul most strong
Of gaining love?

When first thy mother clasped thee in her arms,
And bade thy father watch thine infant glee—
Why did her soul thrill with such wild alarms
And bounding hopes? Was it not all for thee?
Did not she love?

Childhood mourns not for friends. It passed away,
Then *on thyself* depended future joy.
Retrace thy footsteps, did those friends betray
The trust bestowed by thee—a fair-browed boy,
Living in love?

Nay—one by one they turned—thy heart was proud,
Thy mood suspicious, and they could not brook
The coldness and reserve, that as a cloud
Veiled all thy movements, chilling every look
That asked for love.

Thy manhood's prime was glorious—it is past;
Ambition's thirst is slaked—a dreary void
Taketh the place of schemes that once so fast
Hurried thee onward, life and thought employed,
Shutting out love.

Too late—too late! Thou canst not win them back—
The friends of youth, the love of riper years.
Alone, pass onward in the narrow track
Which thou hast chosen—learn with bitter tears,
That man needs love.

'T is God's best gift—be wise and scan it not,
Thou who art strong in pride of hope and life.
The brightest gleam that gilds our darkened lot,
Lighting us onward through its fearful strife,
Oh, priceless love!

And if thy soul is steeled against mankind,
Pause—e'er thy hearth grows cold and desolate,
Cheer those who droop—the wounded spirit bind—
Win hearts, and it shall never be thy fate
To outlive love.

HANNAH JANE WOODMAN.

Miss Woodman is a native of Boston, and has been for several years a teacher in the public schools of that city.

WHEN WILT THOU LOVE ME?

Love me when the Spring is here,
With its busy bird and bee;
When the air is soft and clear,
And the heart is full of glee;
When the leaves and buds are seen
Bursting from the naked bough,
Dearest, with a faith serene,
Wilt thou love me then as now?

When the queenly June is dressed
In her robes so fair and bright;
When the earth, most richly blessed,
Sleeps in soft and golden light;
When the sweetest songs are heard
In the forest, on the hill,—
When thy soul by these is stirred,
Dearest, wilt thou love me still?

When the harvest-moon looks out
On the fields of ripened grain;
When the merry reapers shout
While they glean the burdened plain;
When, their labours o'er, they sit
Listening to the night-bird's lay,
May there o'er thy memory flit
Thoughts of one far, far away!

When the winter hunts the bird
From his leafy home and bower;
When the bee, no longer heard,
Bides the cold, ungenial hour;
When the blossoms rise no more
From the garden, field, and glen;
When our forest joys are o'er,
Dearest, wilt thou love me then?

Love for ever! 't is the spring
Whence our choicest blessings flow!
Angel harps its praises sing,
Angel hearts its secrets know.
When thy feet are turned away
From the busy haunts of men,
When thy feet in Eden stray,
Dearest, wilt thou love me then?

HARRIET WINSLOW.

Miss Winslow is a resident of Portland, Maine.

WHY THIS LONGING?

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim;
While the beautiful all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still;
Leaf and flower, and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal or woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses;
Not by works that give thee world-renown;
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown:

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

SUSAN PINDAR.

This lady was born at Pindar's Vale, a beautiful estate on the North River, adjoining Wolfert's Roost, the present abode of Washington Irving. At an early age she was left an orphan, and the subsequent death of two brothers, has left her almost alone in the world. The readers of the Knickerbocker Magazine will not fail to recognise with pleasure in this volume, the name which they have heretofore regarded as a *nom de plume*.

THE SPIRIT MOTHER.

Art thou near me, spirit mother, when in the twilight hour
A holy hush pervades my heart, with a mysterious power;
While eyes of dreamy tenderness are gazing into mine,
And stir the fountains of my soul,—sweet mother, are they thine?

Is thine the blessed influence that o'er my spirit flings
A sense of rest, as though 't were wrapped within an angel's wings;—
A deep, abiding trustfulness, that seems an earnest given
Of future happiness and peace to those who dwell in Heaven?

And ofttimes, when my footsteps stray in error's shining
track,
There comes a soft, restraining voice, that seems to call me
back:
I hear it not with outward ears, but with a power divine
Its whisper thrills my inmost heart;—sweet mother, is it
thine?

It well may be,—for know we not that beings all unseen
Are ever hovering o'er our paths, the earth and sky between?
They are with us in our daily walks, and tireless vigils keep,
To weave those happy fantasies that bless our hours of sleep.

Oh, could we feel that spirit eyes for ever on us gaze,
And mark each idle thought that threads the heart's bewil-
dering maze,
Would we not guard each careless act, all sinful feelings
quell,
Lest we should grieve those cherished ones we loved on earth
so well?

Sweet spirit mother, bless thy child, and with a holy love,
Inspire my feeble energies, and lift my soul above!
And when the long-imprisoned soul these earthly bonds have
riven,
Be thine the wing to bear it up, and waft it on to Heaven!

THE SHADED FLOWER.

From a dark cloud's breast a rain-drop fell,
In a grateful summer shower,
Through the tangled leaves of a vine-clad dell,
Till it rested at last in the opening bell
Of a shaded little flower.

Then the sun looked forth, and his gladdening beam
Soon drank the shower-dew up,
He smiled on the mountain, the valley, and stream,
But he did not kiss with his warm, bright gleam,
The drop in the blossom's cup.

"How sad is my fate!"—the floweret sighed,
'Neath the glittering weight oppressed,—
"My sisters smile in their graceful pride,
While I am condemned this load to hide
Within my trembling breast!"

Then she bowed her head on her fragile stem,
And slept through the long, still night;
But when she awoke, the prisoned gem
Shone like a glorious diadem,
As it flashed in the morning light.

The scorching sun at the noontide hour
Looked down on the blossoms gay;

They drooped, and paled, 'neath his withering power,
All save the little shaded flower,
And she quailed not before his ray.

Then to glisten afar in the rainbow's dye,
He bade the drop depart;
But the flower looked up with a trusting eye—
Though the dew no more in her breast might lie,
It had freshened the life at her heart.

And is it not thus in adversity's hour,
When the soul is with grief oppressed,
Our spirits bow 'neath Misfortune's power,
And we nurse, like the little shaded flower,
A sorrow in the breast?

And may we not hope when our grief is fled,
That a stronger faith will be given,
And the tears which our burdened hearts have shed,
Shall form when the night of gloom is sped,
A rainbow of hope in Heaven?

ELIZA L. SPROAT.

Miss Sproat has been but a short time before the public as an author. She has published nothing as yet but short lyrical pieces, which have appeared as contributions to the Annuals and Magazines. These pieces, however, indicate poetical talent of a high order. She resides in Philadelphia.

THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

The dull chill prison building,
  Oh, what a gloomy sight!
It wears in boldest morning
  The coward scowl of night.
The warm fresh light approaches,
  And shuddering turns away:
Within its shadow looming foul
  No joysome thing will stay.
Yet there 's a light within my cell,
  A lovely light its walls enclose;
My happy child—my daughter pure—
  My wild, wild rose.

The prison sounds are dreary
  To one who hears them long;

The murderer talking to himself—
The drunkard's crazy song.
My prison-door grates harshly,
It bodes the jailor's scowl;
The jailor's dog sleeps all the day,
To wake at night and howl.
Yet there is music in my cell,
And joy's own voice its walls enclose;
My heaven-bird—my gladsome girl—
My wild, wild rose.

Her mellow golden accents
O'erflow the air around,
As if the joyous sunshine
Resolved itself to sound.
She carols clear at morning,
And prattles sweet at noon;
She sings to rest the weary sun,
And ringeth up the moon.
And when in sleep she visits home,
(My daughter knows the angels well,)
She 'll fearless rouse the awful night,
Her happy dreams to tell.

Oh, some have many treasures,
But other I have none;
The dear Creator gave me
My blessings all in one.
The wealth of many jewels
Is garnered in her eyes;

The worth of many loving hearts
Within her bosom lies.
She 's more to me than daily bread,
And more to me than night's repose:
My staff, my flower, my praise, my prayer—
My wild, wild rose.

MRS. M. T. W. CHANDLER.

This lady, whose maiden name was Hieskell, is a native of Philadelphia, where she still resides.

TO MY BROTHER.

"The love where Death hath set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."—Byron.

Welcome, oh! brother, to our household meeting,
Welcome again from o'er the distant sea,
Long have we looked for thy familiar greeting,
Long have we yearned to gaze once more on thee.
Daily and nightly for thy safe returning
Have prayers ascended from our watchful hearts,
When, as before a shrine, for ever burning,
The lamp of love its holy light imparts.

How have we missed thee in our joy and sorrow!
How have we daily marked thy vacant place!
How have we fondly sighed for the fair morrow,
That should restore to us thine own dear face!
The chain of love hath lost a link without thee—
And all too slowly runs the golden sand,
Till that sweet time, when, circled round about thee,
Safe in our midst, we may behold thee stand.

Yet with our welcome mingle strains of sadness
Unheard before amidst our household mirth;
Hushed are the wonted tones of joy and gladness,
For ever quenched the light upon our hearth.
The star is hidden from our earnest gazing,
Silent the music in the troubled air,
Yet do we surely know, to Heaven upraising
Our eyes all dim with tears, that *she is there.*

The Father hath received her into glory—
The lamb hath refuge found within the fold—
And though her *life* be as an untold story,
Her *death* is writ in characters of gold.
Oh! little darling, with the tears fast raining,
And the sick heart a mother only knows—
I think of thy most patient uncomplaining,
Submissive ever, till thy sweet life's close;

Of all the wealth of thy young heart's devotion—
Of the last mortal sickness, faint unrest—
And, oh! dread thought—the little hand's last motion,
Which even in death would clasp me to thy breast!
Each censure passed in chastening correction
Upon thy childish faults, so few and light—
Each look, each hasty word, with vain reflection,
Comes pressing hard upon my heart to-night.

Once more, my solitary vigil keeping,
I watch beside thee in that silent room—

Counting thy pulse, as the hot blood runs leaping
Through those young veins, soon quiet in the tomb
Once more I mark the dimpled cheek's deep flushing,
Seen by the dim night-lamp—once more, thy cry
Of mortal pain, sends with a mighty rushing
The awful thought that *thou must surely die.*

These are most dread and fearful recollections,
Ne'er to be blotted out till life hath fled—
Yet are there holy, comforting reflections,
Which bloom like flowers around the early dead.
Oh! to believe, with meekness uncomplaining,
In the dear mercy of God's loving sway—
That our sore loss is her eternal gaining—
That darkness leadeth but to perfect day.

Ye find us not the same as when we parted,
Oh, brother mine—but weary and way-worn—
Ye find us not the same as when we started
On the dark road of life, in youth's fair morn.
Then, with a holy and a meek confiding,
And a fond trust, too lovely to endure,
We dreamed not of the evil here abiding,
For to the heart of youth all things are pure.

The world no longer wears the same gay seeming
That shone around it once in life's first years,
And we have learned to mock its idle dreamings,
And bathe its brightest hopes with bitter tears.

Oh! dreary is that first most sad awaking
From the sweet confidence of early truth,
To find hope's rosy glass, in fragments breaking,
Reflects no more the visions of our youth!

Ah! many hearts have changed since we two parted,
And many grown apart, as time hath sped—
Till we have almost deemed that the true-hearted
Abided only with the faithful dead.
And some we trusted with a fond believing,
Have turned and stung us to the bosom's core—
And life hath seemed but as a vain deceiving,
From which we turn aside—heart-sick and sore.

Oh, brother! this is but a mournful greeting,
With which to hail the wanderer's return—
My lay, responsive to my heart's sad beating,
Tells but of Death—the ashes and the urn.
Yet must we wait—God's own good time abiding—
And faithful labour at the task below,
Till His just hand, the good and ill dividing,
Shall change to future joy our present woe.

A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

Miss Woodbridge is a native of Stockton, Massachusetts. She now resides in Albany.

LIFE'S HARVEST-FIELD.

When Morning wakes the earth from sleep
With soft and kindling ray,
We rise, Life's harvest-field to reap—
'T is ripening day by day.

To reap, sometimes with joyful heart—
Anon with tearful eye
We see the Spoiler hath a part—
We reap with smile and sigh.

Full oft the tares obstruct our way;
Full oft we feel the thorn;
Our hearts grow faint—we weep, we pray—
Then hope is newly born.

Hope that at last we all shall come—
Though rough the way and long—
Back to our Father's house, our home,
And bring our sheaves with song.

LIFE'S LIGHT AND SHADE.

How strangely, in this life of ours,
  Light falls amid the darkest shade!
How soon the thorn is hid by flowers!
  How Hope, sweet spirit! comes to aid
The heart oppressed by care and pain,
  And whispers, "all shall yet be well!"
We listen to her magic strain,
  And yield the spirit to her spell.

How oft when Love is like a bird
  Whose weary wing sweeps o'er the sea,
While not an answering note is heard,
  She spies a verdant olive-tree;
And soon within that sheltering bower,
  She pours her very soul in song,
While other voices wake that hour,
  Her gentle numbers to prolong.

Thus, when this heart is sad and lone,
  As Memory wakes her dirge-like hymn,
When Hope on heavenward wing has flown,
  And earth seems wrapped in shadows dim;
O! then a word, a glance, a smile,
  A simple flower, or childhood's glee,
Will each sad thought, each care beguile,
  Till joy's bright fountain gushes free.

To-day, its waters softly stirred,
For Peace was nigh, that gentle dove!
And sweet as song of forest-bird,
Came the low voice of one I love;
And flowers, "the smile of Heaven," were mine,
They seemed to whisper "Why so sad?
Of love we are the seal and sign,
We come to make thy spirit glad."

Thus ever in the steps of grief
Are seen the precious seeds of joy,
Each "fount of Marah" hath a "leaf,"
Whose healing balm we may employ.
Then 'midst Life's fitful fleeting day,
Look up! the sky is bright above;
Kind voices cheer thee on thy way,
Faint spirit! trust the God of Love!

MRS. MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

This lady is the mother of Lucretia and Margaret M. Davidson, whom the pens of Washington Irving and Miss Sedgwick have made universally known. As the parent of these remarkable but fated children, Mrs. Davidson is regarded with sympathy, and her writings with interest.

THE LAMENT.

And thou art gone! with the autumn leaf
  Thy fragile form hath faded!
And all our warm and brilliant hopes
  In the cold dark tomb are shaded!

Fond memory to my withered soul
  Presents my fair, my blighted flower!
Mournful yet sweet her image comes
  As in that last, that dying hour,

When, clasped within my feeble arms,
  I held thee to my bursting heart,
And met thy tender, earnest gaze,
  Which said—"Dear mother! we must part!"

The chastened ray which beamed within
Thine intellectual eye,
Told that a spirit rested there
Whose light could never die!

What high and holy thoughts then gave
Thy broad white brow an angel's light,
As o'er the darkness of the grave
It beamed with inspiration bright!

Thou art an angel now, my child!
Each rich and glowing thought,
No longer bound by earthly views,
With heavenly themes is fraught!

Thy pure and lofty spirit now
With kindred angels bows—
Thy hallowed lyre, though silent here,
Celestial bands arouse.

And there, with all its vast desires,
Half formed and undefined,
Bathing in streams of endless light,
Lives thy undying mind.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

Lucretia was born in Plattsburg, New York, 1808, where at the age of seventeen she died. Soon after her death her writings were published, with a Memoir by Professor S. F. B. Morse; and a more elaborate biography has since been written by Miss C. M. Sedgwick.

A SONG.

Life is but a troubled ocean,
  Hope a meteor, Love a flower
Which blossoms in the morning beam,
  And withers with the evening hour.

Ambition is a dizzy height,
  And Glory but a lightning gleam;
Fame is a bubble, dazzling bright,
  Which fairest shines in fortune's beam.

When clouds and darkness veil the skies,
  And Sorrow's blast blows loud and chill
Friendship shall like a rainbow rise,
  And softly whisper—"Peace, be still."

ON THE BIRTH OF HER SISTER MARGARET.

Sweet babe, I cannot hope thou wilt be freed
From woes, to all, since earliest time, decreed;
But may'st thou be with resignation blessed,
To bear each evil, howsoe'er distressed.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form!
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,
To the rude whirlwinds softly whisper, "Cease!"

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile;
Teach thee to look beyond this world of woe,
To Heaven's high fount, whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of tears is safely passed—
When Death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last—
May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,
And fly to seek the bosom of thy God.

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

Margaret, at the death of her sister, was but two years of age. The event made a deep impression on her mind, and it was but a year after that she exclaimed to her mother, "Oh, I will try and fill her place—teach me to be like her!" Her young desire was more than gratified, for although she did not live to attain the age at which her sister died, she surpassed her in intelligence and literary progress. At Saratoga, in 1838, she died of a decline, in her sixteenth year. A volume of her Remains appeared soon after, edited by Mr. Irving.

TO MY SOLDIER BROTHER IN THE FAR WEST.

'T is an autumn eve, and the tints of day
From the west are slowly stealing,
And clouds round the couch of the setting sun
Are gently and silently wheeling.
'T is the scene and the hour for the soul to bathe
In its own deep springs of feeling,
And my thoughts from their galling bonds set free,
Have fled to the "far, far west" to thee!

And perchance, 'mid the toils of thy varied life,
Thou also art pausing awhile,
To behold how beautiful all things look
In the sunlight's passing smile;

And perchance recollections of kindred and home
Thy cares for a moment beguile;
Thy thoughts have been *mine* in their passage to thee,
And though distant, far distant, our spirits are free!

I know thou art dreaming of home,
And the dear ones sheltered there;
Of thy mother, pale with the pain of years,
And thy sire with his silvered hair;
And with *them* blend thoughts of thy boyish years,
When the world looked all so fair,
When thy cheek flushed high at the voice of praise,
And thy breast was unknown to care;
And while Memory burns her torch for thee,
I know that these thoughts and these dreams will be!

But when, in the shade of the autumn wood,
Thy wandering footsteps stray,
When yellow leaves and perishing buds
Are scattered in thy way;
When all around thee breathes of rest,
And sadness and decay—
With the drooping flower and the falling tree,
Oh! brother, blend thy thoughts of me!

ANNA MARIA WELLS.

Mrs. Wells, formerly Miss Foster, is a native of Gloucester, Massachusetts; but has resided for some years in Boston. A volume of her poems appeared in 1831.

THE FUTURE.

The flowers, the many flowers
That all along the smiling valley grew,
While the sun lay for hours,
Kissing from off their drooping lids the dew;
They, to the summer air
No longer prodigal, their sweet breath yield;
Vainly, to bind her hair,
The village maiden seeks them in the field.

The breeze, the gentle breeze
That wandered like a frolic child at play,
Loitering 'mid blossomed trees,
Trailing their stolen sweets along its way,
No more adventuresome,
Its whispered love is to the violet given;
The boisterous North has come,
And scared the sportive trifler back to Heaven.

The brook, the limpid brook
That prattled of its coolness as it went
Forth from its rocky nook,
Leaping with joy to be no longer pent,—
Its pleasant song is hushed;—
The sun no more looks down upon its play;—
Freely, where once it gushed,
The mountain torrent drives its noisy way.

The hours, the youthful hours,
When in the cool shade we were wont to lie,
Idling with fresh culled flowers,
In dreams that ne'er could know reality;—
Fond hours, but half enjoyed,
Like the sweet summer breeze they passed away,
And dear hopes were destroyed
Like buds that die before the noon of day.

Young life, young turbulent life,
If, like the stream, it take a wayward course,
'T is lost 'mid folly's strife,—
O'erwhelmed at length by passion's curbless force.
Nor deem youth's buoyant hours
For idle hopes, or useless musings given:
Who dreams away his powers,
The reckless slumberer shall not wake to Heaven.

HELEN IRVING.

LOVE AND FAME.

It had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding summer shower;
Had paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant flower;
And, while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the spray,
Close folded to a rose-bud's heart, one tiny rain-drop lay.

Throughout each fevered petal had the heaven-brought freshness gone,
They had mingled dew and fragrance till their very souls were one;
The bud its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and starry guest
Grew glowing as the life-hue of the lips it fondly pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride and fair;
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell for ever there;
While, ever bending wakefully, the bud a fond watch kept,
For fear the envious zephyrs might steal him as he slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds, in burnished armour bright,
The conquering sun came, proudly, in the glory of his might.

And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of power,
And shed the splendour of his smile, on lake, and tree, and flower.

Then, peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-drop marked on high
A many-hued triumphal arch span all the eastern sky—
He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous flight,
And stand a glorious brotherhood, to form that bow of light!

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me join them, love!
I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above;
And, as the world's admiring gaze is raised to Iris fair,
'T will deem my own dear rose-bud's tint the loveliest colour there!"

The gentle bud released her clasp—swift as a thought he flew,
And brightly 'mid that glorious band he soon was glowing, too—
All quivering with delight to feel, that she, his rose-bud bride,
Was gazing with a swelling heart, on this, his hour of pride!

But the shadowy night came down at last—the glittering bow was gone,
One little hour of triumph, was all the drop had won;
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bud-love's hue,
And he sought her sadly sorrowing—a tear-dimmed star of dew.

MARY L. LAWSON.

THE NAME DEEP CARVED ON THIS OLD TREE.

The name deep carved on this old tree
  Recalls life's early dreams once more,
Old memories that waken grief,
  And feelings that I thought were o'er:
For now my weary soul is changed,
  My brow is marked with lines of care,
Since years of hardship, strife and toil
  Have left dark shades of sorrow there.

But, as I gaze upon this name,
  The clouds that shroud the past have fled,
And round me rise the friends of youth,
  The fondly loved and faithful dead:
And one, the fairest of the band,
  With sunny locks and azure eyes,
Seems breathing me in whispered tones,
  To join her in her home, the skies.

Poor girl! how little did I think,
  When wildly weeping o'er thy bier,
That long, long years would pass away,
  And I should still be dwelling here!

For then I prayed that speedy death
Might free me from a life of pain:
The wish was impious and unjust,
And God, in wisdom, made it vain.

But when I think upon the day
I carved thy name upon this tree,
I cannot deem those cherished words
Are all that I have left to me.
Would that I ne'er had crossed thy path!
Thy days had then gone calmly by,
In tranquil happiness and joy,
Unruffled by a tear or sigh.

But fate ordained that we should meet,
And gave to me thy constant heart;
We wedded, but we were not blest,
Though love its sunshine could impart;
I saw thee pine 'mid needy care,
With scanty want our board was spread,
For mine the bitter fate of those
Who strive to barter thought for bread.

What fearful anguish moved my breast
While thou wert drooping day by day,
To mark the pallor of thy cheek,
And watch thy slow but sure decay!
Yet patient was thy gentle heart,
That ever strove my path to cheer;

That urged me on to brighter hopes,
And breathed new comfort in mine ear.

But faint and fainter grew the voice,
That anxious love could scarcely hear,
Yet didst thou hide the hollow cough,
And seem to smile when I was near;
I toiled unceasing day and night,
I would have given life for gold;
But only gained the pittance wrung
From out the heartless and the cold.

Death came at length, a welcome friend,
To set thee from thy sorrow free;
Yet didst thou bid me live to gain
The name I could not share with thee;
And I have lived in sadness on,
To see each dream of joy depart,
And feel the world can ne'er bestow
A treasure like thy tender heart.

And yet perchance, in after years,
The burning words that I have breathed
May gain a place they know not now,
And be with brighter names enwreathed;
The poet oft the laurel wins,
In time above his tomb to wave;
And, dearest, it may proudly rest
In triumph o'er thy lowly grave.

MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

"Weepest thou, pale Hindoo mother,
By the Ganges bending low?
Canst thou not thy feelings smother?—
Brightly doth the river flow,
Where thy children calmly sleep,
Buried in its waters deep;
And above, the smiling skies
Look upon thy sacrifice."

"Tell me not of bright waves flowing,
They but mock my bosom's care;
Tell me not of sunlight glowing—
All within is dark despair;
For I've heard of One whose eye
Frowns upon me from the sky.
Where can help be found for me—
Christian! whither shall I flee?"

"To the cross! behold, the Saviour
Dies to save thee, calls thee home!
Listen to these words of favour—
'Come, ye heavy-laden, come!'

Hindoo mother, weep no more!
Lo! to this benighted shore
Jesus' heralds gladly fly,
To proclaim salvation nigh."

"To your God my heart is given,
He hath heard the Hindoo's prayer;
But my babes! in that bright heaven,
Christian, shall I meet them there?"
"God's deep purpose who can know—
Faith and hope must soothe thy woe,
For upon that blissful shore
Mercy reigns for evermore."

THE AGED.

I LOVE the aged; every silver hair
On their time-honoured brows speaks to my heart
In language of the past; each furrow there
In all my best affections claims a part:
Next to our God and Scriptures' holy page,
Is deepest reverence due to virtuous age.

The aged Christian stands upon the shore
Of time, a storehouse of experience,
Filled with the treasures of rich heavenly lore:
I love to sit and hear him draw from thence

Sweet recollections of his journey past—
A journey crowned with blessings to the last.

Lovely is age, where, like a shock of corn
Full ripe and ready for the reaper's hand,
Which garners for the resurrection morn
The bodies of the just, in hope they stand;
And dead must be the heart, the bosom cold,
That warms not with affection for the old.

CORNELIA DA PONTE.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S FAREWELL.

When slumber seals those heavenly eyes,
And dreams of rapture round thee glow,
When angels watch—for angels love
To guard the pure from ills below—
Mine in that hour must keep the watch
Alone upon the midnight sea,
As winds and waves with hated speed
Bear me away from home and thee.

Yes, mine shall fix their silent gaze,
Nor shrink if danger hover near;
This hand that trembles now in thine,
Must grasp the sword without a fear;
And for the music of thy voice,
The stormy wave, with shouts of men;
For whispers soft, words stern and cold
Must be the sound that hails me then.

The hour has come, fresh blows the gale,
Our ship moves down yon tide afar;
Away, away beyond that tide
Thy image follows as a star.

Farewell to thee, farewell to all,
My native land and skies above;
O who will greet the wanderer now
With soothing words or smiles of love?

Remember me, 't is all I ask,
When others gaze, when others sigh,
When others plead with bending knee,
And drink the beauty of thine eye;
Remember then, for e'en in dreams,
Though bright they come, this heart shall weep,
My thirsting spirit vainly seek
Thy image on the lonely deep.

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Mrs. Mowatt is the daughter of the late Samuel Gouverneur Ogden, of New Jersey, and was born at Bordeaux, while her parents were on a visit to France. At the age of fifteen she was married. At seventeen she began her literary career by publishing a poetical romance, which was followed in 1841 by "Gulzara, a Tragedy." In 1842–3, she gave "elocutionary readings" in New York and Boston, which were well attended and much praised. Encouraged by the enthusiastic applause of the public she ventured upon the stage, where she has been favourably received, not only in our own country, but abroad. She is the author of "Fashion, a Comedy," which has been successfully produced at the various theatres of our principal cities.

LOVE.

Thou conqueror's conqueror, mighty Love! to thee
Their crowns, their laurels, kings and heroes yield!
Lo! at thy shrine great Antony bows the knee,
Disdains his victor wreath, and flies the field!
From woman's lips Alcides lists thy tone,
And grasps the inglorious distaff for his sword!
An eastern sceptre at thy feet is thrown,
A nation's worshipped idol owns thee lord!*

* The Emperor Jehangheer was so devotedly attached to his favourite Sultana, Noorjehan, that at her solicitation he granted her absolute power over his empire for a day.

And well fair Noorjehan his throne became,
When erst she ruled his empire in thy name!

The sorcerer, Jarchas, could to age restore
Youth's faded bloom, or childhood's vanished glee;
Magician, Love! canst thou not yet do more?
Is not the faithful *heart* kept *young* by thee?
But ne'er that traitor bosom formed to stray,
Those perjured lips which twice thy vows have breathed,
Can know the raptures of thy magic sway,
Or find the balsam in thy garland wreathed;
Fancy, or Folly, may his breast have moved,
But he who wanders, never truly *loved*.

TIME.

Nay, rail not at Time, though a Tyrant he be,
And say not he cometh, colossal in might,
Our beauty to ravish, put pleasure to flight,
And pluck away friends, e'en as leaves from the tree;
And say not Love's torch, which like Vesta's should burn,
The cold breath of Time soon to ashes will turn.

You call Time a robber? Nay, he is not so,—
While Beauty's fair temple he rudely despoils,
The mind to enrich with its plunder he toils;
And, sowed in his furrows, doth wisdom not grow?

The magnet 'mid stars points the north still to view;
So Time 'mong our friends e'er discloses the true.

Though cares then should gather, as pleasures flee by,
Though Time from thy features the charm steal away,
He 'll dim too mine eye, lest it see them decay;
And sorrows we 've shared, will knit closer love's tie:
Then I 'll laugh at old Time, and at all he can do,
For he 'll rob me in vain, if he leave me but *you!*

MY LIFE.

My life is a fairy's gay dream,
And thou art the genii, whose wand
Tints all things around with the beam,
The bloom of Titania's bright land.

A wish to my lips never sprung,
A hope in mine eyes never shone,
But, ere it was breathed by my tongue,
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys, they have ever been mine,
Thy sorrows, too often thine own;
The sun that on me still would shine,
O'er thee threw its shadows alone.

Life's garland then let us divide,
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear,
For one—but I know thou wilt chide—
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear!

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Miss Cushman, one of the most accomplished actresses of our day, is a native of Boston. She first appeared on the stage as a vocalist, but soon abandoned music for the higher walks of the drama. In 1846 she visited Europe, where she was received with applause by the critics and the public.

THERE IS NO GOD.

"There is no God"—the sceptic scoffing said;
"There is no power that sways on earth or sky;"
Remove the veil that folds the doubter's head,
That God may burst upon his opened eye!
Is there no God? Yon stars above arrayed,
If he look there, the blasphemy deny:
Whilst his own features in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God? the purling streamlet's flow,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
Bright flowers, green fields, the winds that round him blow,
All speak of God, all prove that His decrees
Have placed them where they may His being show;
Blind to thyself, behold Him, Man, in these!

THERE IS A GOD.

There is a God! The wise man's heart declares,
  There is an author to the wondrous birth
Of light and life—which Nature gaily wears,
  When music-toned her smile rests on the earth.
There is a God! The sky His presence shares,
  His hand upheaves the billows in their mirth,
Destroys the mighty, yet the humble spares,
  And with contentment crowns the thought of worth.
There is a God! To doubt it, were to fly
  Mad in the face of Reason and Design;—
To lift the vision of the mole on high,
  And, blinded by the sunlight there, repine;
This is the fool's part! To the wise man's eye,
  The light uplifts him to the Source Divine!

CHARLOTTE M. S. BARNES.

(NOW MRS. E. S. CONNER.)

THE ADDRESS OF "PEN AND INK:"

A MOTTO.

Eyes we have not, yet we see;
Tongueless, but not dumb, are we;
Artists are not, yet did draw
All that matchless Shakspeare saw.
Straying not beyond your chair,
Yet we travel voyages rare;
Spite of distance, wind or weather,
We bring absent friends together:
Pardon, happiness, or woe,
We deny,—and we bestow:
Charity we oft withhold,—
Oft give love more rich than gold:
We can satirize the vain,
Censure vice in wholesome strain:
Thoughts, that else would leave no trace,
Find, through us, a dwelling-place:
Joined, we labour ceaselessly,
But, when severed, useless we.
Mortals! friends! we toil for you,
Patient, humble, silent, true:
Long as ye can speak and think,
Love your servants, "*Pen and Ink.*"

CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

This lady is a native of Litchfield, Connecticut, and the daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D. She resides, we believe, in Cincinnati.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

Midnight lowers—strange wailing voices
Moan around—dim forms flit by—
Low complainings, mournful visions,
Drink my spirit, drown my eye.

Rising slow from murky darkness,
See yon glimmering shade appear!
Ah! I know thy mournful tokens,
Spirit of the parting year!

Tall her form, her long dark tresses
On the night-wind float along;
Wild her bearing—sad her wailing—
List, and hear her parting song:

"Earth, I leave thee! world of wonders,
Is it ever thus thy years
Enter, dressed in smiles and gladness,
Pass away in sighs and tears?

"Heaven hath crowned thee, and with blessings
Studded rich thy diadem;
Guilty man hath cast it from thee,
Dimmed the gold and soiled each gem.

"Man, immortal, heir of Heaven,
Image of his God below,
Spurns his blessings, sells his birthright,
Turns each promised joy to woe.

"Blood-eyed War mows down his victims;
Slavery weeps o'er chains that bind;
Passion shakes his iron scourges;
Vice enthrals the immortal mind.

"Care hath made her dwelling with thee;
Pain and sickness sad complain;
Pining sorrow blasts each blossom;
Death fills up the mournful train.

"See the new-born year appearing,
On the breeze her warblings swell!
Hark! the midnight bell, deep tolling,
Sounds my exit—Earth farewell!"

Swift she fled—then bright as morning,
Forth a light-winged seraph springs,
From her blue eye speaking gladness,
Hope looks forth, while thus she sings—

"Hail, fair world! how bright thy shore!
How sweet thy scenes, how rich thy store!

For thee boon Nature decks her skies,
And moons return and planets rise,
And morning smiles with dewy eye,
And evening paints the western sky.
For thee young spring, with spicy gale,
Spreads life and freshness on the vale,
And summer's richer tints are born,
And autumn fills her golden horn;
For thee the glowing landscape smiles,
With ocean's waves and emerald isles,
And mountains lift their brows of snow,
And azure lakelets sleep below,
With quiet grove and shady nook,
And dewy lawn and murmuring brook;
While breezes wave the dreamy willow,
Or glide to meet the rising billow.
Among thy shades sweet peace is seen,
And plenty laughs in hamlets green,
And commerce spreads her snowy sail,
And freedom's song floats on the gale.—
For thee fair science heaps her store,
And hoary learning spreads his lore,
While sweet affection comes to bless
With winning smile and kind caress,
And love, whose purest joys are given,
Sweet emblem of the bliss of Heaven.—
In all thy Maker's hand appears,
Who changeless wheels thy circling years,
And guides thee with eternal love,
To seek for brighter joys above!"

MARTHA DAY.

Miss Day was the eldest daughter of Jeremiah Day, LL. D., President of Yale College, and was born at New Haven. She died in 1833, in her twentieth year. A volume of her "Literary Remains," accompanied by a Memoir, was published in her native city in 1834.

THE COMET'S FLIGHT.

It happened once, that a straggling ray
From the solar system lost its way,
And it came to a Comet's den;
And it roused him up from his long, long sleep,
And he sprung from his cavern in chaos deep,
To visit the Sun again.

So long he had lain in his dungeon cold,
His joints felt exceedingly stiff and cold,
And he scarce could move a limb;
But, in spite of his sharp, rheumatic pain,
He shook his limbs, and he combed his mane,
And put himself soon in trim.

Then forth he sprung on the realm of Night;
All chaos stared at his crazy flight,
And a terrible tumult made;

And torrents of cloud, and flood, and flame,
Up from her dark abysses came,
But nothing the monster stayed.

On, on he went, as the lightning fast,
Till the realm of destruction and darkness past;
Glad was the Comet then;
For behind lay the kingdom of Night and Death,
And he saw the light, and he breathed the breath
Of the starry world again.

That lovely world, with its bounds of blue,
Lay far and wide in the Comet's view,
As he stayed his course to gaze;
And he hung like one in a joyful trance,
Watching the stars in their mystic dance
Through many a glittering maze.

By millions and millions, the orbs of light
Solemnly moved in their courses bright,
And, from far, to his ravished ears,
Seemed, like a breeze, to swell and die
A clear and awful harmony:
'T was the music of the spheres!

And gentle gales came floating there,
Gales of the soft ethereal air;
And, at their reviving breath,
Down, down he plunged, on his heedless way,
And woe to all in his path that lay,
In his fiery path of death!

By many a rolling star he flew,
With her glittering seas and her lands of blue,
But in loneliness he fared;
For, with pallid beams they shrunk away,
And hid themselves from his deadly ray,
As he wildly on them glared.

But once too near his fearful blaze,
One tiny planet came forth to gaze,
From her path of light afar;
And the Comet withered the waving trees,
And blighted the lands, and dried the seas
Of the venturous little star.

Swifter and swifter, the Comet flew,
Brighter and brighter, his radiance grew,
When the glorious Sun was near;
But the planets wished him back again,
And fast asleep in his midnight den,
For their orbs were thrilled with fear.

Saturn called loudly each frightened moon,
And they gathered, for safety, behind him soon,
And peeped through his ring of gold;
Jove drew his girdle around him tight,
And called on Mars to prepare for fight;
But the courage of Mars was cold.

Soon he came near to the beautiful Earth;
Hushed were her murmurs of joy and mirth,
When she saw that direful ray;

And the pallid Moon behind her fled,
And covered with clouds her fainting head,
And concealed in darkness lay.

Venus in splendour he could not dim;
Her eye of glory beamed on him,
And where was his savage heart?
One glance of love he backward cast,
And trimmed his beams as he onward passed,
And in sadness did depart.

Mercury fled in dismay at the sight;
The Comet laughed to behold his fright,
And erected his mane of flame.
But now his fiery course was done—
His long and trackless race was run—
For unto the Sun he came.

But should I tell you the conference dire
That was held between these orbs of fire,
Your every hair would rise!
So now I descend to earth again,
Ere the height has turned my giddy brain,
Or the glory dimmed my eyes.

ELLEN S. RAND.

Miss Rand is the daughter of Benjamin H. Rand, Esq., and a native of Philadelphia, where she resides.

A MOTHER'S MUSINGS BESIDE THE COUCH OF HER SLEEPING CHILD.

Oft when I gaze on thee, beloved, my eyes grow dim with tears,
And all thy mother's fondest hopes are banished by her fears;
I turn from what thou art to what thou wert when very young,
When oft beside thy cradle-bed soft lullabies I sung:
Thy gentle eyes still sought to fix their loving gaze on mine,
Till sleep around thy fairy form his tender arms would twine.
Thou ever wast a fragile bud, e'en from thine hour of birth,
Thy form seemed too ethereal — too spirit-like for earth.
While others joined in merry sports, with childish shouts and glee,
Thou 'dst sit to hear the oft-told tale upon thy mother's knee.
And though thou durst not wade the brook, nor join the boisterous race,
Nor with thy playmates skim the fields the butterfly to chase.
Yet every insect, flower, and bird, was precious in thine eyes;
The first sweet buds of early spring how fondly thou didst prize!

And now, when childhood's sentiments are fading with its
toys,
And melting into girlhood's dreams its rich but chastened
joys,—
While genius with its halo bright adorns thy youthful brow,
And beauty clasps its cestus round my cherished daughter,—
now
I gaze in sadness on thy soft, dark, melancholy eyes,
And feel thou 'lt soon be summoned home to dwell beyond
the skies.
Though exquisite the casket, it seems all to frail to bear
The precious jewel it contains—the soul serenely fair.
Th' unnatural brightness of thine eye, the hectic on thy
cheek,
Of blighted hopes and coming grief to me too sadly speak:
Yet will I strive to kiss the rod that deals the awful blow;
For thou wilt find a fairer home where joys immortal flow;
Where the anthem of the ransomed in unceasing praises rolls,
And the blessed Saviour shines unveiled upon his loved ones'
souls.
I should have joyed in thee to own the noble power of
mind,
A band of kindred hearts to thee in friendship's chains to
bind;—
To see thee gather love's bright flowers along thy morning
way,
And twine them in a beauteous wreath on thy fair brow to lay:
And dearer yet in thee to watch the blessed plant of grace,
That sheds sweet perfume o'er thy life, its radiance o'er thy
face,

Expanding into richer growth and beauty, year by year,
And brightening with its heavenly hues thy home's secluded sphere.
I own I should have loved to see my early hopes fulfilled,
But He, whose watchful love ne'er sleeps, another lot has willed,
And I must teach this aching heart to say farewell, ere long,
And thou wilt leave thy parent's arms to join the angel throng,
Ere earthly sorrow on thy brow hath left one withering trace,
To dim the brightness of thy smile, or blight one youthful grace.
I know thou wilt be happy, love, and blest, supremely blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;"
Therefore I nightly pray, with tears, that strength to me be given,
To bow submissive to the stroke when life's sweet ties are riven.
While thou art spared, a mother's love, the deepest earth hath known,
Shall watch to grant thy slightest wish, my beautiful, my own!
And when the last dread hour shall come, thy latest earthly rest,—
As was thy earliest,—still shall be thy fond, fond mother's breast

MARION H. RAND.

This lady, the sister of Miss Ellen S. Rand, was born in Philadelphia, and is a resident of her native city.

HOME.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Do ye miss me, dear ones, when from our loved home
So long this yearning spirit hath been parted?
And do ye look with longings like mine own
To welcome back again the weary-hearted?
Do ye miss me yet?

In the bright morning hour, when I was ever
The first to greet thee at the social board,
Thou, who though often saddened, yet didst never
Withhold thine answering smile and loving word,
My gentle Mother.

When to our daily tasks together turning,
Thou who wert ever with me, day by day,
Thy young companions and their pleasures scorning,
Lest I should be too lonely on my way,
My merry Brother.

When at the midday meal again unbroken
Our little circle met, e'en now I see
My Mother's look of chiding, yet unspoken,
When I forgot the reverence due to thee,
Our first, "our Eldest."

In the cool twilight hour, when we would gather
In playful converse, and thy toils were o'er,
Dost thou not miss me? too, my graver Brother,
Now that thy loving arm can clasp no more
Thine absent Sister?

When darker night closed in, and early seeking
My quiet couch, there peacefully to rest,
How I recall that glance so fondly speaking,
As thou wouldst draw me to thy care-worn breast,
My dear, kind Father.

And *thou*, bright cherub in thy path of flowers,
Strown by the hand of love afresh each day,
Thou hast not known the pang of lonely hours,
Thou hast not missed me on thy gladsome way,
Our household darling.

But through the long, long day, in every hour,
In all the heart can feel, the eye can see,
Hast *thou* not felt the parting's bitter power?
Hast *thou* not missed me, e'en as I miss thee,
My own sweet Sister?

CLARA MOORE.

THE WIDOW TO HER GOLD RING.

This golden circlet in the sunlight gleaming,
Recalls the scenes of childhood's happy hours;
The wildwood walks by waters ever streaming
Through shady groves and sunny fields of flowers.
The pine-crowned crag, and the rock-covered mountain,
Which to the vale a slumbrous shadow lent,
Where like a maiden danced the flashing fountain,
Making its own sweet music as it went.

All these, and more than these together blending,
Bring fresh unto my mind the sacred past,
When hope and love to me were never-ending,
And grief upon my brow no shadow cast.
My bosom then had never known such heaving,
As now with sorrow it is often stirred;
Nor had my spirit learned such woful grieving,
For my young heart was like a joyous bird.

No smile then mocked me with deceitful wreathing,
Nor had I learned distrust's cold, bitter tone,
But lovely airs from out the future breathing,
Fanned my young brow with dreams that now are flown.

O, never more in those green wood-paths roaming,
Shall my changed spirit know its early glee,
Never again by the pure fountain's foaming,
Listen so gladly to its melody.

The streamlets from those flowery meadows straying,
In wider channels sweep with darker flow;
And the old hemlocks in the wild-winds swaying
Across my heart their heavy shadows throw.
Thoughts of the world, and the world's friends deceiving,
Will ever overcloud my sunniest day;
Till with calm patience in one faith believing,
My life shall pass its chequered hours away.

And thou, dear ring, to me shalt be the token,
Not of this life, but that which is to come;
For there the round of hope still shines unbroken,
To gild the soul when it has passed the tomb.
Now be my hair with darkest cypress braided,
And of the nightshade make my bridal wreath—
Black be the veil with which my brow is shaded,
When with this ring I meet the bridegroom, Death.

MARION WARD.

I LOVE TO LOVE.

"I LOVE to *love*," said a darling pet,
Whose soul looked out through her eyes of jet,
And she nestled down like a fondled dove
And lisped, "Dear Mamma, how I love to *love!*"

"I love to *love*," said a maiden bright,
And her words gushed forth like a stream of light,
And thrilled to the heart of a suppliant there,
With a ripple, soft as angel's prayer.

"I love to *love*," said a new-made bride,
As she gazed on the loved one by her side,
And she clung to his arm in the star-lit grove,
And breathed on his lips, "How I love to *love!*"

"I love to *love*," said a mother blest,
As her first-born lay like a rose on her breast,
And she thought as she smoothed down its silken hair,
That nothing on earth *could* be half so fair.

And thus, as we sail o'er the ocean of life,
Love pours out the oil on the desert of strife,
And swiftly our bark nears the haven above,
While we 've something to hope for, and *something to love*

MARY G. WELLS.

IMPLORA PACE:

SOLE EPITAPH UPON THE TOMB OF AN ITALIAN PRINCESS.

We mark thy fervent prayer with saddened heart,
Thou mourning princess of the olden years;
Thy rank, thy riches, could no joy impart,
Peace thou didst ask with floods of burning tears:
What were the empty honours of a throne
To one whose bosom sighed for rest alone!

Thy history 's shrouded in the misty past:
What was thy wrong, thy weight of secret woe!
What dark and threatening clouds thy skies o'ercast!
What rankling care was thine, we may not know—
This we but see—so bitter was thy grief,
That only in the grave it sought relief.

Haply thou wert as morning young and fair,
Thy budding charms by many lovers sung,
When thou wert victim to the deep despair
By which that soft and gentle breast was wrung.
Perchance thy years were long and full of strife,
And thou hadst felt the nothingness of life.

Whate'er thy charms, thy years, thy woes, thy lot,
A painful lesson on thy tomb we read—
That bliss, pure, perfect, unalloyed, is not
To any station here on earth decreed.
Heart-broken one! mayst thou, to Heaven returned,
Taste the sweet peace for which thy spirit yearned!

THE END.

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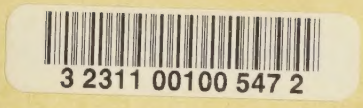
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